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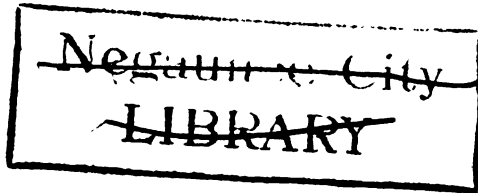
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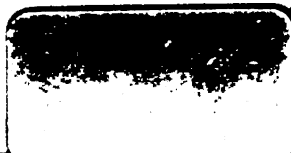
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# THE FORUM

FOR JANUARY 1914

## ARCVAD THE TERRIBLE

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

**A**RCVAD ascended to the top of his observatory and looking through his giant telescope he had, in a moment, the planet earth under his microscopic eye.

Arcvad was one hundred and fifty years old, as they say on the planet Earth; and he was just in his prime. Though he lived in the first city of Mars, Ulfete, no city claimed him as her own. Among the Martians Arcvad was called *the* Martian. He was the crowning glory of the Martian mind, the apex of its mental evolution. He was the summation of race-aspiration. His psychic nature was a fusion, dilated a thousand-fold, of the psychic natures of Shakespeare, Newton, Euclid, Edison, Moses and Leonardo da Vinci, of the planet Earth.

The equivalent of Ecce Homo! among the Martians was Arcvad. The equivalent among the Martians for Messiah was Arcvad. For one hundred and thirty-five years there had poured from that supreme mind inventions, poems, visions and new harmonies constructed of the débris of lesser minds.

His ideas had revolutionized life on the planet. Ulfete was a city of marvels, as were Ixrid, Poltum and Pranfar. These marvels had come from the pullulating brain of Arcvad.

Life on Mars had been hard from the beginning. Nature was niggardly and "man" had developed early. He had to develop and perpetuate all his latent powers quickly to survive the menace of the common enemy, Nature. There was consequently now only one race. Nationalities were unknown, though skin complexions differed in different parts of the planet. A common

fear had amalgamated their instincts. Out of this early amalgamation had come a superb race of mental and physical giants. A common fear had wrought out a marvellous civilization. There consciousness had an *awareness* that to us would be supernatural. The physical and mental laws known to Earthlings had been forgotten by them thousands of years before the present time. What to Earthlings is occult, to them is commonplace. Arcvad in one hundred and thirty-five years had added miracle to miracle, marvel to marvel, ceaselessly transforming and re-adapting the lives of these giant planetarians.

But his supreme scientific poem was yet to be uttered. His stupendous deed was yet to be done. He would do under the very eyes of his fellow planetarians, he said, what heretofore had only been in the power of Og to do. Og is the Martian algebraic formula for the unknowable and ineffable It. The Martians admitted the existence of this Thing behind all phenomena, but expressed it algebraically as Og.

The twenty-five million inhabitants of Mars (the Martians put to death with a drug that brought beautiful dreams all the sick, stunted and ill-born, hence pity was rudimentary with them) had lived thus in a state of expectation bordering on ecstasy for three years, since the day Arcvad had announced his intention of doing that which, as he said, would at once be an act of supreme power and supreme mercy. And the Martians now spoke of this as the coming apotheosis of the genius of Arcvad.

Arcvad ascended to the top of his observatory and looked through his telescope. He was a giant even for a Martian. Above nine feet in height, his face was of a deep copperish red from which flamed two worlds, two mighty black suns. His head was surmounted with a raven black crown of hair. His face was a Venice of furrows, lines and seams. The Martians said the face of Arcvad was a map of the planet, which is, indeed, a Venice with forty thousand canals.

The night was brilliant. The Earth shone to the north-east—a scintillating purple patch. Arcvad had, through the powers of his monstrous telescope, made himself master of worlds. It was two thousand feet in length and the lens was five hundred



feet in diameter. Its magnifying power was beyond all comprehension to Earthlings. One had but to look through it, and the rest was silence—and awe. It brought the planets of our sidereal system so near to the eye that only small parts of them could be seen at a time. It took Arcvad many years before he had seen all of Jupiter.

He had discovered all the planets to be uninhabited—except the Earth and Saturn. But the Earth was the especial study of Arcvad. He was the master of that planet. For fifty years his eye and brain in conjunction with his fearful instrument had dissected the life of the beings on the neighboring planet. The life-drama on the little purple light in the distance was more familiar to Arcvad than to any Earthling. He was the perpetual spy of space.

He had pondered for years on the phenomena of Earth-life. His essays and notes filled hundreds of volumes. These books, together with the moving pictures of Earth-life, which were thrown on giant screens in the great halls of granite, were the fairy tales of Mars. These moving pictures, the invention of Arcvad, were taken direct from the telescope by means of a wonderful instrument, the flwong. The first Earth moving-pictures—the cinematograph itself had been a source of amusement to the Martians hundreds of years before the present time—had appeared at about the time of the American Civil War. Every event on the planet from the firing on Fort Sumter to the foundering of the *Titanic*—by what mighty good luck had Arcvad's telescope rested just against that portion of the Earth that night!—was seen and known intimately to the Martian. In the place of acting, the Martian faced reality. Wars and wrecks being hardly comprehensible to the Martians, these pictures were a source of inexhaustible amazement and fascinating horror to them. The films were preserved for future generations and were valued beyond all the canvases on Earth of Da Vinci and Rembrandt. The life of Tokio, Berlin, Timbuctoo, Canton and Paris was the common mental property of the Martians. They understood nothing of the insane motions of crowds and the ugliness of the cities of the Earth was to them hallucinatingly fascinating. The monstrous

novelty of London, for instance, froze them with an unspeakably pleasant horror.

As Arcvad looked through the telescope on this particular night the lens englobed that part of the Earth's surface called New York. The diameter of the lens just covered the greater city.

He looked at the city for an hour. "Proof-positive," he muttered, and his face gleamed with Promethean scorn. The Great Event he had promised the Martians was near parturition time.

"Have you decided?"

Arcvad looked up and saw standing behind him his most famous disciple, his beloved Astar—Astar the Magnificent he was called among the Martians. He looked enough like Arcvad to have been his son, except that his hair was reddish gold. An Earthling would have said he was the epiphany of Da Vinci's *Golden Boy*. He was fifteen Martian years old, which on Earth would have made him about thirty. His inventions and discoveries had already made him an immortal. The most useful of his inventions was an instrument by which one could bring the light from Deimos and Phobos—Mars' two moons—to any particular spot on Mars, thus doing away with the necessity for artificial light of any kind in the streets and houses. Another and sublimer invention of Astar's was the establishment by means of telepathy—long a psychic commonplace on the planet—of a common language between the inhabitants of Mars and Saturn. It was also possible for him to evoke beings from the invisible sixth and seventh dimensional realms, the fourth and fifth dimensions having long been explored by previous scientists.

"I have decided," answered Arcvad. "You know all my notes on this famous disease spot,"—indicating to Astar New York through the telescope. "These people, if they are people, or only a species of degenerate termite, as I firmly believe, are totally devoid of intelligence of any kind. In that city in particular all life seems devoid of reason or imagination. If, as we believe, we discovered a rudimentary brain among the inhabitants of this patch of land"—putting his finger on Gorilla Land in Central Africa on a huge revolving map of the Earth—"it has

disappeared entirely when we get to this city. Observe the antics of those who climb those huge towers, observe their motions, observe their gestures. They seem diseased past all hope."

"Their manner of living, master, too, would argue a total absence of intelligence. Myriads seem to live in holes or shelves into which they crawl and emerge mechanically, while a few have constructed castles that resemble ours. These few seem to be living on that other swarm—literally eating them alive, sucking them dry. And the stupidity of those hordes that consent to be the food of those few! Could anything equal it? With them the part is greater than the whole."

"They have never even seen our signals," said Arcvad. "How quickly the Saturnians answered us! The insects on Thir"—the Martian name for the Earth—"or at least those in this particular city spend their lives erecting great towers and tearing them down again. They seem incapable of looking up. We have never seen their eyes!"

"No worse, though, after all, than the rest of Thir," replied Astar. "One spot has, however, always attracted me more than any other, for here there are signs of order and even something of a sense of beauty." Astar put his hand on the green spot on the map which on Earth is known as Paris.

"The only sign of intelligence on the planet outside of Tel-tex,"—indicating Gorilla Land in Central Africa—said Arcvad. "But how explain *this*?"

Arcvad crossed the room, followed by Astar. They entered a vast room, the private cinematograph hall of the great Arcvad. He flashed on the canvas, by making a motion in the air, the totally incomprehensible spectacle of the Siege of Paris and the crimes of the Commune.

"Our animals are more intelligent than those murderous termites or blood-letting infusoria, or whatever they are," muttered Astar.

"And they never sicken of blood and death down there, do they?" said Arcvad, and on the vast stage, by another wave of the hand he had the carnage of Siege and Commune turned off and the scenes from the Balkan War turned on.

"What are they trying to do? What is their object in living

that way?" asked Astar as the comedy of Lula Burgas began. "See with what fiendish delight and satisfaction they cut out one another's entrails and walk into one another's squashed brains. Is it a sport, I wonder, something like our great games in rudimentary form? And look at the way that thing with a giant cross on his breast is mutilating that other thing with a crescent hanging from his neck."

Among the Martians the scenes from the Balkan War, next to the massacre at Kishineff, were the most applauded in their cinematograph halls. Every mind speculated on the meaning of the fascinating charivaris on Thir. No one had arrived at any satisfactory solution. In the great colleges of learning every hypothesis had been ventured, but, like Arcvad and Astar, the learned minds were not able to arrive at any explanation. They had discovered things on Saturn by means of telepathy which awed them; on the Earth they had discovered things that either puzzled them or sent them into paroxysms of laughter. That little purple patch called Thir—was it the insane asylum of the three-dimensional world, or some rotten cancer in space, or a satire invented by Og?

The incomparable scenery of the Earth was a source of eternal delight to the Martian, whether he saw it through a telescope or on the perfected cinematograph; but the minute the Martian eye caught the motions of a ril—Martian for Earthman—there were perplexity, paradox, mystery, horror or laughter.

And it was whispered that the Great Event promised by Arcvad had something to do with Thir and the fate of the insane insect ril.

On the twentieth day after the colloquy between Arcvad and Astar the Martians did no work. It was the day of the Great Astral Event. Telescopes of every conceivable kind were in use and the few with the cinematographic attachment awaited the signal from Arcvad in his observatory. The night fell—a night of stars and lambent immensities. Never had the Earth shone so brilliantly. Her purple rays advanced on space like screaming swords.

It was the last day of the Earthling, and Arcvad the mighty

had decreed their death at midnight on Mars—at a midnight which should be equivalent to 11 A. M. in New York City. And as the planet Thir turned on its axis and presented its face to the sun 11 A. M. would sound the knell of sentiency for the murderous, insane, foolish ril.

For many years Arcvad had contemplated this act of mercy. The means of accomplishing it was of course a simple one to the Martian, and to Arcvad in particular. Among the forces known to this giant of the fourth and fifth dimensional world was a substance—bal—that once let loose in a given direction under the influence of propulsive instruments that only Arcvad could control would “electrocute,” so to speak, all forms of sentiency that it crossed. It pierced the etheric waves with the ease with which the electric bolt pierces the atmosphere of Earth. At the moment of euthanasia this substance, superior to the law of gravitation (a law that the Martian had discarded fifty thousand years before the birth of Arcvad), immobilized and petrified its object.

The plan of Arcvad was to electrocute mankind on Earth, turning them into statues and embalming them simultaneously. The sudden petrification of the ril on Thir and the throwing open of this vast museum to the eyes of his fellow-Martians for a period of fifty years, after which, with a subtle substance known as fi, he would as suddenly decompose the whole mass into gas and ether—this was what Arcvad, the omnipotent and merciful Edison of the fifth dimension, proposed to himself on this night!

And the Event, is it not recorded on the cinematograph films in the pleasure palaces of Mars? The ambush in the light! That phantasmology of the petrified ril! That eternal uncreate to-morrow of Earthlings! That landscape of manikins caught in the act of living by the act of a scientific god! Those two billion air-bibbers who'll drink no more o' the air! The massed and serried dreams of the Earthling cut off forever from issue! That tragic ironym pronounced only fifty million miles away!

Such smiling calvaries! Such a massacre of nonsense! Life stunned in its cells!

The stockbroker transfixed and doomed for fifty years to look with wide open eye at the price of Standard Oil.

The devotee whose knees shall wear cups in the hard flag and whose eyes must forever be riveted on the symbol of his impotent god.

Five million pedestrians in New York, Paris, Berlin, London, Tokio and Calcutta that shall never see their errands' end.

One million soldiers on dress parade in France, Germany, Italy, England, Japan and at West Point turned to automata, tin soldiers for daws to peck at.

The harlot who will never earn that dollar. The millionaire churchwarden congealed in the act of ordering a rise in the price of beef, as powerless now as the socialist who sits there at his desk, his fulmination forever frozen in his brain.

"Any given moment in time," Arcvad once wrote in one of his beautiful metaphysical studies, "is the epitome of Time itself, because the only point in Time that really exists is the now, the present moment."

And it is because of this profound truth that the life on the planet Earth—the life of the ril on Thir—is visible in the ghastly but fascinating pictures seen through the telescopes and the cinematograph films on Mars. The Earthling in his petrified gestures and attitudes epitomizes his evolution—such as it was; and to Arcvad the omnipotent and all-merciful the rils owe the abridgement of their sufferings through future cycles.

It is thus that Ril the Inconsequent, Ril the Obtuse, became Ril the Marvellous, Ril the Beautiful.



## THE NEW NATIONALISM IN FRANCE

ALVAN F. SANBORN

**D**URING a number of years, I sedulously collected data for a book on the French critical spirit, the last sentence of which was to be a sort of epitaph: "*Ci-gît* France, done to death by slanderous tongues—her own!" But, pronounced as was the pressure of events in favor of my thesis, I could never quite bring myself to commit it to paper, because I was obsessed by a faith verging on superstition in the incomparable and perennial recuperative power of the French people. Down deep in my heart persisted a conviction that a country which had held on to life for 1500 years would emerge, one day, reinvigorated, from the slough of despond into which the disaster of 1870 had cast her, rising superior to the pessimism engendered by that supreme humiliation, as she had risen superior to her prostration after the baleful incompetence of the "Rois Fainéants," after the pusillanimity of the last Carolingians, after the Hundred Years' War, after the religious wars of the sixteenth century and St. Bartholomew, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the exhausting wars of Louis XIV, after the costly follies of Louis XV, after the bloody orgy of the Revolution and after the invasions of 1814 and 1815; and a further conviction that the much-bruited theory of the decadence of nations (in the form, at least, in which it is ordinarily stated) is founded upon a series of fallacies. And now that the soundness of these convictions has been vindicated by events, now that circumstances have reduced the slanderous French tongues to a close approach to silence, the chances are either that I shall never write the proposed book, or that I shall write it in a totally different spirit and give it a totally different ending. But at any time from 1885 to 1905—a period in which the severest foreign criticisms of the French were compliments by the side of the aspersions the French heaped upon themselves—such a work would have been amply justified by appearances.

Throughout this period, the younger portion of the intellectual élite believed—or fancied they believed, which amounted to

very much the same thing—that they belonged to a race in process of disintegration and that their country, bowed under the weight of years, was in the last stages of decrepitude and decay. They were weary, discouraged, bitter, cynical, dilettante, flip-pant and unpatriotic. Mortified by the situation of France in comparison with the situations of her formidable neighbors, they took a sort of morbid and melancholy delight in their mortification. They decried everything French, from science to socks, from philosophy to potatoes. They had a terribly lucid comprehension of the vanity of living, of the uselessness of effort. Their oral and their written utterances smacked equally of Ecclesiastes. “We are done for,” these dismal and disillusioned spirits moaned, “there is nothing left for us but to make way for the younger, sturdier and saner peoples.”

“The most striking thing about the young men of to-day,” observed Pastor Wagner in 1891, “is the seeming coldness and aloofness of their welcome to life.” One of these young men wrote: “From the very beginning, the Latin mentality concealed a germ of death. . . . The Latin Empire, in decomposition, contaminated with its embrace the Latin peoples. . . . In our brain, a world of antiquated things has petrified. . . . Incapable of willing, by reason of the atrophy of our energies, we are equally incapable of comprehending and of thinking soundly, in consequence of the corruption of which our mentality is the prey. . . . Such an incompetent race as ours, such a ‘*monde femme*’ as we are, should be eliminated, for the general good. . . . A truly human man should not refuse to consider the possibility of the ruin of his *patrie*.” About the same time, Remy de Gourmont, in an article entitled *The Patriotic Toy*, said: “Personally, I would not give, in exchange for the forgotten tracts of Alsace and Lorraine, either the little finger of my right hand, because it serves to steady my hand when I write, or the little finger of my left hand, because it serves to brush the ashes off my cigarette. . . . I am disposed to believe that the pleasantry of the two little enslaved sisters, kneeling in their crapes, at the foot of a frontier guide-post, weeping like heifers, instead of attending to their milking, has lasted long enough. . . . The day will come, perhaps, when we shall be sent to the frontier;

we shall go without enthusiasm; it will be our turn to let ourselves be cut in pieces. We shall do so with real displeasure. 'To Die for *la Patrie!*' We sing other ballads, we cultivate another sort of poetry. In a word, if we must speak out plainly, we are no patriots."

There were not a few socialists among the young intellectual élite of the nineties, who, it goes without saying, were the reverse of lackadaisical; but they were no more patriotic than the dilettanti. They were Jaurèsians, Tolstoyans, "metaphysicians of the absolute," humanitarians, internationalists. They esteemed themselves citizens, not of one country, but of all countries, and deemed it the mission of France to ratiocinate for the rest of the world and to emancipate the rest of the world, by the mysterious operation of the spirit, not only from every form of social, economic and political oppression, but from all the ills that flesh is heir to. And there were unquestionably thoughtful, cultivated young men of traditionalist tendencies, whose patriotism remained intact; but their effacement was so complete that they could scarcely be reckoned a force in the community.

In 1897, François Coppée appealed in a Paris paper for subscriptions for the Alsatians who had suffered from recent storms; his appeal evoked so lukewarm a response that he promptly withdrew it. *Le Mercure de France* profited by this incident to publish a symposium upon the Alsace-Lorraine problem. The majority of the young writers who contributed thereto pronounced war stupid, bestial and (most damning adjective of all!) old-fashioned, and patriotism an intellectual fetter, an inelegant prejudice and a monstrous and paradoxical mystification. They affirmed that the War of 1870 was as remote, to all intents and purposes, as the Crimean War or the War of the Spanish Succession, that Sedan and Metz were no more poignant memories than Waterloo and the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and that the Treaty of Frankfort possessed as little immediate and vital interest as the Treaty of Utrecht. They expressed the hope that the time was near when the French defeat would be considered a historical event of less importance than the appearance of *Le Cid* or of a fable of La Fontaine, and the belief that the time had already arrived to establish cordial

relations with Germany. A few lines from one of the contributions to this symposium must suffice to indicate the tone of the lot, though, at the moment of their appearance, they made, I can assure you, exceedingly entertaining reading. "I recognize only intelligence," said Paul Léautaud. "It has no frontiers, and I would readily sacrifice the lives of a hundred imbecile Frenchmen for the life of an intellectual from no matter where. I am not preoccupied with the integrity of the soil; the corner in which I meditate suffices me."

A practised eye discerns in such lucubrations a mania for paradox, a straining after literary effect or a touch of the bravado that proves real affection and disguises real suffering. Nevertheless they illustrate—if they do not faithfully and minutely represent—a state of apathy of no little significance.

Jean de Tinan, in his contribution, after cynically proclaiming his internationalism, added: "I do not consider myself bound by this opinion of my twenty-three years. And it may be that I shall be more sincere in invoking violently an appeal to the sword. We would go—without singing, perhaps—to make an end of it." Several others admitted that, if war should break out, they would not refuse to fight; but they admitted it reluctantly, almost shamefacedly, as if they were making a deplorable concession to moss-grown standards of conduct. Probable delusion! The chances are strong that every one of them would have responded with alacrity to a call to arms and would have fought most bravely. "One city," Hugo says somewhere, "was more valiant than Sparta; it was Sybaris." It should not be forgotten that the Parisians who had been accused of not being able to hold out against an enemy for a week, without strawberries, held out five months in 1870-71 without bread.

During a portion of this period of 1885 to 1905, anti-militarism, lack of patriotism and even anti-patriotism were almost as rampant in the educational world as in the literary world. Ferdinand Buisson, for a score of years Director of Primary Education, compared the uniform of the soldier to the livery of the servant. Many public-school teachers refrained from making any reference whatsoever to *la patrie*, and there is good reason to believe (official denials to the contrary notwithstanding

ing) that some even talked against *la patrie*. At the École Normale Supérieure (an institution which has had some of the greatest names of France upon its rolls), the anti-patriotic *L'Internationale* was sung in the lobbies, without open opposition from either faculty or students. The late Frédéric Rauh, one of its sturdiest and honestest professors, did not hesitate to avow his internationalism and to advance that conscience may sacrifice *la patrie* to an idea. The Sorbonne, whose dominant spirits were bent on reconciling the higher education with democracy, was also honeycombed with internationalism.

Large numbers of working-men (a minority, certainly, in the rural districts; a majority, probably, in the large cities), intoxicated by the examples that were set them in high places and by the teachings that were lavished upon them from above, transferred their allegiance from *la patrie* to *l'internationale ouvrière*. They boasted that they had more in common with the working-men of Germany than with the capitalists of France, and protested that they would mutiny rather than take up arms against these fellow-laborers. They vented their enthusiasm in divers anti-patriotic excesses, going so far as to trail the flag in a urinal. The bourgeois, although disposed to desire perpetual peace for business reasons, seem to have been less contaminated by subversive doctrines; but they were not immune by any means. How could they be, when the country was even offered the absurd spectacle of anti-militarism among the officers of the army and in certain Ministers of War and of the Navy, who not only neglected (in favor of priest-baiting) the vital interests intrusted to their care, but who did their utmost to destroy the *esprit de corps* of the soldiers and the martial enthusiasm of the public, by utilizing the despicable spying and tale-bearing system of the free-masons, by suppressing military music and parades, by minimizing the wearing of uniforms, etc., etc.!

"A great deal of water has passed under the bridges," as the French say, in the few years that have elapsed since Remy de Gourmont "brushed the ashes of his cigarette upon the ashes of his country's disasters."

In 1911 the English author Vernon Lee wrote to the whilom peace apostle Paul Desjardins:

"I find the friends I knew pacifists, anti-militarists, anti-nationalists, Goetheans, Nietzscheans, Wagnerians, singularly changed, using glibly the habitual terms, *peace, progress*; but betraying in every word, in every inflection, in every look, a desire for war, a barely repressed passionateness."

Paul Desjardins replied:

"War is stupid and unlovely. All the same, it is not the worst thing in the world. The refusal to serve is more unlovely. The placid deliquescence of a people (which I greatly feared for mine); tranquil and chronic shirking; the reduction of all motives to a single motive—to live as smugly as possible with the least possible expenditure of effort; desertion by each of the weal of all; this is the thing that seems to me the consummate bestiality. . . . Of Prussianism I have more than my fill. In Alsace, in Lorraine, in Schleswig, in Poland, it is too much! It is becoming clear to me that opposition to Prussianism is still one of the causes for which it would be the least silly to accept being butchered."

About the same time, André Lichtenberger (novelist, publicist and Assistant Director of Le Musée Social) wrote in the weekly magazine *L'Opinion*, of which he was then the editor: "You must know, as do I, the good people, the uncompromising Dreyfusards, who, only a short time ago, socialized, internationalized and pacified unremittingly, with tongue and pen. Their sole gods were Mm. Jaurès, d'Estournelles de Constant and Frédéric Passy. To-day, these same good people throw pell-mell on a single pyre everything they adored, and confess, in a burst of indignation, induced by the victimizing of their credulity, 'Decidedly, there is no getting on with Germany!' Even the idea of war has ceased to appear revolting to them. And I could name certain ones—nothing is so dangerous as the exasperated pacifist—who would set match to powder with their own hands, if they had the power, in order to deliver Europe from the intolerable nightmare that weighs heavy upon her."

A little later, the aviator Védérines, winner of the Paris-Madrid match, an unlettered son of the people who had grown



up in an atmosphere of internationalism, not to say anti-patriotism, in an after-dinner talk to his fellow townsmen made the following naïve confession: "Now I want to tell you something that I have on my heart. When I began to fly, I was not so very—not so very—patriotic—you know what I mean. Up there, I did a lot of thinking. Besides, I have travelled a bit, I have crossed several frontiers. Well, friends, I don't know how it will strike you, but I can't keep it to myself; I am mighty glad to be a Frenchman." In the fervor of his new-found faith, Védrines became a candidate for deputy on a Nationalist ticket, and he made a much better run—his candidacy was treated as a joke at first by his rivals—than anyone (himself included) had believed possible.

Had good François Coppée been spared to live through the Franco-German crisis of the last two years, he would have recognized that a change had come over the spirit of the dreams of his compatriots—compatriots in fact now as well as in name—and he would have been vouchsafed a number of spectacles that would have been as balm in Gilead to his suffering and devoted soul. He would have seen a new generation of intellectual élite, for whom Alsace-Lorraine is a harrowing obsession; a generation, unspeakably weary of dilettanteism, preciosity, pessimism, vapid cosmopolitanism, nebulous internationalism, illusive humanitarianism, and cringing peace-at-any-price-ism, displaying an ardent nationalism very like his own; a generation, crying with Charles Peguy, "*L'Espérance est Dauphin de France*," ready to march to the front and to march *singing*, like the Parisians of the National Guard whom Bismarck declared so impatient to be under fire that they announced their approach with *chansons*. He would have seen the book-stalls overflowing with patriotic poetry and fiction and with heavy works handling national problems and policies in a patriotic spirit. He would have seen patriotic dramas played to crowded houses in the fashionable boulevard theatres. He would have seen the workers—despite the spread of socialism among them and despite the persistent and audacious anti-patriotic propaganda of the Confédération Générale de Travail—sharing, for a few months at least, the nationalist enthusiasm of the élite; the slumbrous *bourgeoisie* in-

flamed with righteous indignation; the venerable Frédéric Passy disillusioned and disposed to admit the necessity of a strong France; and Gustave Hervé himself, the high-priest of anti-patriotism, smoothing down or explaining away the most violent of his early utterances. And he would have seen a revival of the *esprit de corps* of the army, thanks particularly to the aggressive nationalism of an ex-socialist Minister of War, Alexandre Millerand.

An atmosphere of patriotism now envelops the domain of education. Jacques Violet, the young officer who went to his death at Ksar-Teuchan in the Sahara with a pair of white gloves and a copy of Alfred de Vigny's *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires* in his knapsack, incarnated the most salient qualities of the new university type. So does the Normalian Klipfel, who, immediately after being received as "fellow" last summer, petitioned to be allowed to serve in a Moroccan expedition; and so does Ernest Psichari (grandson of the prince of *dilettanti*, Ernest Renan, and son, if I mistake not, of Jean Psichari, a prominent Dreyfusard internationalist), who left the Sorbonne, with his thesis upon *The Failure of Idealism* unfinished, to fight in Africa, and who has recently published an inspiring novel *L'Appel des Armes*, which received a number of votes for this year's French Academy Grand Prix. At the École Normale, Jaurès and his internationalism are in sorry disrepute; nowadays, *L'Internationale* would speedily be drowned out there by *La Marseillaise*. At the Polytechnique and at the Sorbonne, internationalism and humanitarianism (in the sense in which the latter word was employed in the nineties) are looked upon as old-fogeyish, by the pupils, if not by the professors. At the School of Political Sciences and the School of Law, the word Alsace-Lorraine evokes applause from the classes, while praise of German methods—so touchy has the national sentiment become there—is a signal for hisses, cat-calls and more serious disorder. In short, the students as a body resent the bare suggestion of any sort of material or moral abdication and are firmly resolved not to put up with a single humiliation. Had the decision rested with them, the Franco-German treaty of 1911 would not have been ratified and France would not have ceded a square

inch of her colonial territory. Almost to a man they protested. "We are not *solidaires*," they said, "with those who diminish the Empire or the prestige of *la patrie*. Let the generation that now governs be alone held responsible therefor!"

Other manifestations of the so-called new nationalism are: an increase in the number of sections of the Society of Military Preparation (now in its twenty-sixth year) from 3,585 to 7,500 between 1909 and 1913 and, in the number of members, from 408,000 to 830,000 during the same period; the organization (with a distinct military end in view) of numerous companies of "Eclaireurs de France" (Boy-Scouts), of a society for the breeding and training of ambulance dogs, and of the "League of the Young Friends of Alsace," which offers moral support to Alsace and arranges for lectures on Alsace-Lorraine throughout provincial France; the national subscription to provide the army with 5,000 avions of war; the adoption of the annual pilgrimage to the statue of Strasburg (Place de la Concorde) by groups of various shades of political and religious belief and unbelief; a movement for transforming into a national festival the anniversary of Jeanne d'Arc, the celebration of which has hitherto been monopolized by the Church; divers campaigns for the maintenance of Gallo-Romanic culture and the preservation of the integrity of the French language, directed especially against the Germanizing tendencies displayed by certain pundits of the Sorbonne; a waning of the prestige of foreign literatures, accompanied by a return to favor of the French literature of the classic period; a revival of the cult of the French garden, so finely styled by Lucien Corpechot "*le jardin de l'intelligence*," exemplified in the recent celebration of the tricentenary of Le Nôtre; the voluntary effacement of all dangerous rivals, when General Lyautey, conqueror of Morocco, became a candidate for a seat in the French Academy; the formation of the Poincaré Ministry, known as the Great National Ministry, to meet the double emergency created by the aggressions of Germany and the equivocal negotiations of M. Caillaux; the election to the Presidency of the Republic of a robust character (instead of the customary figurehead) in the person of Raymond Poincaré, who stands for an increase of the authority of the Presidential office,

for a repetition, *mutatis mutandis*, of the aggressively nationalistic attitudes of Lionne, Vergennes, Mazarin, Richelieu and Mirabeau, for unrhetorical policies of enlightened self-interest and "realization," and who is more intent upon immediate and precise material benefits than upon playing a Quixotic rôle, more preoccupied with the effects of foreign revolutions upon France than with the effects of the revolutions of France upon the world; and, finally, the passage by the Chamber of Deputies of laws advancing the age of conscription a year, re-establishing the three years' term of military service and otherwise strengthening the national defence—measures approved in their spirit, if not in all their details, despite the tremendous effort and almost superhuman sacrifice they involve, by the historian of Dreyfusism, Joseph Reinach, and by such well-known pacifists as Jean Finot and Léon Bourgeois.

In the spring of 1793, the Convention of the newly-founded French Republic, already at war with Austrian, German, Russian, Neapolitan and Piedmontese invaders, declared war against England, Holland and Spain; and it voted practically unanimously, in a night session, that it would negotiate with its enemies only when they should have passed all the frontiers. "You have, then, made a pact with victory?" queried a member of "*la plaine*." "No," *le montagnard* Bazin retorted; "but we have made a pact with death." The France of to-day, like the France of 1793, has made a pact, not with victory, but with death. Sybaris is a moral match for Sparta, the "*monde femme*" is magnificently virile. Too perspicacious as to the magnitude of the interests involved to indulge in idle boasting regarding the ultimate outcome of a conflict with her colossal neighbor, France nevertheless contemplates the prospect of such a conflict without dismay, without a touch of nervousness, with dignity and reserve even, deliberately preferring the risk of annihilation to supine acceptance of vassalage or dishonor. Thoroughly conscious of supreme and imminent danger, of the possibility of tragedy, she coolly, calmly, and collectedly takes the measure of the swaggering Teutonic Goliath, with a tense, but undeclamatory, determination to answer blow with blow. "Proud without vanity and silent without fear, France is facing

her enemy, proffering till the last moment, with her left hand, a fragile olive branch, and, with her right, drawing half out of its sheath the sword of supreme energy and of holy resistance."

This outburst of patriotism, which has astonished France herself and electrified Europe, is not a mere flash in the pan. It would be sufficiently explained, it is true, if no other explanation were forthcoming, by the incessant naggings and provocations of Germany since 1905—the theatrical disembarkation of Wilhelm at Tangiers, the insolent imposition of the resignation of Delcassé and of the Conference of Algieras, the dictatorial attitude in the affair of the Casablanca deserters, the covert threats of meddling with the time-honored institution of the Foreign Legion, the dispatching of *The Panther* to Agadir, the descent of German dirigibles upon French territory, the expulsion of the student Munck from the University of Strasburg, the insulting of French students by the *Strasburger Post*, the persecution of the Alsatian patriot Abbé Wetterlé, the prosecution and imprisonment of the caricaturists Hansi and Zislin, the absurd attempt to make of a tavern brawl at Nancy an affair of international importance, the extraordinary and inexplicable increase of German armaments—which have convinced even the most peaceably disposed of the French that they must keep their army in fighting trim, if they would escape being coerced and dragooned by their domineering neighbor. But it is, in reality, something more than an instinctive movement of self-defence. It is a sudden manifestation of a gradual restoration of personal and national self-confidence, and this restoration of self-confidence is, in its turn, an expression of a revival of the robust energy and keen initiative which had characterized France from the very beginning (barring occasional intervals of discouragement and depression) up to the crushing cataclysm of 1870.

On pages 103-105 of *La Nouvelle Journée*, the last volume of *Jean-Christophe*, Romain Rolland says: "As Christophe prolonged his stay in Paris, he became interested in the new activity that agitated the giant ant-hill. And this interest was the stronger that he found in the young ants little sympathy for himself. . . . During his absence [ten years], a work of recon-

struction had been accomplished in Europe and especially at Paris. A new order had been born. A new generation had arisen, more eager to act than to comprehend, hungry for happiness rather than for truth. It wanted to live, it wanted to grip life, even at the price of illusion. . . . Christophe looked upon these young men with a friendly eye. He hailed the ascension of the world toward happiness. What was deliberately narrow in this forging forward did not trouble him. If one will go straight to his goal, he must look straight ahead. As for him, seated at the turning-point of a world, he rejoiced to see, behind him, the tragic splendor of night and, before him, the smile of young hope, the uncertain beauty of a fresh and feverish dawn." And further on: "The new generation . . . by way of reaction against the nauseating abuse of the ideologies, raised contempt for the ideal into an article of faith. . . . Not content with disdaining the gentle dotards of yesterday, they stigmatized them as public malefactors."

Henri du Roure, who has had an exceptional opportunity to study the youth of the period by reason of a long and close association with the "Sillon" movement, writes in a similar tone: "Of a truth the new young men will not make us regret the '*intellectuels*' of the Dreyfus Affair, accomplices of anarchy, professors of anti-militarism and anti-clericalism, pontiffs of Reason, of Science and of the Critical Spirit. . . . They are sagacious, practical, audacious, courageous, scantily sentimental, severe upon themselves and upon others. They read little—and *L'Auto* in preference to *La Revue des Deux Mondes*; grasp better the beauty of a 60 HP. than that of a painting or of a cathedral; live in the open air; understand hygiene, and are ignorant of the ungovernable passions. They are proud of their bodies, of their vigorous muscles and of their adroit movements. When you see them exercising—agile, supple, bubbling over with animal spirits,—you are reminded of colts galloping in a meadow. They look upon life as a fight, a fine fist fight to which they bring, with real loyalty and praiseworthy endurance, the blithe ferocity of the boxer anxious to win. . . . They represent joyous effort as against painful research, *insouciance* as against intellectual

anguish, bright sunshine as against vigils under the lamp, the joy of living as against the melancholy of thinking. They seem to prefer the military to the civic virtues and their ideal is Napoleon rather than Washington. . . . Employers or Cabinet Ministers, they will not be tender toward the *Confédération Générale de Travail*, and the eloquence of M. Jaurès will have no hold upon them."

Henri Bergson, who has likewise been impressed by the love of sport and the sound sense of the youth of to-day, observes: "I believe that we are witnessing a great and profound change in their spirit. . . . Yes, verily, I believe in a sort of French moral renaissance, and what impresses me most, what makes me augur well of this renaissance, is that it is not merely a transformation of ideas—ideas, you know, are changed so easily—but a genuine transformation, or rather a genuine creation of the will. Now the will is the expression of the temperament itself, that is to say the thing which it is most difficult to modify. So viewed, the evolution of the youth of the present appears to me a sort of miracle, doubly welcome since it affirms the reconstitution of our moral unity and since it is a proof that the genius of France continues intact. . . . How can we do otherwise than rejoice to see a youth hardier, more audacious, more conscious of its responsibilities, more French, in a word, than the generations that preceded it?"

These young men now coming to the fore, whom Henri Lavedan has styled "the generation of wings" and who, according to Paul Hyacinthe-Loyson, "have for their major premise, instinct, for their minor premise, intuition and for conclusion, a blow of the fist," have been investigated by Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, by Etienne Rey and by Picard and Muller in works entitled respectively *Les Eléments d'une Renaissance Française*, *La Renaissance de l'Orgueil Français* and *Les Tendances Présentes de la Littérature Française*; by Leon Blum, for *La Revue de Paris*; by François Mauriac, for *La Revue Hebdomadaire*; by Georges Le Cardonnell, for *Le Mercure de France*; by Agathon, for *L'Opinion*; by Henri Mazel, for *La Revue des Français*; by Jules Bertaut, for *Le Gaulois*; by Emile Henriot, for

*Le Temps*; and, editorially, by *Comædia* and *La Plume*.<sup>\*</sup> And these investigations, while disagreeing regarding details, corroborate in the main the observations of Rolland, of Bergson and of de Roure. They confirm the practical passing of dilettantism, of pessimism, of cosmopolitanism, of internationalism and of humanitarianism; the conspicuous emergence of a taste for business, of love of action with a practical and precise end in view, and of love of *la patrie*; the substitution for "the cult of incompetence" and "the dread of responsibility" of their diametrical opposites.

To describe all the circumstances and expound all the causes—causes which, often, are at the same time effects—that have combined to bring about the revival of the energy and the pride of which the new nationalism is a simple corollary, would be to write a history of France (social, political, military, economic, literary, scientific and religious) for the last quarter of a century. The following bare mention (without reference to logical or chronological order) of the more obvious of them is all that is possible here: the survival of the Republic, by itself an indication of vitality and stability; the Dreyfus agitation, which intensified for a time anti-militarism and anti-patriotism, but which, by its very excesses,—it disorganized and nearly disrupted the national defence and was thus directly responsible for the humiliations of Fashoda and of 1905—galvanized into militancy the traditionalist and conservative elements of the body-politic and ended by so disgusting a considerable portion of the original Dreyfusards that they entered the nationalistic camp; the extraordinary vogue of athletic sports (emphasized above by de Roure), the practice of which seems to develop self-control, self-reliance, resolution, vigor and combativeness; the achievements of the Curies and of the Pasteur Institute; the contributions of Branly (to whom Marconi has admitted his indebtedness) to the solution of the problem of wireless telegraphy; the priority of France in the construction of practicable submarines; the invention and perfection of the automobile, which has resulted in the establishment of an enormous and highly prosperous industry;

<sup>\*</sup> The writer of this article is indebted to these various investigations for many of the facts cited.



the vindication of French military methods and of French military war engines in the Balkans; the incomparable solidity and brilliancy (even when all due allowance is made for the discoveries of our Wright brothers) of the rôle played by France in the conquest of the air, a rôle upon which the blood of many martyrs has conferred a sort of sacredness and which symbolizes, for classes and masses alike, the persistence of French genius, courage and initiative and of French capacity for self-defence; the daring explorations, raids and military expeditions of the Marchands, de Brazzas, Molls, Lenfants, Baratiers, Mangins and Lyeauteys, which have endowed France with an immense colonial empire—"epic forays across African sands, crusades scarcely less mystic and scarcely more selfish than those of Philippe-Auguste and of Villehardouin"; the spread of the travel habit, which has shown large numbers of Frenchmen that the foreign countries they had been accustomed to envy were not the earthly paradises their ignorance and credulity had led them to suppose, which has revealed to them conflicts of cultures and civilizations as well as of interests—irreducible differences which may easily become antagonisms—and which has rid their minds of all doubts regarding the greediness, the brazenness and the bullying disposition of the Prussians; the solidity and the prestige of French finance, which defended the frontier during the Moroccan negotiations of 1911 quite as well as an army and exerted an important, if not a decisive, influence upon the outcome of the negotiations themselves; the entente of France with England and the rapid recuperation of France's ally, Russia, from the exhaustion of the Russo-Japanese War.

To these various sources of personal and national reinvigoration should be added the influence of certain writers (littérateurs, sociologists, moralists and philosophers): that of the seven big Bs (to employ a classification of Emile Faguet that looks arbitrary but is not really so)—Brunetière, Bourget (second manner), Bazin, Barrès (second manner), Bordeaux, Bertrand and Boylesve—with special stress upon Barrès, who has tortured the cult of action, of discipline and of *la patrie* out of the cult of the *moi*; that of another big B, the philosopher Henri Bergson, who has inspired his contemporaries with confidence in their essential

freedom and with a desire "to live things rather than analyze them"; that of the American pragmatist William James; that of the ex-dilettante Jules Lemaître; that of the novels and the stimulating *chroniques* of Paul Adam (second manner) and of Paul and Victor Margueritte; that of the creoles Marius and Ary Leblond, novelists and editors of *La Grande France*; that of Charles Péguy, founder of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, and author of *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, who left the École Normale in order to throw himself into the Dreyfus Affair, but who was one of the first to flout the Teutonic pedantry of the Sorbonne; that of the adepts of the cult of heroism, E. Melchior de Vogüé, André Suarès, and Romain Rolland; that of the poetical dramas of Edmond Rostand, the Mediterranean poems of Achille Richard and the *Ballades Françaises* of Paul Fort; that of the noble appeals of Comte Albert de Mun; that of Georges Ducrocq, founder and editor of *Les Marches de l'Est*, and author of *La Blessure Mal Fermée*, who has done more than any other one man, probably, to make clear to the French public the state of mind of the lost provinces and to stimulate sane resistance to their Germanization; that of the novels, studies or satires of Alsace or Lorraine by Delahache, Dumont-Wilden, Louis Madelin, Gallien, Florent-Matter, Frédéric and Jeanne Régamey, Ecker, Labeur, André Lichtenberger, Emilie Arnal, Hansi, Hinzelin, Spitz and Welschinger; that of Edmond Demolins, recognized leader of the disciples of Frédéric Leplay, founder of the Society for the Development of Private Initiative, author of *A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons* and of *L'Education Nouvelle*, who opened, for the practical application of his theories of education, a school which has been an appreciable factor in making business fashionable and in training captains of industry; that of the explorer Gabriel Bonvalot, founder and president of the Comité Duplex for the stimulation of colonization, editor of *La France Extérieure* and author of *Sommes-Nous en Décadence?*; that of Roosevelt's works, more particularly *The Strenuous Life*, and of Carnegie's *The Gospel of Wealth* and *The Empire of Business*; that of Gabriel Séailles (one of the first to signalize the danger of the "dissolving irony" of Renan), of the apostate priest Victor Charbonnel

(author of *La Volonté de Vivre*), of Pastor Wagner (author of *Jeunesse*), of Paul Déroulède (poet and author of military chansons), of Paul Desjardins (founder of *L'Union pour l'Action Morale* and author of *Le Devoir Présent*), of Henri Bérenger (apostle of a species of Neo-Christianity), of Georges Sorel (the inventor of philosophical syndicalism—not to be confounded for an instant with the syndicalism of the laborers), of the Neo-Royalist Charles Maurras (founder of *L'Action Française*), of Marc Sangnier (founder of *Le Sillon*), of Etienne Antonelli (founder of *La Démocratie Sociale*), and of Paul Hyacinthe Loyson (founder of *L'Association de Libres Penseurs et de Libres Croyants*)—vigorous spirits and born leaders of men, several of whom are lapsing or have lapsed into regrettable eccentricities or into nauseating politics, but who have nevertheless, at one portion or another of their careers, been inspiring and effective apostles of some form of strenuousness, and consequently architects of the new attitude to life and to *la patrie*.

There was an undeniable charm in the subtle scepticism and the supremely sophisticated and Buddhistic dilettantism of the France of the eighties and nineties, for the characterization of which the epithet *fin de siècle* had to be invented; and that way, perhaps, lies ultimate wisdom. But there should not be too many wise men in a community, particularly a democratic community. *Le triste savoir*, socially considered, is a highly dangerous possession. Wise men were thick as huckleberries in those years of forced meditation and self-examination, and they came near precipitating a national calamity.

There was genuine nobility in the altruistic fervor of the humanitarian internationalism of the same period. But altruism is a distinct peril to a community whose neighbors are not likewise altruists; besides, there is no living with the children of light, when their numbers are sufficient to give them the whip-hand.

One may prefer personally the playful irony, the engaging Pyrrhonism, the urbane cynicism, the smiling nihilism, the verbal melody and the philosophic calm of such a "tourist through life" as Anatole France, or even the inflated and sentimental but

thrilling eloquence of a Jaurès, to the extreme busy-ness, the hard, cold and precise thought, the selfish, brutal and cruel ethics, and the strident calls to shamelessly utilitarian action of the new professors of energy, and still recognize that there are periods in the evolution (or devolution) of civilization, when the primitive animal must be allowed vent, when the *summum bonum* is personal and national pecuniary profit, when a bit of barbarism is a capital tonic and when robustness should be cultivated to the exclusion of the finer issues of life.

"Let us hasten," said Guy de Maupassant, "to rebuild the muscles of a people who have been living too long solely upon their nerves." Once France shall have done this (and she is doing it with almost incredible rapidity), and once she shall also have regained her lost prestige as a maritime power, shall have utilized the resources which entitle her to a higher place than she now holds as a manufacturing and trading nation and shall have proved that she can "swipe" markets as well as Germany; once, in short, she shall have shown her mettle and shall have driven into the pate of the Teuton the fact that the period of her submission to dictation and blackmailing has passed forever; then she can resume, reinvigorated, the dual rôle (for which she was specially foreordained and in which she can have no rivals) of purveyor of amenities and humanities, on the one hand, and of propagandist of chivalric ideas and ideals on the other. In the meanwhile, no great harm is being done, if her young men—bending over backward in their eagerness to retrieve the impotency of their fathers—flaunt indifference to culture, contempt for humanitarian idealism and a patriotism that lies very close to chauvinism; for strain as they may to become practical, hard-headed business men and citizens, their temperaments will keep them from making of the country of Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan, Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau and Georges Courteline; of Saint-Louis, Fourier, Lamennais, and Blanqui, a second Carthage or a second Prussia.

Sooner or later, the dilettantism and the idealism will come back—the "rhythm of the generations" will demand it—divine irony and sublime Quixotism will be re-enthroned, and Roosevelt's "strenuous life" and the Carnegie gospels will be relegated to the limbo of the outgrown creeds.

## REALISM IN IRISH POLITICS

E. A. B.

**F**EW people outside Ireland realize how factitious are the divisions of opinion represented by the traditional political parties in that country. We have so long been accustomed to think of the Irish people as divided into Catholic Nationalists and Protestant Unionists, that we seldom inquire what realities correspond to this classification. These labels having once been affixed, it has become almost impossible to remove them, even though they be demonstrably inapplicable to modern conditions. The true absurdity of this obsession by political labels is most perfectly illustrated in the argument of those who oppose Home Rule, on the ground that the "Nationalists" are not fit to be intrusted with the government of their country. They assume, that is to say, that when the *raison d'être* of political Nationalism has been removed, it will continue to exist!

In Ireland, it must be admitted, circumstances have for many years favored this view of Irish politics. The dust raised by the party conflict has so obscured the atmosphere, that it is difficult for the casual observer to ascertain what is really taking place. By degrees, however, a genuine and more comprehensive sense of nationality has been born, as a result of the intellectual reawakening which accompanied the literary renaissance, now known as the Irish Literary Revival. With the spread of a literature deriving its life and inspiration from all that is best and most truly national in Irish history, nationalism has come to mean a great deal more than aggressive revolt against England. The growth of a national drama, and the popularization of Gaelic legend and history in verse and story, have given to the younger generation of Irishmen a conception of their country that has little in common with political partisanship, except in so far as both entertain the idea of an autonomous Ireland. Consequently, with the effacement of the purely political element, there came a more broadening, mellowing influence into Irish life. This, of course, does not suit the political dogmatists of either party, who ask nothing better than the reiteration of their

Nationalist or Unionist creeds. They would still preserve the artificial cleavage upon one question, and look aghast at those who go outside the limits prescribed by the party formulæ. Intercourse between the two camps is not encouraged by the orthodox, and the man who feels that he has, humanly speaking, more in common with his political enemies, must be prepared to hear the reproach of treachery. The watching eyes of the faithful regard him reprovably, if he ventures forth and engages with his fellow-men in such work as they may have in common.

For many years it has been a convention with a certain class of Irishmen to avoid all risk of contaminating the purity of their political prejudices, or their metaphysical theories, by mixing too freely with those from whose views they differed. Their high priests have warned them of the danger of mixed assemblies, and prescribed as much as possible the company of their fellow-idolators. Occasionally, when some semblance of discussion could not be shirked, solemn conclaves have been held in which each side could bring forward the stereotyped arguments and hear them met by the equally stereotyped replies. There was no interchange of ideas, simply the repetition of dogmas. The discussion ran along certain well-defined parallel lines, without the slightest prospect of their meeting at any point. Whenever men were observed having over-stepped the political frontiers to exchange intellectual commodities, the panic cry of party had merely to be raised to bring them back faithfully to their respective intrenchments. Once behind the wall of political dogma, with the din of electioneering warfare in their ears, they soon forgot the truce which their intelligence had called.

In recent times it has not been so easy to raise these alarms. The wider conception of nationalism, the subsidence of the more acute phase of the political struggle, after the passing of the Land Acts, and the different problems engaging the attention of a new generation—all these tend to make the more intelligent unresponsive to the mechanical efforts of the veterans. It is almost painful, indeed, to witness the indifference of the crowd to the oratory which twenty years ago evoked wild enthusiasm. The same phrases are still used, but they have lost their magic. Nationalists in the widest sense are met nowadays in quarters

which would formerly have been deemed impregnable strongholds of Unionism. The Government offices, and even Dublin University, show yearly an increasing number of those who profess the heresy of nationalism. The Protestant wolf lies down with the Catholic lamb, in a manner highly disconcerting to those who have not yet got the right focus of contemporary Irish affairs. English observers have interpreted this as an indication that Ireland no longer desires Home Rule. The spectacle of a people peaceably intent upon its own affairs, instead of responding to the antics of a wire-pulling lawyer, has proved too much for them. They have returned to England, disappointed at being deprived of the sensations of civil war, and have straightway informed a bewildered public that now, when Home Rule is offered to them, the Irish people do not want it. Anything short of a nation divided into two armed camps is regarded as a proof of apathetic indifference.

Several factors have contributed to the growth of this new spirit, and aided the development of what Mr. John Eglinton has described, in one of his thoughtful essays, as "reasonable nationalism." As has been suggested, the revival of Irish literature has, to some extent, effected a dissociation of ideas such as to make the word "national" acceptable in circles traditionally hostile to political nationalism. Once the word was divested of its narrow and controversial significance, the way was clear for the gradual permeation of Irish as distinct from English ideals. With the breaking down of old barriers came such an intermingling of classes as to render, if not futile, at least largely ineffective, the catchwords and phrases of tradition. More directly, however, the political idols were smashed by the advent of the *Sinn Fein*\* party, who criticised in strong terms the professional Nationalists, and denounced parliamentary methods. This was an effective and unpleasant interruption. Questions were asked of the dogmatists which could not be turned aside with the replies framed to meet the familiar objections emanating from the official Unionist opposition. No doubts could be raised as to the good faith of the *Sinn Fein* critics, whose extremely anti-English sentiments precluded all suspicion that they were in

\*Sinn Fein, two Gaelic words meaning "ourselves alone."

league with the natural enemies of Ireland. It was a new experience for the Irish people to hear criticism of their idols from men of such authentically Irish sentiments. It was a deadly experience for the Nationalist party, for it created a precedent, and, worst of all, placed them in a new situation, with which the old thought-saving devices could not cope. It is not suggested that the Sinn Feiners definitely alienated a majority of Irishmen from the Nationalist party. They knew that Home Rule was essential, and that it could only be obtained by parliamentary methods. Nevertheless, it had been demonstrated that the present Parliamentarians were only good for one purpose, and that, once that purpose was achieved, they had no further reason for existence.

The moment an idea ceases to correspond to reality it becomes inanimate, and either dies, or hardens into the living death of a dogma. The dogmatism of Irish life was attributable to the innumerable husks of political ideas from which all animation had departed. From the old phrases which no longer corresponded to the facts of existence, men have turned to those which offer a criticism of existing conditions, based upon some living principle. Such a criticism is supplied by the Irish Co-operative Movement, which has drawn into its ranks men of every class, creed and opinion in Ireland. The initial steps were taken by Sir Horace Plunkett, who had the foresight to realize that the salvation of Ireland lay in the reorganization of her agricultural life, and the courage to forsake the pure negation of Unionist politics, in order to devote his life to the great task. While he is the power behind the throne, as President of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, it is Mr. George W. Russell who stands out most conspicuously in the ranks of Irish coöperators. Without abandoning the mystic verse and painting of "A. E."—his pseudonym as poet and artist—Mr. Russell has contrived to invest the Coöperative Movement with the beauty of his own vision, and to endow it with a lofty idealism. It is thanks to his editorship that the journal of the Irish coöperators has become a great centre for the exchange of ideas in Ireland, and created around him a veritable intellectual centre. Truculently, eloquently, persuasively, as the



occasion demands, *The Irish Homestead* engages with the dogmas which obscure the minds of so many Irishmen, waking their intelligence for the ultimate glory of the Coöperative Commonwealth. But it is not only the periodical literature of the Movement that is indebted to Mr. Russell; he has also provided his fellow-workers with a more permanent scripture. In *Coöperation and Nationality* he elaborates his plans for the regeneration of Ireland, which he believes to lie in the direction of a coöperative commonwealth.

Mr. Russell is an enemy of State Socialism, which seems to him inseparable from uniformity and over-centralization. The great state is thoroughly antipathetic to him; he would divide all countries into small communities, upon the model of ancient Greece. Ireland, at all events, is peculiarly suited for his proposals, inasmuch as the country was formerly governed in this way. It is Mr. Russell's dream to restore this ancient form of government, with modern improvements. The predominance of agriculture, the absence of industries and of large cities are further factors that encourage Mr. Russell, and have induced him to throw his great energy into the work of agricultural organization on a coöperative basis. Mr. Russell is no dreamer; his lecturing and organizing experiences have given him the knowledge requisite for the task he would achieve. In reading *Coöperation and Nationality*, one feels that behind it all there is a practical acquaintance with local conditions and the problems that arise. Yet over the book there hovers a flame of idealism, the breath of poetry is felt in the rhythm of the phrases in which "A. E." communicates his vision of the future. On the basis of practical propaganda the poet has reared the structure of his dreams. *Coöperation and Nationality* has been well described as the Irish coöperators' Bible.

While it is true that, outside Ulster, Ireland has a very small industrial population, Dublin, Cork and Belfast, as well as the larger provincial towns, constitute a problem which cannot be avoided in dealing with the reorganization of Irish life. Fortunately, with the awakening of a new national consciousness in Ireland, a man has come forward on behalf of the townsmen, as Mr. Russell has done on behalf of the countrymen. Mr.

Larkin has identified himself with the reorganization of industrial conditions in a manner very different from that of Mr. Russell, but none the less effective. His paper, *The Irish Worker*, marks the final breach in the wall of political dogmatism. The first labor journal to establish itself in Ireland, it has little in common with *The Irish Homestead*, except that between them they constitute an oasis in the desert of Irish political journalism—an arid and windy waste of mechanical reiteration. Their readers are drawn from the service of shibboleths, and grouped beneath a standard upon which a living message is inscribed. The obsession of Home Rule politics has been almost completely shaken off, the old groups are in the process of disintegration, and new groups are being formed. It has now become evident that unanimity as to the merits or demerits of William of Orange by no means involves agreement upon such questions as the Minimum Wage, Municipal Trading or the Nationalization of Railways. It can, therefore, no longer be used as a pretext for stifling discussion on these points, as has too often been the case. There can be no real identity of interests between men whose sole bond is their interpretation of a doubtful point in English history. So long as the cries of Orange and Green could give a semblance of cohesion to each side, it was impossible to ascertain the real opinions of Orangemen or Catholics upon any vital question. For all we know, each of these Ulster Covenanters may be a fruitful source of political or economic heresy. Lawyers, and other equally interested mischief-makers, are taking care that these shall be the last people to reveal their true identity.

Meanwhile Mr. Larkin has given the world a startling demonstration of the new possibilities of Irish life. The first fruits of his attempt to organize labor in Ireland, as it is organized in every other civilized country, were a lock-out followed by one of the most remarkable strikes of recent times. For some twelve weeks from 12,000 to 100,000 men were out of employment, and the entire forces of labor were drawn into a life and death struggle for their right to organize. The outbreak of hostilities last autumn was the culminating feature in the protracted fight made by Mr. Larkin for some years against sweating, low wages,

and the incredible disorganization of industrial life in Dublin, Belfast and elsewhere. Slowly he built up the Irish Transport Workers' Union, creating out of hopelessness and chaos a well disciplined army of some 70,000 men. Week after week *The Irish Worker* bore evidence of the bitterness of the struggle, and of the progress of the workers under Mr. Larkin's consummate leadership. The paper was read everywhere, by the farm laborer on the hillside, and the slum-dweller in the city, and by degrees a sense of unity was given to probably the most ruthlessly exploited working class in the United Kingdom. As Mr. Larkin pointed out, their so-called "representatives" were so preoccupied with the political game that they had never given a thought to the economic problem, but had, time and again, shown their sympathies to be entirely capitalistic. At first spasmodic strikes, or the menace of a strike, effected here and there an improvement. Each of these struggles had the effect of strengthening the men and of exasperating the employers, who were neither capable of recognizing, nor disposed to consider, that a new factor had come into the Irish labor world. They had so long profited by the concentration of public attention upon the Home Rule question that they naturally resented Mr. Larkin's insistence upon facts.

Mr. William M. Murphy, the dominating spirit of the Dublin employers, had for a long time been the object of Mr. Larkin's criticism, until finally he conceived the brilliant idea of breaking the movement which the latter had inaugurated. The immediate pretext of this ultimate trial of strength was the refusal of Mr. Murphy to recognize the Transport Union, and his decision to lock out such of his employees as belonged to it. This challenge was taken up by the men, who resorted to the weapon of the sympathetic strike, and soon from 12,000 to 20,000 were idle. The inevitable horrors of hunger and unemployment were aggravated by a remarkable outburst of police brutality, and the fatuous obstinacy of the Employers' Federation, which refused to come to terms, or even to discuss the situation frankly with either the men's leaders or an impartial committee. Every day the number of strikers increased, in spite of the evident determination of the employers to exhaust the strike funds and to starve

the men into submission. Help in the shape of food and money was furnished by the English Unions, and by all who sympathized with the principle of Trade Unionism, which it was obviously Mr. Murphy's ambition to destroy. This unique and valuable weapon had been purchased too dearly to be relinquished at the behest of the Chairman of the Dublin United Tramway Company.

Apart from the actual and specific import of this struggle, it remains a valuable illustration of the growth of reality in Irish politics. The first popular movement of vitality since the agrarian agitation, it is unique in being entirely separated from party politics. Political "spell-binding," religious bigotry, physical violence—every means was resorted to in order to win the men from their allegiance to a new ideal. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the rights and wrongs of capital and labor in this dispute, but to consider it as a manifestation of the new spirit that is awakening in Ireland. It is Mr. Larkin's distinction that he has succeeded in uniting men, who have been prepared to face hunger and imprisonment, on a question quite outside the traditional range of Irish politics. Hitherto such manifestations have only been possible when the "freedom of Ireland"—in the purely political and sentimental sense—has been the issue raised. For the first time in recent years conflicting creeds and policies have been forgotten in the fight for humane conditions and human liberty. Not only political, but also social, independence must henceforward be the goal of Irish politics.

The official inquiry into the strike brought to light some interesting evidence of the disastrous results of political dogmatism in Ireland. So absorbed had the politicians become in the vociferation of their formulæ that industrial conditions were never considered, and had consequently reached the lowest level in the United Kingdom. Overcrowded slums, underfed workers, low wages—each proving to be the worst of its kind—this was the toll paid by Irishmen, while their "leaders" electioneered, and manipulated the *clichés* anent the "freedom of Ireland," or the "great Empire" from which they would never be separated. Employers, of course, were content that their men should thus

be paid with words, and resented Mr. Larkin's hints that a more substantial mode of payment would be necessary, if they wished to continue their business. "Ireland a nation" had served its day, now it was asked: What sort of a nation? A nation of half-starved slum dwellers seemed quite natural, provided the Parliament be restored to Dublin, until the advent of the Transport Workers' Union. Mr. Larkin's followers have now discovered that it will make little difference to them whether Mr. W. M. Murphy's interests are guarded by delegates to an English or an Irish House of Commons. It is for them to organize and see that their claim to life is considered. The failure of the Irish party to rise to the situation created by the recent strike was ample confirmation of the newly acquired conviction that the popular idols are quite useless, and out of touch with present-day problems. Six Irish members, when positively shamed into taking action, declared their incapacity to suggest anything, and their readiness to leave the matter in the hands of the Archbishop of Dublin. After this confession of cowardice and incompetency it is unlikely that any intelligent Irishman will entertain any illusion as to the futility of the professional patriots, Nationalist or Unionist. We cannot expect statesmanship, or even the rudiments of a national policy, to come from these brains worn out with long years of negation.

The conduct of the employers was also a remarkable indication of the dogmatic slumber into which Irish public life had fallen. Mr. Murphy, for example, as President of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, openly congratulated that body upon their power to crush the workers by starvation, boasting that he and his fellows could always count upon having their "three meals a day." Such naïve barbarism, or cynicism, is unthinkable except in a country where industrial life and the social conscience connected therewith have been allowed to atrophy. The refusal of the Employers' Federation to meet the men's representatives could only come of the obstinacy born of ignorance. Otherwise these gentlemen might have known at the beginning that they were refusing to obey one of the elementary principles of modern industrial warfare. Could one have forgotten the misery and suffering of 100,000 people, there was something ludicrous

in the spectacle of these people still living in the past, and childishly resisting all attempts to awaken them from their despotic dream. It took them quite a long time to realize that Ireland was something more than a land of factions, that the imminence of Home Rule had removed an obsession from the minds of the people, and that they were now beginning to set their house in order. Now that the old frontiers are being obliterated and groups are forming to fight for living issues, Irish employers will have ample opportunity of remedying this defect in their mental vision.

With the grant of self-government to Ireland we shall see all the old dogmas cast into the melting pot. The propaganda of Mr. George Russell in the country, and of Mr. Larkin in the towns, are already influences at work in the great readjustment. It is inconceivable that their disciples will find in the old generation of politicians men capable of understanding their aims, and fit to represent them in Parliament. In the spread of coöperation and the rise of Trade Unionism we can see the possibilities of Ireland, when the Home Rule fetish no longer dominates the prostrate bodies of the faithful. Both these movements have progressed in spite of the older politicians, who are either indifferent or hostile. So far it has been difficult to shake from the industrial North the obsession of bigotry. Employers find it useful to fan the flame of fanaticism, lest the working classes should forget their religious differences, and unite for their common good. Various attempts have been made to draw their attention from past animosities to present problems, and each time with increased success. It is clearly a mere matter of time. In view of the wretched labor conditions in Belfast, it is safe to predict that in the future we shall see the most advanced radicals representing a city long associated with the narrowest conservatism and reaction. Most Irishmen must have felt how contemptible, insincere, and lifeless were the accounts of Sir E. Carson's manœuvres in Ulster, or the party speechifying of Mr. Dillon in Munster, at a time when the employers were trying to starve thousands of men, women and children in Dublin. The eternal recriminations of the factions and the time-worn platitudes of the politicians never had so

hollow a ring as when they came side by side with the fighting oratory of Mr. Larkin, and the impassioned eloquence of Mr. Russell, as both pleaded the cause of dying humanity. The sham of the one and the reality of the other could not have been more pointedly emphasized than by the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin for "sedition," while Sir E. Carson continued to review his "troops," and elaborate imaginary schemes of open rebellion. It is in the genuineness of the former and the absurdity of the latter that we may see a hope for the future of Ireland. Mr. Larkin and Mr. Russell represent the future, Sir E. Carson belongs irrevocably to the past.

## CAN THE MEXICAN PROGRESS?

A. W. WARWICK

**T**HE geographical position of Mexico is such that its affairs must be of Pan-American interest. Of all the American nations the United States is chiefly concerned in the well-being and progress of its southern neighbor. But more especially are we interested in its orderliness. No nation can long endure disorder along its borders. The disturbance of commercial conditions, the increase of crime and lawlessness and the expense of continual military patrolling along the international boundary become at length intolerable.

But over and beyond these merely temporary conditions the United States has an interest in the future condition of Mexico. It is conceded that Mexico has such an abundance and variety of natural resources that it is potentially one of the richest nations of the earth. The development and exploitation of those resources must redound to the benefit of the commerce of this country. It needs no argument to show that a great increase of commercial activity in Mexico would mean a better market for the products of our factories. Just as commercial prosperity in Canada is a cause for congratulation to ourselves as well as Canada, so too would be a similar condition in Mexico.

Mexico has been an independent nation for one hundred years; its first Congress meeting on September 14, 1813, in Chilpancingo, and the first formal declaration of independence being made on November 6 of the same year. It is pertinent therefore to see what elements exist in that country for progress after a century's freedom and whether the present chaotic conditions are symptomatic of chronic national weakness or not. Logically the question resolves itself into a consideration of the salient characteristics of the peoples who in the aggregate comprise the Mexican nation.

The present population of Mexico is about 15,000,000 souls. The first noteworthy characteristic of that population is its heterogeneous nature. While Spanish is the official language of the country, over two millions of its people habitually speak some



Indian language and there are over three million of pure blooded Indians of most diverse race. It is claimed officially that about two and one half millions are of pure Spanish blood, but few unbiased authorities who have studied the question are inclined to allow much more than half that number. The balance of the population is made up of individuals of mixed Spanish and Indian blood with the Indian predominating. Thus the majority of Mexicans may be classed as Indo-Spaniards. The population is made up then as follows:

White .....	2,500,000
Mixed .....	9,500,000
Indian .....	3,000,000
<hr/>	
	15,000,000

Such records as are available show that the percentage of Mexicans of mixed blood is rapidly increasing at the expense of both white and Indian races. At first sight this would appear to indicate the rapid fusion of races to form a homogeneous people. But like most cursory views it would be erroneous. The real facts are that in Yucatan, for example, the Mexican would be Spanish-Mayan; in Oaxaca, Spanish-Zapotecan; in Sinaloa, Spanish-Piman; in Durango, Spanish-Tepehuane; in eastern Sonora, Spanish-Yaqui, etc., etc. From present indications it would take generations for a complete fusion of these diverse bloods.

It might naturally be asked, here, what of the effect of immigration upon the race? The answer is that there is none, since there is practically no real immigration. The normal annual immigration into Mexico only amounts to a few thousands per annum, mainly Spaniards and Americans. Neither of these races are real immigrants, since few ever take out naturalization papers. Americans, indeed, bring their families with them but usually leave after a few years' residence. The Spaniard returns to Spain as soon as he has made a competence in his grocery store. While, so far as I can ascertain, the last census (1910) has not officially returned the number of foreigners of European blood, in the census year there could hardly have been more than

120,000 Americans and Europeans in the country. The census of 1900 only gave a total of 57,507 such foreigners.

The statement as to the number of foreigners in Mexico may occasion surprise to those who have made a trip to the City of Mexico and noted the number of foreigners there. However, it would be as unfair to judge the proportion of foreign born people in Mexico from the conditions in Mexico City as it would be for an English tourist to judge the number of foreigners in the United States by merely seeing New York City. Nearly half the Americans in Mexico are (or more properly, were) domiciled in or near Mexico City. On the other hand, Leon, a city of 70,000 people, contained, when the writer was there three years ago, only about a score of Americans. The apparent number of foreigners is magnified, too, by the prominent positions they occupy.

In spite of apparent official encouragement of immigration Mexico is almost entirely out of the immigration zones of the American continent. The Argentine, for example, receives more immigrants in a year than Mexico has obtained in the last ten years. Indeed the Mexican temperament on the whole favors the exclusion of all foreigners except those who bring in large capital, and there are not a few Mexicans who would keep out even those.

Possibly no incident more forcibly illustrates the anti-foreign sentiments than an episode which occurred in Mexico City about a year ago. The scholars of one of the higher grade girls' schools pronounced themselves on strike on account of the principal having "a gringo name." The lady in question bore a good old Scottish surname, her grandfather being a Scotsman who had married a well born Mexican woman. One of the sons married a Mexican woman, thus the old Scotsman's granddaughter had seventy-five per cent. of Mexican blood and was herself married to a Mexican. Neither her father nor mother could speak English. Yet the good lady was forced to abandon her position by reason of being a foreigner! There is no doubt that an overwhelming proportion of the Mexican peoples believe in the doctrine of "Mexico for the Mexicans."

Finally it may be stated, in all frankness, that the few for-

eigners in Mexico have less influence on the Mexicans than the Mexicans have on the foreigners. Romero, who so ably represented Mexico in Washington for many years, stated the case very completely when he wrote "it is easier for Americans in Mexico to fall into Mexican ways and Mexican moral views than it is to convert the Mexicans to the American view of life." That is the final and complete statement of the whole case.

One naturally turns from the consideration of race questions to that of nativity. It is astounding to learn that in 1900 42.5 per cent. of all registered births were illegitimate; probably 90 per cent. of the unregistered births are illegitimate and a high authority was very probably correct when he stated that between 50 and 55 per cent. of all births in the republic were outside marriage relations. In some States the figures are very much higher. For example, in Hidalgo it was 80 per cent.; in Michoacan it was 75 per cent. and in this same State the district of Zamora was credited with no less than 93.6 per cent. of illegitimate births. Astonishing as these figures are, they are entirely worthy of credence. In several large mining camps with which the writer was connected, and in which he knew every person, not over ten per cent. of the couples were legally married, in spite of the fact that the local civil authority willingly remitted all marriage fees. However, in considering legitimacy of birth in Mexico it is proper to remember that a church marriage without civil marriage is regarded as of no binding force. All offspring of such unions are registered as illegitimate. In church registrations, on the other hand, the children of parents married by civil authority only are entered as illegitimate in every district in which the writer made inquiry. Yet in any event and making all due allowances for such registrations probably between forty-five and fifty per cent. of the births are from temporary unions. As an example of what such a state of affairs may lead to, the three children of a woman once in my employ had each a different father and bore different surnames.

Anyone familiar with vital statistics will be prepared from these facts to learn that 85 per cent. of the entire population is quite illiterate. Outside of the larger towns probably 95 per cent. of the people would be illiterate. For example, in a mine

employing 525 men only 6 could sign their names and the manager had to indorse the pay roll for all the rest. Practically 99 per cent. of the miners were illiterate. Of the 15 per cent. literates in the entire country, many read or write with slowness and difficulty. About one third of the literates are children. Thus we find that probably only 1,500,000 adults in the entire country are technically literate. These low literate rates exist in spite of the fact that a compulsory education law was enacted many years ago. This point well illustrates the well-known fact that the written laws of Mexico by no means imply the practice of the country.

Naturally the press of the country cannot be expected to be of a high order of journalism when educational standards are low. Even in Mexico City and Guadalajara the newspapers issued do not come up to the standard set by the morning paper of an American town of 30,000 inhabitants. The news is usually scanty and unreliable and the editorials turgid in style. The descriptions of social functions, weddings and funerals are a riot of adjectives and *cheville*. (A *cheville* was neatly and satisfactorily defined by Stevenson as "a word employed merely to balance the sound without aiding the sense.")

Outside the two cities referred to the press is represented by a few unimportant weekly papers in which real news is practically non-existent. The Mexicans are not newspaper readers. They rely mainly on the oral transmission of news. One may travel for weeks through the agricultural or mountain districts without seeing a newspaper, except an occasional stray copy left perhaps by a commercial traveller.

Whole volumes have been written on the efficiency of Mexican labor. The divergence of the different views is probably due to the heterogeneous character of the Mexican race. Foreigners writing on the subject naturally give isolated personal experiences. The facts seem to be that while in some parts of the country the labor is fairly efficient, in other parts it is of very low grade and cannot be keyed up to doing economical work in spite of the low wage rate. On the whole it is decidedly inferior.

As an isolated case of inferior working efficiency of Mexican labor a mine may be cited in which an average of rather more

than 3,000 men are employed. The output of the mine is about 650 tons of ore a day. Under the same conditions in the mine about 600 American miners would make that production. Or, in this case, it takes five Mexican miners to produce as much ore as one American miner. However, an isolated example is an insufficient base for a broad general principle.

A far better criterion would be the statistics from occupations in which Mexicans work under Mexican direction. In Mexico about 3,000,000 men are engaged in agriculture, or rather more than 75 per cent. of all males engaged in gainful occupations. Yet in spite of the fact that Mexico is one of the most fertile countries in the world it has for many years failed to produce sufficient food for its inhabitants. It is an undeniable fact that the Mexican laborer suffers from malnutrition and yet 75 per cent. of the working males cannot maintain even the low Mexican standard of living.

The reasons for this low efficiency have been assigned to many causes. Some investigators have attributed the low output of Mexican labor to excessive use of intoxicants and malnutrition, due to an unbalanced and insufficient dietary. No doubt those causes have much to do with the inefficiency of Mexican labor. Yet the real cause must be assigned to racial temperament.

The well-born and educated Spaniard never soils his hands with manual labor. He is the *caballero*, the man who rides a horse. The Spanish Armada was officered by knights who directed the ship from the poop; the British ships by officers who had done sailor's work. Sir Francis Drake's rebuke to his junior officers is classical: "I must have the gentlemen to hale and draw with the mariners."

The Indian is characterized by producing only that which fills his own needs. He is not a producer for the markets. The race formed by the union of Spaniard and Indian then could hardly have any conception of the innate dignity of labor. The idea of a well-educated son of wealthy Mexican parents learning to be a railroad-man by starting in as a brakeman or a track-layer would be regarded as preposterous. The spectacle recently presented in America in which governors of States and mayors of important cities donned overalls and worked with picks and

shovels on the public highways could never be duplicated in Mexico.

In Mexico, only the meek and lowly and ignorant actually soil themselves with manual labor. There is no future in such occupations and consequently the Mexican worker is without ambition and his efficiency is low indeed.

As against these facts the expansion of commercial Mexico in the decade 1901-1910 would appear to be anomalous and contradictory. Such progress as was made was entirely due to foreigners and foreign capital. American, British and German managers, engineers, foremen and mechanics constructed the railroads, built the harbors and erected the factories of the country. American and British engineers opened the mines. Yet even in 1910 the limits of expansion had been reached owing to labor shortage. Japanese and Chinese immigration was encouraged to make good the deficiency. It was a question either of obtaining an increased efficiency of Mexican labor or an importation of manual workers. Yet, owing probably to the demand for labor, the efficiency of Mexicans, instead of increasing, actually became less.

At about that time an example of this fact came under my own observation. There were three large mining ventures started up nearly simultaneously within a radius of thirty miles. One of the managers conceived the idea that by providing the workmen with improved houses and paying higher wages he would attract the best and most thrifty workmen, thereby doing more work with the same, or perhaps a less, number of men. The contrary was the case. Instead of having four hundred men nominally on the pay roll he had between five and six hundred and yet he had actually less men working every day. Under the old scale of wages the men worked, on an average, about four days a week, under the new scale they worked less than three days. The laborers, in fact, worked long enough to earn the beans and corn upon which they mainly subsisted and the rest of the time was spent in drinking and gambling, with all the evils attendant upon those vices. The other two mines lost large numbers of men who departed for the "happy camp" in which they need only work three days a week.

Furthermore, the opening of these three mines largely de-

pleted the farms in the neighborhood of many of their peons and there was such a scarcity of provisions in the year following that corn, beans and live stock had to be packed or driven from districts situated at a distance of eight or ten days' travel.

The phenomenal growth of Mexico from 1900 to 1910 was not in any sense due to the progress of the Mexican. There was no improvement in agricultural methods and from the Rio Grande to Yucatan there was not, so far as I am aware, a single railroad, factory or irrigation project fostered by purely Mexican capital and designed and executed by Mexican engineers. Further, in spite of the long period of instruction by foreigners it is safe to say that the Mexican engineers and workmen could not efficiently operate the railroads, electric light works, smelters or factories of the country if all the foreigners were withdrawn.

Extending the investigation into the progressiveness of the average Mexican, a brief review of his progress in this country may be attempted. In Texas, New Mexico, Southern Colorado, Arizona and California are to be found many thousands of Mexican families who have lived under American conditions for sixty years. What progress have these people made? Surprisingly little. It is true that a small number is completely Americanized but by far the greater number are in much the same condition as their cousins in Old Mexico. Most speak little or no English, still live in adobe houses with clay floors, still live on beans and dry strips of pumpkin or squash. If one has dealings with them the negotiations must be conducted in Spanish. In those south-western towns which have a large Mexican population, the Mexicans live in their own overcrowded, dirty and squalid quarters, which present a startling contrast to the spick and span sections in which the Americans live. All this despite the fact that the Mexican enjoys the full educational, political and commercial opportunities of the American citizen.

The gloomy picture of the Mexican presented in this article may appear to many to be painted in colors far too dark. It might even appear to be written from a very prejudiced standpoint. There is no conscious prejudice, for indeed the writer has a number of Mexican friends whom he esteems very highly.

However, in concluding this brief consideration of the more

salient features in the Mexican character reference may be made to the investigations of a recent United States Immigration Commission. The details of this investigation may be found in a forty-two-volume report. Two technical members of that Commission, Professors Jenks and Lauck, have prepared a summary of the more important facts developed. The reader of that book \* cannot fail to be impressed by the unbiased attitude of the authors nor to see the immense volume of data at their disposal. Writing of the Mexican immigrants they make the following statements:

1. "They are practically all engaged in unskilled work."
2. In railroad work their wages are the lowest paid to any laborers.
3. "Very few of them ever rise to the rank of foreman."
4. In farm work they will care, for example, for eight acres of beets, only, as compared with eleven acres by the Japanese.
5. "Their standard of living is the lowest, their family income the smallest and their lack of thrift the greatest of all immigrant races investigated."
6. The cost of subsistence among the railway Mexican laborers was approximately \$8.00 a month.
7. "They learn English slowly; less than 14 per cent. of those investigated could speak English."
8. "When their children go to school their attendance and intelligence are decidedly less than the average."
9. "They are very likely to become public charges."
10. "They are likely to be quarrelsome and inclined toward crime."
11. And "it would seem from the records that the Mexican is even less desirable as a citizen than he is as a laborer."
12. "Usually the Mexicans seem to be without ambition or thrift, are content with the wage relations, and their progress has been slower, much more so, than that of the Japanese or Chinese."

\* The Immigration Problem. Jenks & Lauck. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.



Other reports of special investigators sent by the United States Government to Mexico will be found in the bulletins of the Department of Labor. Without exception they bear out the findings of Jenks and Lauck and the observations by the writer.

For nearly fifty years the Mexican people, with the characteristics and traits recited above, have been living under a constitution which is a very faithful copy of our own. Under that form of government the Mexican has made no progress in Mexico and very little here. The most rabid admirer of the constitution of the United States must admit that for it to work smoothly and effectively a people governed by it must have the following characteristics:

1. Loyal submission to the will of the majority.
2. Candid recognition of the inalienable rights of the minority.
3. A cool, sober judgment.
4. A very high standard of education and morals.

The Mexican people, as a whole, has none of these fundamental requirements. It is obviously a vital mistake to force such an intricate and delicate a system of government upon a people unprepared and unfitted for it.

Nearly two millions of eager, energetic people leave Europe every year for America. Approximately a half million goes to Canada; one million to the United States and one-half million to the Argentine and Brazil. These are all "white men's" countries. Under the new conditions in South America the foreign commerce of the Argentine, Chile and Brazil alone is almost twice the volume of the commerce of the Orient. It has trebled in the last ten years and has been produced by men of exclusively Latin race backed by Anglo-Saxon capital. The rush of Latin races to South America is changing conditions there, commercially, politically, socially and racially in the most radical manner.

No one who knows the Indo-Spanish Central American countries which receive practically no immigrants can honestly say that these nations have improved internally. Peace and civil order

can only be maintained by such stern characters as Diaz, Cabrera of Guatemala, and Huerta. Let the iron rule of such men be removed even for a couple of years, as in Mexico, and the work of a generation will be undone.

Indeed since Mexico became a national entity in 1822 and Spanish immigration became a negligible quantity the Mexican type tends to revert to the Indian. It is not uncommon to hear Mexicans speak with contempt of the Spanish blood in their veins and attribute their good qualities to the Indian strain. It is further noteworthy that since 1859 the supreme executive head of Mexico has been, except for a period of ten years, of Indian stock. Benito Juarez, who was president from 1859 to 1872, was a pure blood Zapoteca Indian. Porfirio Diaz had more than half Zapoteca blood in his veins.

Can the Mexican type of man, mainly Indian, continue to hold one of the richest and most fertile areas of the world? It seems improbable. An inefficient race of workers must necessarily give way to a more robust and energetic people.

It is a matter of common observation that a man of mixed Indian blood is usually quarrelsome. Mexico bears out this statement. There are said to be 10,000 homicides in Mexico a year. In the country districts a *baile* (dance) can rarely be conducted without a fight in which several persons may be killed or severely wounded. Such a condition necessarily follows from the conditions of the nativity of the mass of the people.

Summing up the more striking features of the Mexican people and its character, the race is—

1. Mainly of Indian type.
2. Illiterate.
3. Mainly of illegitimate birth.
4. Inefficient as workers.
5. Intemperate.
6. Quarrelsome.

The present disorders in Mexico therefore cannot be assigned to any merely temporary cause. It would appear far more likely, in view of the foregoing facts, that nationally the Mexican

is disposed to civil strife. As long as the people have their present characteristics civil war will be more normal than peace and good order.

Can any unbiased observer see any hope of amelioration in the conditions numbered from 2 to 6 in the above tabulation of evils in Mexico? Few candid persons would answer otherwise than in the negative. Thus, although there may be peace enforced by an iron hand for a few years, the seething forces underneath the superficial crust of a commercial and land aristocracy will have their day and it seems inevitable that the Mexican of this generation will live in short periods of peace frequently broken by more or less prolonged civil war.

The only real hope for Mexico, as an independent nation, lies in throwing wide open the doors to immigration as all the other American countries have done. Otherwise its absorption by the United States will be inevitable.

## THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

FLORENCE KIPER

**T**HIS is the song of the women, sung to the marching feet,  
Mothers and daughters of mothers out in the crowded  
street,  
Yea, and the mothers of mothers, white with the passing years—  
This is the chant of the women and wise is he who hears.

We are not beggars, O lordlings who sit in the seats of power,  
Rulers of many millions and kings for a little hour;  
We are not suers for favor, O you of the widespread land  
Whom the kings cajole with flattery and a ballot stuffed in  
the hand.

We do not come with pleading, O masters who in your might  
Set us our toil and our measure—the rhythm of your delight.  
Slave have we been and plaything and mother to bear you a son,  
But now is the plaything a woman and the toil of the slave is  
done.

We are proud and fearless, O brothers, right comrades of  
fearless men,  
And you who are strong shall know us the sweeter now than then,  
For only the free and noble is mate to the noble and free,  
And the bondwoman's son is unworthy the son of the freeman  
to be.

We have visioned a distant vision that has lured us with its gleam,  
And the marching lines and the tramping feet are hot on the  
trail of a dream.  
We have visioned a social justice that shall know the end of  
might,  
The weak and the poor and the thwarted we have seen in living  
light.

And we cry to you, follow the vision—follow with us abreast,  
Brothers, comrades, lovers, the quest is a holy quest.  
Out of the golden dawning, out of the bursting morn  
They are calling to us, united—the voices of those unborn.

This is the song of the women, sung to the marching feet,  
Mothers and daughters of mothers out in the crowded street,  
Yea, and the mothers of mothers, white with the passing years—  
This is the chant of the women and wise is he who hears.

## ARE WE IMMORAL?

ARTHUR POLLOCK

**W**HAT'S wrong with our morals? That is the somewhat hysterical cry of to-day. It is the question perhaps most frequently and gravely propounded from the pulpits of our churches, and promulgated in the pages of our many publications with editorial hands, figuratively at least, upheld in holy horror. Concerning it there has been, as Guildenstern said, much throwing about of brains. What *is* wrong with our morals? The answer might be succinctly stated, Progress!

For we are growing. And, growing, we are suffering from nothing more alarming than the usual and natural growing pains. You may call this a period of unrest, or go further, as some do, and call it revolution. At any rate, it is a period of readjustment, of social, mental and moral house-cleaning. For civilization faces new problems. Their solution means a long step forward. And, in order to take the step which the presentation of these problems has fortunately precipitated, civilization is finding it necessary to discard much of its superfluous rubbish of outworn and now ridiculous convention, for new standards more strictly in accord with natural demands and common sense.

Of these problems, whose successful solution spells progress, one of the very biggest is that of the relations of the sexes. And the greatest virtue of the feminist movement is that it has forced this problem to an issue. We had become inured to the prudish habits of speech that are a cloak to slothful thinking; the fear of expressing new thoughts concerning sex had gradually brought about the inhibition of such thoughts. We had settled back complacently to snooze in the old and comfortable grooves of conventional thought, when along came the woman movement, roused us in the middle of the night as it were, and demanded a speedy solution of all sex difficulties. That is why it has "struck sex o'clock" in America.

That is why in our literature and in our life to-day sex is paramount. After all, we are, consciously or unconsciously,

always striving to improve the race in one way or another. At this moment much improvement simply seems to lie along the line of sex. The whole woman movement is a question of sex. It is more than merely a question of political equality, more than a fight for the ballot. It entails a whole new set of sex standards. For that reason it has lured all our latent ideas upon the subject of such standards with salutary effect to the surface. And sex, therefore, being the object of social and political readjustment, is inevitably the subject of literature and thought. But there is nothing at all of immorality about that.

Naturally, when the discussion and consequent regulation of conditions has been lazily put off so long, the reaction is great. Hence some find the present day discussion distasteful. But it is not so because of any impropriety inherent in the discussion itself nor in the subject of it, but because it has been delayed until we have become mealy-mouthed and stultifyingly and falsely modest. And so each evidence of changing moral standards is heralded as horribly immoral. It may be a change for the better. No matter! It is a change. And, to those who feel that whatever is right, a change seems always dangerous—at least until the old has been forgotten and the new has become established as a custom.

And not only is sex discussion natural, necessary and inevitable, but the conditions in modern life most often made subject for criticism are not in any way immoral. Most standards of morals are, of course, unstable, many of them ridiculous. That which is hideously immoral to-day may, with the connivance of custom, become entirely moral to-morrow. Scott speaks somewhere of a woman acquaintance who read in her maturity the books that were her childhood friends, and found them impossibly improper. In the course of her lifetime ideas of proper reading had completely turned about. What is indecent in America may in Africa, perhaps, or somewhere else, be quite the proper thing. It is apparently a question of geography and chronology. There can, therefore, be only one way, anywhere and at any time, to determine what is moral or immoral. As individuals and as a race we live to progress, to evolve somehow toward perfection. To reach the highest efficiency

in meeting the barriers life confronts us with is our unconscious aim in life. But all progress, mental, moral and physical, toward this end is through processes of some sort of evolution. Therefore, any act or word, thought or condition, which may tend to retard or divert the proper course of the evolution of the individual or the race falsifies the laws of life and is immoral. Conduct and conditions that foster proper evolution are moral. That is the only possible and permanent standard of morality. Though superficial custom may obscure this standard, though we are in our conduct seldom conscious of it, it is the standard by which the worth of all other standards must eventually be weighed. And judged by it the present conditions are found to be not unhealthy.

The clothes of to-day show a striving in their wearers for greater freedom from useless and artificial restraint; modern dances indicate a desire for a more plastic, less mechanical—hence more healthful—outlet for energy of body and exuberance of spirit; and the literature of the theatre and the library manifests a desire on the writer's part for greater freedom of speech and subject matter, a desire to deal with the biggest things in life with a proper regard for the biggest truths of life. All of which are earmarks of a progressive spirit. But nevertheless the gowns that women wear are branded as indecent—often in language which itself is very far from decent; the plays we see and the books we read are, in lurid language, decried as feculent; and, in language often sprinkled with obscenities, the dances we delight in dancing are called degenerate.

As a matter of fact, for the first time since the questions of modesty and comfort first became confused, clothes are now approaching their only excuse for existence—the creation of beauty and bodily well-being, both favorable factors in the progress of the race. Prudishness is not propriety. Propriety in dress is expediency and sightliness only; prudishness is an illogical and uncomfortable luxury. More than that, when it is allowed to transcend expediency and beauty, prudishness itself becomes immoral. Why should a girl be required, when once she has outgrown short skirts, to conceal the fact forever after that she was born a biped, and strive to create the impression



that she moves about from place to place on rollers? Every summer the ridiculousness of prudishness in dress is manifest. Nature has horse-sense: she forces the bathing girl to wear on the beach what, on the board walk, would be heralded as immodest; in the water nature will not allow her the unnecessary convention of too much modesty, for a woman cannot swim with comfort and be falsely fastidious as well. But the slit and scanty skirt is no less proper than the bathing suit. In the matter of the latter, however, necessity thrusts common sense upon the wearer; in the matter of the street skirt she is left to choose for herself. And, awkward and swaddling clothes being less inconvenient on the avenue than in the ocean, she chooses them and bears the resultant lack of freedom in the name of modesty when, at bottom, it is nearer immorality. For in so far as modesty overrides convenience and the consideration of health, it is immoral. And only when clothes show signs of becoming again the unhygienic monstrosities that they heretofore have been, need we grow alarmed as to the question of their conformance with good morals.

The drama now, so far as progress and human problems is concerned, is more moral than it ever was before. In this respect, at least, that indefatigable old preacher, Bernard Shaw, is truly superior to Shakespeare. The only mistake he makes in saying so lies in his arrogating all the honor to himself; his statement holds for all of our sincerest playwrights. For this is the era of the playwright with a "trouble-lamp." He goes about lighting up remotest corners, hunting for defective parts that seem to need repairs. He reveals to us more about the life we're living and the world we're living in than Shakespeare ever cared to know or tell. He is really an "interpreter of life." And, if literature and drama made from life constitute an "incursion into the sewer," so much the worse for life, so much the more need that the truth concerning it be spoken.

The dances of the day reveal, not degeneracy, but the modern spirit of development. Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and the Russians have of recent years aroused this spirit in the dance. It is these exponents of the art at its best who—more than the underworld originators of the Bunny Hug and

Grizzly Bear so often held up as bugaboos—are responsible for the new dances. They have engendered in us the dancing spirit; they have stimulated a desire for something less stiff and expressionless than the old-time waltz and prosaic two-step, and prompted the growth and broadening that has resulted. The variations of the dance which at present find favor with the public are but phases of its progress.

If there is anything immoral about them, the immorality lies principally at the door of those who are too prodigal in their criticism. The critics have converted an innocent pastime into a vice, by depriving the performer of his belief in its innocence. For, lest the guileless girl who finds some pleasure in these dances forget that it is her duty rather to be shocked, all the most revolting details of their supposed origin are trotted out in print before her. Thus to coax a reluctant and unnecessary blush to the cheek of the dancer too blissfully busy to feel embarrassment, too happily preoccupied with the pleasure of the pastime to care to call in imagination's aid to convince her of its impropriety, is not only needless but wrong. "Nothing is either good or bad," said Hamlet astutely, "but thinking makes it so." If you can convince a girl that to sit at home and knit is wrong, she will do wrong to sit at home and knit; and her imagined wrongdoing will have a disintegrating effect upon her character, will even eventually be revealed in the lines of her face. Why tell a girl that if she knew how and where these modern dances originated she would never dance them? Pork is no less palatable because it once was part of a most unlovely pig. But it might easily be possible, by going into concrete and disgusting details in the presence of one who has always found pork entirely delectable, to make it forever after revolting to him. Who cares if these dances have a past, when their present is so propitious?

We are not immoral—we are "getting on." Modern dances constitute one of the small straws which show the way the wind is blowing. We are kicking over irksome traces, and, in the freedom their removal affords us, sizing up the situation preparatory to a bolt in the proper direction. Ideals and moral ideas and standards have reached the clearing-house stage.

# ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

## V

### *In Kansas: the Second and Third Harvest*

**T**WO miles north of Great Bend. In the heart of the greatest wheat country in America, and in the midst of the harvest-time, Sunday, July 7, 1912.

I am meditating on the ways of Destiny. It seems to me I am here, not altogether by chance. But just why I am here, time must reveal.

Last Friday I had walked the ten miles from Ellinwood to Great Bend by 9 A. M. I went straight to the general delivery, where a package of tracts and two or three weeks' mail awaited me. I read about half through the letter-pile as I sat on a rickety bench in the public square. Some very loud-mouthed negroes were playing horse-shoe obstreperously. I began to wish Flynn had whipped Johnson. I was thinking of getting away from there, when two white men, evidently harvesters, sat down near me and diluted the color scheme.

One man said: "Harvest-wages this week are from two dollars and fifty cents up to four dollars. We are experienced men and worth three dollars and fifty cents." Then a German farmer came and negotiated with them in vain. He wanted to hold them down to three dollars apiece. He had his automobile to take his crew away that morning.

Then a fellow in citified clothes came to me and asked: "Can you follow a reaper and shock?" I said: "*Show me the wheat.*" So far as I remember, it is the first time in my life anyone ever hunted me out and *asked* me to work for him. He put me into his buggy and drove me about two miles north to this place, just the region John Humphrey told me to find, though he did not specify this farm. I was offered \$2.50 and keep, as the prophet foretold. The man who drove me out

has put his place this year into the hands of a tenant who is my direct boss. I may not be able to last out, but all is well so far. I have made an acceptable hand, keeping up with the reaper by myself, and I feel something especial awaits me. But the reaper breaks down so often I do not know whether I can keep up with it without help when it begins going full-speed.

These people do not attend church like the Mennonites. The tenant wanted me to break the Sabbath and help him in the alfalfa to-day. He suggested that neither he nor I was so narrow-minded or superstitious as to be a "Sunday man." Besides he couldn't work the alfalfa at all without one more hands. I did not tell him so, but I felt I needed all Sunday to catch up on my tiredness. I suspect that my refusal to violate the Sabbath vexed him.

There has been a terrible row of some kind going on behind the barn all afternoon. Maybe he is working off his vexation. At last the tenant's wife has gone out to "see about that racket." Now she comes in. She tells me they have been trying to break a horse.

The same farm, two miles north of Great Bend, July 8, 1912.

How many times in the counties further back I have asked with fear and misgiving for permission to work in the alfalfa, and have been repulsed when I confessed to the lack of experience! And now this morning I have pitched alfalfa hay with the best of them. We had to go to work early while the dew softened the leaves. It is a kind of clover. Once perfectly dry the leaves crumble off when the hay is shaken. Then we must quit. The leaves are the nourishing part.

The owner of the place, the citified party who drove me out here the other day and who is generally back in town, was on top of that stack this morning, his collar off, his town shirt and pants somewhat the worse for the exertion. He puffed like a porpoise, for he was putting in place all the hay we men handed up to him. We lifted the alfalfa in a long bundle, using our three forks at one time. We worked like drilled soldiers, then went in to early dinner.

This is a short note written while the binder takes the

necessary three turns round the new wheatfield that the tenant's brother and I are starting to conquer this afternoon. Three swaths of four bundles each must be cut, then I will start on my rounds, piling them into shocks of twelve bundles each.

I am right by the R. F. D. box that goes with this farm. I will put up the little tin flag that signals the postman. One of the four beasts hitched to the reaper is a broncho colt who came dancing to the field this afternoon, refusing to keep his head in line with the rest of the steeds, and, as a consequence, pulling the whole reaper. It transpires that the row in the horselot Sunday was caused by this colt. He jumped up and left his hoof-print on the chest of the man now driving him. So the two men tied him up and beat him all afternoon with a double-tree, cursing him between whacks, lashing themselves with Kansas whisky to keep up steam. Yet he comes dancing to the field.

On the farm two miles north of Great Bend, Wednesday evening, July 10, 1912.

I must write you a short note to-night while the rest are getting ready for supper. I will try to mail it to-morrow morning on the way to the wheat. Let me assure you that your letter will be heeded. I know pretty well, by this time, what I can stand, but if I feel the least bit unfit I will not go into the sun. That is my understanding with the tenant who runs the farm. I can eat and sweat like a Mennonite. I sleep like a top and wake up fresh as a little daisy. So far I have gone dancing to the field as the broncho did. But the broncho is a poor illustration. He is dead.

The broncho was the property of a little boy, the son of the man who owns the farm. The little boy had started with a lamb and raised it, then sold it for chickens, increasing his capital by trading and feeding till it was all concentrated to buy this colt. Then he and his people moved to town and left the colt, just at the breaking age, to be trained for a boy's pet by these men. Since he became obstreperous, they thought hitching him to the reaper would cure him, leaving a draught-horse in the barn to make place for the unruly one.

The tenant's brother, who drove the reaper, sent word to the little boy he had not the least idea what ailed Dick. He hinted to me later that whatever killed him must have come from some disease in his head.

Yes, it came from his head. That double-tree and that pitchfork handle probably missed his ribs once or twice and hit him somewhere around his eyes, in the course of the Sabbath afternoon services. Two whisky-lashed colt-breakers can do wonders without trying. I have been assured that this is the only way to subdue the beasts, that law and order must assert themselves or the whole barn-yard will lead an industrial rebellion. It is past supper now. I have been writing till the lamp is dim. I must go to my quilts in the hay.

To-day was the only time the reaper did not break down every half hour for repairs. So it was one continuous dance for me and my friend the broncho till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun really did its best. Then the broncho went crazy. He shoved his head over the backs of two mules twice his size, and almost pushed them into the teeth of the sickle.

He was bleeding at the mouth and his eyes almost popped out of his head. He had hardly an inch of hide that was whole, and his raw places were completely covered with Kansas flies. And the hot winds have made the flies so ravenous they draw blood from the back of the harvester's hand the moment they alight.

The broncho began to kick in all four directions at once. He did one good thing. He pulled the callouses off the hands of the tenant's brother, the driver, who still gripped the lines but surrendered his pride and yelled for me to help. I am as afraid of bronchos and mules as I am of buzz saws. Yet we separated the beasts somehow, the mules safely hitched to the fence, the broncho between us, held by two halter-ropes.

There was no reasoning with Dick. He was dying, and dying game. One of the small boys appeared just then and carried the alarm. Soon a more savage and indomitable man with a more eloquent tongue, the tenant himself, had my end of the rope. But not the most formidable cursing could stop

Dick from bleeding at the mouth. Later the draught horse whose place he had taken was brought over from his pleasant rest in the barn and the two were tied head to head. The lordly tenant started to lead them toward home. But Dick fell down and died as soon as he reached a patch of unploughed prairie grass, which, I think, was the proper end for him. The peaceful draught horse was put in his place.

The reaper went back to work. The reaper cut splendidly the rest of this afternoon. As for me I never shocked wheat with such machine-like precision. I went at a dog-trot part of the time, and almost caught up with the machine.

The broncho should not have been called Dick. He should have been called Daniel Boone, or Davy Crockett or Custer or Richard, yes, Richard the Lion-hearted. He came dancing to the field this morning, between the enormous overshadowing mules, and dancing feebly this noon. He pulled the whole reaper till three o'clock. I remember I asked the driver at noon what made the broncho dance. He answered: "The flies on his ribs, I suppose."

I fancy Dick danced because he was made to die dancing, just as the Spartans rejoiced and combed their long hair preparing to face certain death at Thermopylæ.

I think I want on my coat of arms a broncho, rampant.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912. Great Bend, Kansas.

Yesterday I could lift three moderate-sized sheaves on the run. This morning I could hardly lift one, walking. This noon the foreman of the ranch, the man who, with his brother, disciplined the broncho, was furiously angry with me, because, as I plainly explained, I was getting too much sun and wanted a bit of a rest. He inquired, "Why didn't you tell me two days ago you were going to be overcome by the heat, so I could have had a man ready to take your place?" Also, "It's no wonder dirty homeless men are walking around the country looking for jobs." Also, a little later: "I have my opinion of any man on earth who is a quitter."

But I kept my serenity and told him that under certain circumstances I was apt to be a quitter, though, of course, I

did not like to overdo the quitting business. I remained unruffled, as I say, and handed him and his brother copies of *The Gospel of Beauty* and *Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread* and bade them good-bye. Then I went to town and told the local editor on them for their horse-killing, which, I suppose, was two-faced of me.

The tenant's attitude was perfectly absurd. Hands are terribly scarce. A half day's delay in shocking that wheat would not have hurt it, or stopped the reaper, or altered any of the rest of the farm routine. He fired me without real hope of a substitute. I was working for rock-bottom wages and willing to have them docked all he pleased if he would only give me six hours to catch up in my tiredness.

Anyway, here I am in the Saddlerock Hotel, to which I have paid in advance a bit of my wages, in exchange for one night's rest. I enclose the rest to you. I will start out on the road to-morrow, bathed, clean, dead broke and fancy free. I have made an effort to graduate from beggary into the respectable laboring class, which you have so often exhorted me to do.

I shall try for employment again, as soon as I rest up a bit. I enjoyed the wheat and the second-hand reaper, and the quaintness of my employers and all till the death of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

I am wondering whether I ought to be as bitter as I am against the horse-killers. We cannot have green fields just for bronchos to gambol in, or roads where they can trot unharnessed and nibble by the way. We must have Law and Order and Discipline.

But, thanks to the Good St. Francis who marks out my path for me, I start to-morrow morning to trot unharnessed once again.

SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1912. In front of the general store at Wright, Kansas, which same is as small as a town can get.

I have been wondering why Destiny sent me to that farm where the horse-killers flourished. I suppose it was that Dick might have at least one mourner. All the world's heroes are



heroes because they had the qualities of constancy and dancing gameness that brought him to his death.

Some day I shall hunt up the right kind of a Hindu and pay him filthy gold and have him send the ghost of Dick to those wretched men. They will be unable to move, lying with eyes a-staring all night long. Dreadful things will happen in that room, dreadful things the Hindu shall devise after I have told him what the broncho endured. They shall wake in the morning, thinking it all a dream till they behold the horse-shoe prints all over the counterpane. Then they will try to sit up and find that their ribs are broken—well, I will leave it to the Hindu.

I have been waiting many hours at this town of Wright. To-day and yesterday I made seventy-six miles. Thirty-five of these miles I made yesterday in the automobile of the genial and scholarly Father A. P. Heimann of Kinsley, who took me as far as that point. I have been loafing here at Wright since about four in the afternoon. It is nearly dark now. Dozens of harvesters, already engaged for the week, have been hanging about and the two stores have kept open to accommodate them. There is a man to meet me here at eight o'clock. I may harvest for him four days. I told him I would not promise for longer. He has taken the train to a station further east to try to get some men for all week. If he does not return with a full quota he will take me on. While I am perfectly willing to work for two dollars and a half, many hold out for three.

The man I am waiting for overtook me two miles east of this place. He was hurrying to catch his train. He took me into his rig and made the bargain. He turned his horse over to me and raced for the last car as we neared the station. So here I am, a few yards from the depot, in front of the general store, watching the horse of an utter stranger. Of course the horse isn't worth stealing, and his harness is half twine and wire. But the whole episode is so careless and free and Kansas-like.

Most of the crowd have gone, and I am awfully hungry. I might steal off the harness in the dark, and eat it. Somehow

I have not quite the nerve to beg where I expect to harvest. I am afraid to try again in this fight with the sun, yet when a man overtakes me in the road and trusts me with his best steed and urges me to work for him, I hardly know how to refuse.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 21, 1912. Loafing and dozing on my bed in the granary on the farm near Wright, Kansas, where I have been harvesting a full week.

The man I waited for last Sunday afternoon returned with his full quota of hands on the "Plug" train about nine o'clock. Where was I to sleep? I began to think about a lumber pile I had seen, when I discovered that five other farmers had climbed off that train. They were poking around in all the dark corners for men just like me. I engaged with a German named Louis Lix for the whole week, all the time shaking with misgivings from the memory of my last break-down. Here it is, Sunday, before I know it. Lix wants me back again next year, and is sorry I will not work longer. I have totalled about sixteen days of harvesting in Kansas, and though I sagged in the middle I think I have ended in fair style. Enclosed find all my wages except enough for one day's stay at Dodge City and three real hotel meals there—sherbet and cheese and crackers, and finger bowls at the end, and all such folly. Harvest eating is grand in its way but somehow lacks frills. Ah, if eating were as much in my letters as in my thoughts, this would be nothing but a series of menus!

I have helped Lix harvest barley, oats and wheat, mainly wheat. This is the world of wheat. In this genial region one can stand on a soap-box and see nothing else to the horizon. Walking the Santa Fé Trail beside the railroad means walking till the enormous wheat-elevator behind one disappears because of the curvature of the earth, like the ships in the geography picture, and walking on and on till finally in the west the top of another elevator appears, being gradually revealed because this earth is not flat like a table, but, as the geography says, curved like an apple or an orange.

In these fields, instead of working a reaper with a sickle

eight feet long, they work a header with a twelve-foot sickle. Instead of four horses to this machine, there are six. Instead of one man or two following behind to the left of the driver to pile sheaves into shocks, a barge, a most copious slatted receptacle, drives right beside the header, catching the unbound wheat which is thrown up loosely by the machine. One pitchfork man in the barge spreads this cataract of headed wheat so a full load can be taken in. His pardner guides the team, keeping precisely with the header.

But these two bargemen do not complete the outfit. Two others with their barge or "header-box" come up behind as soon as the first box starts over to the stack to be unloaded. Here the sixth man, the stacker, receives it, and piles it into a small mountain nicely calculated to resist cyclones. The green men are broken in as bargemen. The stacker is generally an old hand.

Unloading the wheat is the hardest part of the bargeman's work. His fork must be full and he must be fast. Otherwise his pardner, who takes turns driving and filling, and who helps to pitch the wheat out, will have more than half the pitching to do. And all the time will be used up. Neither man will have a rest-period while waiting for the other barge to come up. This rest-period is the thing toward which we all wrestle. If we save it out we drink from the water-jugs in the corner of the wagon. We examine where the grasshoppers have actually bitten little nicks out of our pitchfork handles. nicks that are apt to make blisters. We tell our adventures, and, when the header breaks down, and must be tinkered endlessly, and we have a grand rest, the stacker sings a list of the most amazing cowboy songs. He is a young man, yet rode the range here for seven years before it became wheat-country. One day when the songs had become hopelessly, prosaically pornographic I yearned for a change. I quoted the first stanza of *Atalanta's* chorus:

" When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,  
The mother of months, in meadow or plain,  
Fills the hollows and windy spaces  
With laughter of leaves and ripple of rain—— "

The stacker asked for more. I finished the chorus. Then I repeated it several times, while the header was being mended. We had to get to work. The next morning when my friend climbed into our barge to ride to the field he began:

“ ‘ When the hounds of Spring are on Winter’s traces,  
The mother of months, in meadow or plain,  
Fills the hollows—— ’

“ Dammit, what’s the rest of it? I’ve been trying to recite that piece all night.”

Now he has the first four stanzas. And last evening he left for Dodge City to stay overnight and Sunday. He was resolved to purchase *Atalanta in Calydon* and find in the Public Library *The Lady of Shalot* and *The Blessed Damozel*, besides paying the usual visit to his wife and children.

Working in a header-barge is fun, more fun than shocking wheat, even when one is working for a Mennonite boss. The crew is larger. There is occasional leisure to be social. There is more cool wind, for one is higher in the air. There is variety in the work. One drives about a third of the time, guides the wheat into the header a third of the time and empties the barge a third of the time. The emptying was the back-breaking work.

And I was all the while fearful, lest, from plain awkwardness, or shaking from weariness, I should stick some man in the eye with my pitchfork. But I did not. I came nearer to being a real harvester every day. The last two days my hands were so hard I could work without gloves, this despite the way the grasshoppers had chewed the fork-handle.

Believe everything you have ever heard of the Kansas grasshoppers.

The heights of the header-barge are dramatically commanding. Kansas appears much larger than when we are merely standing in the field. We are just as high as upon a mountain-peak, for here, as there, we can see to the very edges of the eternities.

Now let me tell you of a new kind of weather.

Clouds thicken overhead. The wind turns suddenly cold.

We shiver while we work. We are liable in five minutes to a hailstorm, a terrific cloudburst or a cyclone. The horses are unhitched. The barges are tied end to end. And *still* the barges may be blown away. They must be anchored even more safely. The long poles to lock the wheels are thrust under the bed through the spokes. It has actually been my duty to put this pole in the wheels every evening to keep the barges from being blown out of the barn-lot at night. Such is the accustomed weather excitement in Kansas. Just now we have excitement that is unusual. Just as the storm is upon us it splits and passes to the north and south. There is not a drop of rain.

We are at work again in ten minutes. In two hours the sky is clear and the air is hot and alkaline. And ten thousand grasshoppers are glad to see that good old hot wind again, you may believe. They are preening themselves, each man in his place on the slats of the barge. They are enjoying their chewing tobacco the same as ever.

Wheat, wheat, wheat, wheat! States and continents and oceans and solar-systems of wheat! We poor ne'er-do-weels take our little part up there in the header half way between the sky and the earth, and in the evening going home, carrying Mister Stacker-Man in our barge, we sing *Sweet Rosy O'Grady* and the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. And the most emphatic and unadulterated tramp among us harvesters, a giant Swiss fifty years old, gives the yodel he learned when a boy.

This is a German Catholic family for which I have been working. We have had grace before and after every meal, and we crossed ourselves before and after every meal, except the Swiss, who left the table early to escape being blest too much.

My employers are good folk, good as the Mennonites. My boss was absolutely on the square all the week, as kind as a hard-working man has time to be. It gave me great satisfaction to go to Mass with him this morning. Though some folks talk against religion, though it sometimes appears to be a nuisance, after weighing all the evidence of late presented, I prefer a religious farmer.

## HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE

*Here's to the spirit of fire, wherever the flame is unfurled,  
In the sun, it may be, as a torch, to lead on and enlighten the  
world;*

*That melted the glacial streams, in the day that no memories  
reach,*

*That shimmered in amber and shell and weed on the earliest  
beach;*

*The genius of love and of life, the power that will ever abound,  
That waits in the bones of the dead, who sleep till the judgment  
shall sound.*

*Here's to the spirit of fire, when clothed in swift music it comes,  
The glow of the harvesting songs, the voice of the national  
drums;*

*The whimsical, various fire, in the rhymes and ideas of men,  
Buried in books for an age, exploding and writhing again,  
And blown a red wind round the world, consuming the lies in  
its mirth,*

*Then locked in dark volumes for long, and buried like coal in  
the earth.*

*Here's to the comforting fire in the joys of the blind and the  
meek,*

*In the customs of letterless lands, in the thoughts of the stupid  
and weak.*

*In the weariest legends they tell, in their cruelest, coldest belief,  
In the proverbs of counter or till, in the arts of the priest or the  
thief.*

*Here's to the spirit of fire, that never the ocean can drown,  
That glows in the phosphorent wave, and gleams in the sea-roses'  
crown;*

*That sleeps in the sunbeam and mist, that creeps as the wise can  
but know,*

*A wonder, an incense, a whim, a perfume, a fear and a glow,  
Ensnaring the stars with a spell, and holding the earth in a net,  
Yea, filling the nations with prayer, wherever man's pathway  
is set.*

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A HARVARD MAN

HAROLD E. STEARNS

## II

**D**URING my final year I lived in Divinity Hall, nominally a Hall for the use of students in the graduate school of Theology, but nowadays largely occupied by undergraduates and students in the Law School. I remember a joke then current about Divinity,—“First ‘Thelog’: ‘Going to live in Divinity?’ Second ‘Thelog’: ‘No, sir, I don’t want to live with a crowd of damned atheists!’” I found most of the men serious, hard workers there, which was one reason I selected Divinity, knowing as I did how important it was for me to be able to work hard and uninterruptedly, if I hoped to accomplish what I had set my heart on. Rooming alone and spending only my sleeping and studying periods in Divinity, I did not attempt to make many friends there. My social hours were spent in gatherings at other classmates’ rooms. Directly above me, however, lived a preacher, who was studying Philosophy in the Graduate School, and during the year we became rather good friends. I recall that each Sunday morning, while I was still sleeping peacefully, he was out delivering a sermon to a country church. Toward dusk he would return, remove his long frock coat and entertain me with some of the raciest stories it has ever been my good fortune to hear. He had a theory, somewhat like that of my old Senior friends, that it made him “human,” and I honestly believe it did. All in all, my final year was not an unpleasant one. Yet after the dreary hot days of July and August in the Summer School, I packed my suit-case eagerly and left for New York. How quickly I was to long for the academic, secluded atmosphere of Divinity Hall of Cambridge in the bustling New York newspaper world!

Looking back over those three and a half years, one fact comes to mind more frequently and persistently than any other,—and that was my loneliness. I do not mean I lacked companionship; there was always plenty of that. Harvard men are

like all other men in being distinctively social animals. I mean, simply, intellectual loneliness. Men interested in intellectual things were, to begin with, rare and those that were interested were difficult to find and know. Part of my loneliness, I readily admit, was due to my being somewhat morbidly self-centred, but the larger part of it was due to conditions over which I had no control. Until my final year, I had little human contact with my professors and then only with two of them. Big classes, I believe are a curse. In many of the more popular courses the classes were so large that they had to be divided into several sections for the weekly "conference." These sections were under the control, generally, of graduate students, who, however able or intelligent, seldom had a personality that would stimulate or arouse the energies of an Emerson, let alone a score or more of normally lazy young men. The lectures were given by the professor in charge, and it was depressing how perfunctory these lectures too often were. Among the student body, you met stimulating, earnest men more or less by chance. Out of perhaps two hundred men whom I know intimately or well enough to speak to, a bare half dozen could be called, if you maintained any high and firm standard of excellence, men of brains.

First there was Walter Lippmann, whom I call by his own name, for he has since, through the publication of his stimulating *A Preface to Politics*, become generally known. Lippmann was the leader of the "radicals" at Harvard a little before my day, and he was by far the ablest and soundest thinker of that camaraderie. Lippmann was a Jew and possessed a fairly comfortable income. He exhibited a well-balanced personality in all the various departments of college life. He contributed to the college magazines; he was a good enough athlete to row on the Weld dormitory crew. He was also a fine scholar. He was a member of political clubs, of course, and he did not mock at the "social service" work of Brooks House. In his attitude toward women he was sane and just, furnishing a striking contrast to the contemptuous attitude toward the intellectual powers of women, characteristic of many of Harvard's "intellectuals." Lippmann led an exceptionally clean life, and was the secret envy of all us lesser moral fry. Like most big men he is hard to



classify, but I believe he is a type more commonly found in French and German universities than at Harvard.

Then there was Loring,\* a Jew also. Loring was the hard-working kind of student—too human to be called “a grind”—who later becomes a college professor and writes books on the Chaucerian grammar and the classic influences in Elizabethan Literature. He gained most of his income from scholarships. Loring graduated *summa cum laude* in English.

Henley \* comes next in my recollection. He had, I think, the clearest mind I have ever encountered, and like most men who have clear minds he was consistent and dogmatic to the point of madness. He had, besides a quick intelligence, tremendous power of self-imposed application. There was little sympathy for the romantic enthusiasms of others in his nature, and of æstheticism not a trace. He led a meticulously clean life, but like many men interested in intellectual things he was on occasion a hard drinker. From Henley I received my quickest and most frequent help, and also the least amount of praise. I cannot recall a single occasion on which he praised me for anything, except when I told him that I had been recommended to the faculty for a degree with distinction. He extended his hand and said warmly: “Put it there, old man.” Henley went into law after a long struggle with himself during which he hesitated before the lure of a Ph.D. Interested as he is in politics, I shall not be surprised to find him some day the attorney-general of one of our leading States. I know he has never regretted his choice of the law.

McVickars \* was another able student. The son of a noted man, he was inclined to be snobbish, although he tried hard—almost pathetically hard—to be democratic. McVickars was the type of man who reads Nietzsche *in the original German* for a summer “stunt.” He, like all the other intellectuals except Lippmann, was contemptuous of the intellectual powers of women. Wilder,\* another Jew, was a clean Emersonian soul. He, too, had a clear, original mind. He later went abroad as a Sheldon fellow.

Stevens \* was a good all-round scholar, whom I much ad-

\* A fictitious name has been used, for obvious reasons.

mired. I did not have the good fortune to know him personally. And why could I not know him? Because there was nothing to pull us together. Harvard supplied no bonds of connection, and it is an unpardonable sin at Harvard to ask a classmate to your room for a talk unless you have somewhere been formally introduced. With Stevens, as Lamb might say, I close the catalogue of Grecians at Harvard in my time.

It is interesting to discover that, of these six men, three were Christians, three Jews. Four possessed comfortable incomes and the leisure which goes with such good fortune, while the two who were self-supporting derived their chief source of income from scholarships. None of the six, in other words, did any kind of work other than their college work. Walter Lippmann was the only one of the six whom I knew to take regular physical exercise, although all of the men were interested in the competitive side of athletics and were regular attendants at football and other games. Only three, to my knowledge, were members of the Phi Beta Kappa, and none of the six took the fact of membership in it as any distinction. In explanation of their attitude, they often told me they thought the Phi Beta Kappa *professionalized the knack of getting marks*, instead of which it ought to have gathered together the intellectual men of the college. (How fair this criticism was I am unable to say, for I myself was not interested in the Phi Beta Kappa and I knew nothing of its method of selection, beyond the general fact that it tried to avoid admitting to membership men who *merely* studied, i. e., were "grinds.") All six men smoked,—all, except one or two, drank, although—Henley aside—in moderation. All of them led exceptionally clean lives as far as women were concerned. They did not even indulge in the innocent pastime of "fussing," the Western equivalent of which is, I believe, "queening." I remember Henley once remarked almost boastfully that he had never been seen with a girl during the four years he had studied in Cambridge. Every one of the six had had a thorough classical training before entering Harvard, and five of them took courses either in Latin or Greek while they were in college. None of these men came from the West, although I knew many men at Harvard whose home was the other side of the Missis-

sippi, and I often wondered why it was that, speaking generally, the Western men so often impressed one as made of mediocre intellectual fibre. Two of the six "intellectuals" belonged to Harvard's exclusive social clubs; four of the six did not. Five of these men took degrees with distinction in Philosophy, Loring being the only exception. He took his in English.

It will probably strike the attention of suffragists that all these "intellectuals," Lippmann alone excepted, were contemptuous of the intellectual powers of women. Except for the Socialists, this was the customary attitude of all the better students. Among the great unthinking class, the attitude taken toward women was simply shocking. Most men at Harvard seemed to regard women as creatures ordained by Heaven to minister to their pleasure and comfort. When Mrs. Pankhurst lectured in Brattle Hall on woman suffrage, it was the occasion for a small riot, universally pronounced "very amusing." To me, the subsequent vote of the corporation to debar women speakers from college halls seemed almost equally stupid and mediæval. Harvard is fifty years behind Western colleges in this respect.

Now the attitude toward women of such men as Loring, Wilder, McVickars and Henley could under no circumstances be called an unthinking or prejudiced one. To understand it best, one needs to see that it partook of the nature of paradox. These men knew all the arguments that the Socialists and the members of the Harvard Men's League for Woman Suffrage mouthed so loudly. They were familiar with John S. Mill, Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis. But, since it was thought so "enlightened" to argue for woman's rights, these men took it upon themselves to show how much more "enlightened" it was to argue against them. All sorts of reasons—the "force" theory of government and biological analogies—were advanced. It was part of a general Harvard desire to be epigrammatic, paradoxical and "different." I remember Wilder, when caught in the statement, "the Greeks had the right 'dope' on women—they kept them in the kitchen," advocated in a lengthy and a highly logical and ingenious speech a return to the class system, kingship and slavery, to prove his point. Remarkable as his argument was—he tried to show how the feeling of security

more than compensated for social inequality—we all felt that he was showing how sharp his wits were rather than attempting to voice his real convictions.

Two of these six men were of my own class; four of higher classes. Except for an occasional man, most of the graduate students were repelling to me. They seemed oversophisticated, patronizing, inhuman and lacking in certain finer qualities of healthy enthusiasm. I realize as I write this that it is an unjust criticism, but I believe it reflects the feeling of nearly all undergraduates. Of the scientific men I knew few; those I did know were hard workers—and uninteresting.

In the nature of things, no man looking for intellectual companionship will have precisely my experience. I think, however, he will have something very closely approximating to it. And I honestly believe he will find it difficult to get acquainted with more than six undergraduates whom he can fairly think of as "big men." Of course there *will be* more than six, but only by happy chance will he get to know them.

Of the æsthetes and dilettantes there were scores at Harvard. Practically every student at some time or other had dilettante enthusiasms. By a dilettante I mean a man who plays at studying rather than studies, a man who is content with vague feelings about things in general as against clear ideas about things in particular. Dilettantes have few notions they will fight for, and they hold their beliefs languidly, with an air of boredom. They are "precious." Judged by the same standards that I have used in judging the six "intellectuals," I myself would have to be reckoned a dilettante in Philosophy. (Recall the old adage that a cat may look at a king.) And there was some satisfaction in recognizing that one or two of our professors would not improperly be pigeon-holed in this division of civilized man. First among the æsthetes were those of the intellectual variety. These men took a few courses in Philosophy, in Economics and in Literature. They knew no subject well, and they had no firmly outlined general background. But epigrams and dogmatisms would fall from their lips with unhesitating, staccato-like rapidity. Lazy Jews with big incomes helped to swell the number under this type. Then there were the artistic dilettantes, men

who oftenest specialized in English, read Walter Pater, and talked of "style" until one prayed for another Carlyle to thunder against cant. There were even æsthetic radicals who toyed with Utopias, as a healthy man would toy with a spaniel. Upon winter nights in warm rooms, and with full stomachs, they would talk of the necessity of making the poor appreciate the beauty in such an abstraction as "social consciousness."

And now the average Harvard undergraduate, in whom a democracy is naturally more interested. He is not half so snobbish as he is said to be in popular tradition. During the anxieties of "making" certain clubs and, generally, during the entire Sophomore year, the Harvard undergraduate is at his snobbish worst. During most of his four years, however, he is democratic, he is generous, he is good-natured. His morals as a class are, I believe, higher than the morals of any equal number of young men in the business or industrial world. Of the many men I knew, it was the exceptional man who got drunk as a regular thing, although practically all Harvard men drink in moderation, and I knew but ten men who did not smoke. It was the decidedly exceptional man who had immoral relations with women. Harvard men as a rule lead surprisingly clean lives. I say "surprisingly," for there is a popular tradition which upholds the opposite view. But it is the wealthy Freshman who has an auto, keeps a mistress "in town" and foolishly boasts of it, that brings by his exceptional conduct discredit on the student body in general. On the other hand, when a Harvard man went bad, having plenty of time to cultivate his vices, he usually went about the limit. It was not the custom of Harvard men to criticise one another, however; they accepted the "sports" and said nothing. It was exceedingly rare, though, if this kind of man attained any position of influence in his class.

Few Harvard men go to church, or take religion seriously. The keynote of their attitude toward any dignified institution of long standing is irreverence—even toward Harvard itself. In their habits of work practically all undergraduates are hopelessly bad. They are slovenly and lazy. They shirk and procrastinate. They look upon anyone who keeps to a regular routine as "queer." They have developed the wasting of time into

a fine art. And among this great body of average students the intellectual men moved unknown, their influence for good not utilized. Harvard made little effort to forge vital connections between them and the average student. It almost pronounced a blessing on their isolation.

Politics among the majority of students was a poor topic of conversation. They were not interested. Even the sham political rallies were largely excuses for the fun of carrying a torch or the excitement of marching into Boston. When a presidential straw ballot was held in a perfectly serious spirit, scores of votes were cast for John, the lunch man. In my Sophomore year I soon realized that those early talks in Hollis were exceptional, talks in which "Fingy Conners," C. F. Murphy and Mayor Fitzgerald, among numerous others, were discussed as human beings and their motives carefully analyzed. The contrast of Harvard with Oxford in this respect is striking, according to General Charles F. Adams. "Tradition is the determining factor," he says. "Politics are a tradition at Oxford. They play an important part in undergraduate life. How many Harvard men will tell you they are going into public service? Not one. Not a man. They'll tell you they are going into business, which means Wall Street, a broker's office, or anywhere and everywhere that they can make money."

Wherever graduate students in the Law School roomed, they contrived to stimulate a mild interest in current events, although it was amusing how the political conservatism of the Law School was like a red flag to a bull in its effect on the members of the Harvard Socialist Club. To give the devil its due, this same Socialist Club was, in undergraduate life, a most potent influence for good. It was practically the only place at Harvard where contemporary politics was discussed seriously. By its invitation to anarchist speakers to come and address the students, by its continual "muck-raking" of college institutions (for example, its members discussed in college magazines whether or not the "goodies" received "a living wage") and by its frequent advocacy of co-education, I fancy it was something of a thorn in the side of the faculty. And healthy as was the influence of the Socialist Club, the Club was far from completely

satisfying. Walter Lippmann was the only able man I knew connected with it. It was composed for the most part of extremists and faddists, men with "*idées fixes*," as the French say, who had personal plans in the coming redemption of the world from the grasp of capitalism. It needed a club of vigorous and able opponents to give it balance.

The least important side of Harvard life is the athletic side. Most men take enough exercise to keep healthy and let it go at that. I myself loved to play handball on cold, snappy afternoons during autumn. Then a warm shower, followed by a cold spray, in the antiquated Hemenway gymnasium made me relish dinner. In the spring, there were scores of "scrub" baseball teams, enough of them to give everybody who wanted to a chance to play. Tennis was also popular. May afternoons it was pleasant to scull or canoe up the Charles River to Mount Auburn, or down the river under the Harvard Bridge past the long green Esplanade, directly behind Beacon Street in Boston. The lack of a college swimming pool was a standing disgrace. If one cared at all about swimming and had not the good fortune to live in a private dormitory like Dunster or Claverly, which had their own, the continuous popping up of all kinds of new buildings—libraries, laboratories and the like—with never a word about a new gymnasium, led to ironical reflections. Most men wanted to see Harvard win in all intercollegiate matches, but except for the Yale, Dartmouth and Princeton games, this desire never became an all-consuming passion. Often during the early fall football games, men would ask me, "Whom are we playing to-day?" Curiously enough, this side of Harvard—the side least indicative of the inner college life—is the very side of Harvard by which the general public knows us best. Going back to my room with Henley from the Stadium, I often thought how little that chattering crowd knew of the eternal springs of Harvard's greatness.

With all the intelligent Harvard men I knew religion was a matter for interesting intellectual argument; with but one—a sturdy Roman Catholic—was it a matter of vital human faith and of personal vision. The ritualistic and formalistic sides of religion had few defenders. I remember when I entered Har-

vard various questions were asked me on a printed slip. One of them was: "Have you any church affiliations?" To which I could not resist answering, "No—thank God!" This cheap flippancy of youth is not uncharacteristic of the attitude of many Harvard Freshmen after their first flush of freedom from home restraints and "a little knowledge" of Biology and Economics. But I cannot insist too strongly: *It is the kind of flippant attitude which nearly all Harvard men outgrow.* They outgrow it partly, of course, through the simple process of becoming more mature, but the very freedom of Harvard, its non-insistence on religious observance, are also effective in making them outgrow it. Their religious consciousness is deepened; the men that think at all come sooner or later to view life seriously and to view the religious problem as one of the most serious and far-reaching problems in life. They acquire the superficial human vices of drinking, smoking, *et al.*, which I for one do not think a fact to be mourned. But if one does happen to mourn it, one may safely set against such acquisition the deepening of the religious consciousness. It has sometimes seemed to me that it could not unfairly be said that Harvard men, as they became less churchly, became more religious.

One of the superficial human vices, which I have not spoken of, yet which must be in the background of honest people's minds when they think of college men, is the telling of "smutty stories." Frankly, most of the men I knew in college told and enjoyed such stories. The "intellectuals" were no exception; indeed, their stories were usually of the choicest order. Henley was fond of quoting the epigram of a witty Frenchman, "One touch of lubricity makes the whole world kin," after which he would with great relish tell us a new tale from Casanova. I think it was Henley, too, who smilingly coined the phrase "the divine democracy of dirt and disease." (And Henley, be it remembered, himself led a scrupulously clean life.) Harvard men, as a rule, realized the healthy side to this, for that there is a healthy side to it anyone at all conversant with the modern psychology of "suppressed complexes" well knows. Like the Seniors and the minister, the students believed with an almost religious earnestness that the telling of such stories "made them human."



Yet it had its humorous side. McVickers said that there was a regular education in "Smutology" at Harvard, and that it was divided into four classes. "Smut 1" consisted in a lecture delivered to Freshmen on the curse of certain diseases. "Smut 2" was the study of elementary physiology during which the bodily effects of these diseases were depicted in vivid lantern slides. On these occasions three or four men regularly fainted and were carried from the class-room amid the loud cheers of the assembled students. Ironically, it was the men who were well known for their moral lives that succumbed, while the hardened sinners sat unmoved and craved for more, which is a not uninteresting comment on our modern theory that increased knowledge acts as a moral deterrent. "Smut 3" was reserved for Seniors. It was a seminar in Abnormal Psychology, at which the Professor in charge would regale the students with examples of the world's worst literature. Only graduates in the Law School were allowed the privilege of attending. "Smut 4"—a course in Criminal Law. Upon the subtle sex intricacies of this advanced course I do not need to dwell.

In general conclusion, I wish to emphasize again the main contentions of my "Confessions." It is not that the individual life at Harvard is a bad thing. It is, perhaps, the finest thing about Harvard. I am suspicious of the false homogeneity and democracy to be brought about by the new Freshman dormitories, where all first-year men *must* live. The bad thing is that men interested in intellectual things are often unwarrantably lonely. There are few spontaneous clubs to draw such men together, and able scholarship is far too much professionalized. The college itself makes little intelligent effort to bring such men together; even the Faculty is a group of persons apart. And until it is frankly recognized that the best *teacher* may never write a long book on his specialty, this condition is likely to continue. Socrates was perhaps the world's greatest teacher, yet he wrote no books. He was a source of intellectual stimulation—a spiritual midwife—rather than a professional knowledge-monger. Part of this loneliness we can justly say then is due to Harvard. And there is the bitter truth that intellectual men are rare, something due not to Harvard but to our own civilization

and current social ideals. Is it any wonder that Harvard, as I said, fails to stimulate its students to take advantage of their opportunities?

For the encouragement of bad habits of work at Harvard, there is no adequate excuse the college can make. It is the university's business to see that the students work regularly and not spasmodically. It is not enough merely to preach against "cramming"; it must somehow be actually abolished, even if a radical step has to be taken, such as the doing away altogether with formal, written examinations.

Again, the lack of vigorous intellectual discipline at Harvard is something for which the college is entirely to blame. I distinctly remember the feeling of despair which came over me as I stood in my cap and gown in the Commencement procession, suddenly realizing how so many of us were hopelessly uneducated—we who, ten minutes later, were to be welcomed into the fellowship of educated men! Now many people have asked me if discipline is not valuable only when self-imposed, and of course it cannot be denied that discipline is *more* valuable when so imposed. But what is going to be done with the great body of American young men who are impatient of all discipline, impatient, most of all, of a discipline of ideas? Harvard cannot be run on the basis that its students are all Nathaniel Shalers or John Fiskes. Why not make the college stand for something definite? Why not stiffen up the courses all round and make certain of the broader and more fundamental courses compulsory? I am thoroughly in sympathy with President Lowell in his removal of the pure elective system. I even wish he would go further. For a college student would have plenty of time to indulge his intellectual hobby, were all his courses compulsory.

Of the steady growth of modern utilitarian ideals at Harvard, I can speak only with regret. A general culture, I believe, is still a man's best training for any special work. I believe that a man's first duty is to be an all-round educated man, before he is an artist, a scientist, a lawyer, a doctor or a writer. Furthermore, I believe he is in the long run a better lawyer, doctor or writer for being first an all-round educated man, as our present-day enthusiasts for specialization (a specialization which almost

seems at times to begin in the cradle) may discover to their cost. Using philosophy in its older and better meaning of general knowledge and conviction, I believe with William James that Touchstone's question is the one with which men should always meet one another—"Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" "A man with no philosophy in him," James goes on to say, "is the most inauspicious and unprofitable of all social mates."

My year of newspaper work in New York has strengthened these beliefs. The average college graduate is either insulted or thinks you are joking if you ask him if he reads Latin for pleasure. He is busy making money, and has "no time for general reading." He is a specialist and rather proud of the fact, forgetful of the truth that while specialization is a good thing economically, it is a wicked thing spiritually. About the only nexus between man and man in New York is a cash nexus. Men are drifting further and further apart. We shall not be bound together through any cheap doctrine of brotherhood, or "socialization of industry." That is mechanical, from the outside, and its propulsive force is largely self-interest. We shall be bound together only through digging deeper into our own spiritual selves, and discovering their true kinship with the deeper selves of others. I do not mean this in any mystical sense; it is an honest discovery of experience. For what binds men together is not sympathy or natural impulse, but a humanistic discipline. "Sir," Dr. Johnson once growled at Boswell, "natural affection is nothing, but affection from principle and established duty is sometimes wonderfully strong." It is the business of all universities to furnish such a humanistic discipline. Goethe observes that what makes the truth so hard for most men is that the truth is surrounded with check, with limitation and with discipline. Harvard to-day is not a college of check, of limitation and of discipline; it is rather a college of expansion, which means in practice a college where you take your ease and relax. Yet the motto of Harvard is "Veritas."

## THE SONG OF THE WIND

JOHN ALLAN WYETH, JR.

**I** LOVE to dream in the sun,  
Here where the fields are still  
With the silence of life,  
Here where the fields are still  
With the beauty of life . . .  
And the flowers dream in the sun,  
And the river, half asleep, and the dream of the river is mine,  
The dreams of the flowers are mine  
And we are one . . .

But I tire, soon, and I long  
To trouble the rest of all . . .  
And the river stirs at my call  
And the flowers tremble and sway  
And the leaves have begun their song . . .

But I have lost my dream,  
And search as I may  
It angers me that in vain  
I search for a thing that is lost . . .  
It angers me that in vain  
The fallen leaves are tossed,  
That I plunge my hands in the grass;  
That I turn and turn as I pass,  
With ever a sidelong glance  
Over the field . . .

There shall I find my dream,  
Where the willows shield  
The hidden breast of the stream,  
And the sly reeds dance . . .  
But in vain  
I search in the mantle of leaves where the sunlight slants,  
And down in the reeds that strain

At my touch, and down in the water that clouds like a shattered  
glass,

And is veiled as I pass . . .

Here shall I find, where the shade

Of the forest lies

Deep on the green below,

Where the spring comes down through the glade

With its murmuring flow . . .

And it angers me that in vain

I seek in the forest land,

That all things shrink from my hand,

That the peace of the forest dies . . .

Or shall I find, where the walls

Of the garden stand,

Here where the wild thorn grows and the dead leaf falls,

And the broken step leads down to the hidden path?

But the gray weeds cringe at my wrath

And it angers me that in vain

I search for a thing that is lost . . .

What of this thing that is lost?

I wander here

In the shadow of night that smothers the dreary moor,

By the lonely marsh where the water strangles the land,

And down where the dead things stand in the mere . . .

But I am not sure

Of the dream I seek, and I wander here in the dark and the

rain like one that is blind,

Forgetting the thing I seek, that I cannot find . . .

## THE AWAKENING OF ARCHIMEDES

MARY E. HANSELL

**E**UPHEMIA was a "burler" and sat all day long at a table, beside the big, blonde Sophie Schleyhahan, picking knots out of the interminable rolls of cloth, that she could hear clacking and slamming into being in the weave room across the hall.

She had been burling for five years. For five years she had been in her seat at seven A. M., stopping an hour at noon to swallow her meagre lunch and listen to the silly chatter of the two-score girls and men, who ate from their hands, out of tin pails and newspapers, and drank, every one of them, from the same old, battered tin dipper.

For five years Euphemia had jumped when the whistle blew for six o'clock, huddled on her shabby, gray cloak, and pushed and jostled her way with the rest to the sidewalk, where the men and girls paired off and whooped along on their devious homeward ways.

All but Euphemia. There never was any mate waiting to pair with Euphemia. Men and boys never gave her even a look. But she was used to it, so it did not bother her at all. She had a round, gray-grimy face, ash-colored hair, a nondescript nose and a pair of vague-looking pale eyes, so she was no beauty.

She was twenty-eight and had never had a lover. Sophie Schleyhahan had eleven rings on her fingers—all of them engagement rings.

"You're a chump," Sophie was saying. "Here I trun down ten fellas—all but Pete Laskodi. I got all 'leven rings yet. This here world's no 'count 'lessen folks loves. I don't know what makes me work five years at the same table 'longside such a greenhorn."

But, in her secret heart, Sophie knew that her big blondness showed off to great advantage beside poor little Euphemia's grayness.

Euphemia pondered: "This world's no 'count 'lessen folks loves."

Love? She *must* love. She realized that she was literally starving for love.

"I *will* love!" she cried, inaudibly.

That night she wormed her way through the hustling, laughing crowd, that see-sawed and pranced, and knocked elbows and squeezed sides. Nobody crowded up close to her; they paid no more attention to her than if she were invisible.

She let herself into her little gray room. Her bed with its gray blankets was waiting to be made, and her plate and cup stood waiting to be washed. She lit her smoky little oil stove and made herself a bowl of porridge. It was corn-meal porridge. Euphemia had never heard of pellagra, so she supped her porridge and molasses with relish.

When she had finished her repast, she tidied up the little gray room and ranged her few dishes on the shelf.

Then she sat down and rested her two gray elbows on her gray knees.

"Who will I love?" she wondered, long. "None of the fellows at the mill, they've all got girls of their own."

Across the street, Archimedes Potts and his doting mother lived in a tumble-down, ramshackle, three-roomed house. Mrs. Potts had a pension and did plain sewing and went out house-cleaning, and so managed to keep the roof over their heads, and some food and coal ahead, and pay their insurances.

Archimedes did nothing at all. He was thirty years old and had been babied all his life. His mother did for him, as though he were helpless, instead of being a big-framed, red-headed specimen with latent muscles and an appetite like a farmhand's.

Mrs. Potts put on his shoes and socks every morning, patting his soiled feet, just as she used to do, when he lay, a rosy, gurgling infant, in her lap. She cut up his meat into small pieces, and set the plate before him and tied his bib lovingly about his neck.

After he ate, he usually sat on the front steps and whittled if the day was warm, and at other times he sat by the front windows and watched the passers-by, or read the almanac.

His mother always returned in time to get in the coal and do the other chores.

Archimedes invariably greeted her with kisses and a loving smile. "He's so good to me," she would say, when expatiating upon his virtues. "He's just the dearest boy! I couldn't live without him."

And Archimedes was the object Euphemia selected, upon which to fix her affections. "For," said she, "nobody wants him, no more'n they do me. I won't be gittin' him away from no other girl, an' I'll love him! How I'll love him!"

Euphemia thought there was no use wasting time, once one's mind was made up. So she rearranged everything in the gray little room, and dusted out all the corners. Then she washed herself very clean and tied a screaming red ribbon around her neck. "When your dear one comes to see you, you must be all fixed up," said the poor, simple girl.

She sat, prim and expectant, till eight o'clock.

Then she rose, opened the door, and there, in her mind's eye, stood Archimedes. He, too, was very clean, and he carried a handkerchief which was wet with cologne. Euphemia thought she was fond of cologne, for she had smelt it once, a long time before, when she was nursemaid to the Katz children. And now, it was doubly sweet, being on her lover's handkerchief.

"Come in, my darling—Oh, come in!" she cried rapturously (mentally, of course, or old Mrs. Burnstein would hear her). She seated him in the little, gray rocking chair, and put a pillow behind his back, as she had, once, through the windows, seen his mother do.

She sat at his feet, on the wabbly little stool. She held his wrists, and said to him, "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

Over and over she said these words, looking intently into his face.

Euphemia didn't know any love-talk. She suspected that love was adoration and admiration, and so she sat for an hour, at his feet, looking steadily into his face, and repeating hundreds of times: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."



## THE AWAKENING OF ARCHIMEDES

Over and over she said these words, and inhaled the grance of his clean pocket-handkerchief.

Then the little clock struck nine. Euphemia's bed time come, so she released the wrists of Archimedes, and he pa through the door, which she held open for him, turning to his hat as he went through the gate.

Euphemia was in a glow. She felt like a new crea The little gray room seemed to her to show a gleam of here and there, on the walls.

"Oh, it's sweet to love," she whispered, as she snuggle under her gray blankets.

"My beloved, my Archimedes!" she murmured over over, till sleep came.

When she awoke in the gray dawn, she awoke in a new w Her heart still beat warmly and happily. She arranged attire with extreme care and left her room tidy, when she sta to the mill.

She walked with a springy step, and her face had on new, sweet expression.

Pete Laskodi, waiting near the gate, for his morning glir of big blonde Sophie, raised his cap, as she passed.

"She's put' near got Soph' beat, this mornin'," was admiring comment.

"Look at the face of her!" squealed Aileen Kelly Euphemia came into the burling room.

"Awful smiley. Bet she's got a beau!"

Seven or eight grinning, impish-looking younger girls jo hands, at that, and danced around Euphemia, singing——

"Ol' Miss 'Phemy's got a bean,  
Got a bean, got a beau!  
Ol' Miss 'Phemy's got a bean  
So early in the mornin'!"

Euphemia took her seat, hot and scarlet. The salt rolled down her burning face. It was such a shock, the su transition from beatitude to mean, sordid teasing.

She worked nervously. Big Sophie eyed her, inquiri At last she asked: "What was ailin' you, 'Phemy?"

Euphemia did not answer. She was looking at Aileen—Aileen, who, with her red-headed baby on her arm, could only make about half-time. Aileen the wretched one, who, though an outcast, could yet take an interest in the affairs of others, winking knowingly every time she caught the eye of another, and giving a sly nod toward Euphemia.

But in an hour or so the teasing had ceased, for one must give fairly good attention to one's work, or the pay will be less, come Saturday night.

Ingeborg, the taciturn, had taken no part in the fun. Euphemia sat across from her.

As the noon whistle blew and the girls were rushing pell-mell for their lunches, she touched Ingeborg's arm. "Ingeborg, what is love?" she whispered. Ingeborg pointed to the red-headed baby of Aileen. "That is what comes of it!" she snapped, and swept herself along in the noisy throng.

Poor Ingeborg! There was a little girl in a little mining town who had come, undesired, and of love, and therefore Ingeborg knew of what she spake.

Euphemia stood, with a sick feeling all over her. A red-headed baby! And Archimedes was red-headed!

"But if it's a make-believe baby, nobody will know it and I won't have to bring it to the mill with me."

And Euphemia's spirits rose and soared away up, so that when she sat down, amid the noisy, scuffling crowd, and ate her two slices of butterless bread, her two radishes, and her two thin shavings of bologna, she even took pleasure in the merciless chaffing that ensued.

As she sat again at the burling-table, Ingeborg leaned over and whispered: "If you're in love, cut it out! Nothing but misery and trouble comes of love!"

At that moment, blonde Sophie spread out her big white hands, with the eleven rings of varying degrees of brilliancy: "That's all right, 'Phemy. You get a ring, soon's you can. Me an' Pete's going to step it off, come next hay time."

Euphemia mused: "'Love is misery.' 'This world's no 'count 'ceppen' you love.' Sophie, she's happy, maybe I'll be happy, too."

That night Euphemia had another blissful hour with Archimedes. She brushed her teeth very carefully, and was immaculately clean. "For to-night, I will kiss him," she said.

When Archimedes stood upon the doorstep, Euphemia drew him into her arms. "Oh, my beloved, my beloved!" she sighed in ecstasy.

She held his wrists for the whole, entrancing hour, saying, hundreds of times: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

She gazed intently into his face as she repeated her adoring words, thinking of the Archimedes who lay in satisfied slumber in the little house across the street.

When she let him out at the nine o'clock warning, she held his hand tenderly for a moment, and then, standing on tip-toe, pressed a kiss on the side of his firm, fragrant chin.

As she turned to go in, after watching him down the steps, old Mrs. Bernstein loomed up, from behind the lilac bush: "Vhas you feverish, 'Phemy?"

Euphemia, startled, hastily withdrew to the room, but the old woman followed her. "You vhas actin' mighty queer. Vhas you sayin' prayers all evenin'?"

Euphemia's small wits decided that the curtains would be drawn, the next evening. "I ain't sick," she told Mrs. Bernstein, confusedly. The old woman eyed her suspiciously, but went, grumbling, out, after a while.

Euphemia rose early the next morning. She looked around the little, dingy, gray room. "This ain't no fit place to have a fella in," was her comment.

She spent an hour, rubbing the windows and washing the paint. But, when her labor was over, the room still looked deplorably dingy.

There were numerous rat-holes. The rats were so troublesome that Euphemia always kept the broom by the bed at night, so that she could hit out and frighten them away.

That evening she came home with a lot of tin cans she had picked up in the alley. She persuaded Mrs. Bernstein to let her melt off the soldering in her oven, and then she nailed the pieces of tin over the rat-holes.

But she was not thinking of the added comfort to herself; she was possessed with the feeling that she must make of her room a fit place in which to receive her beloved.

She saw Archimedes cast an approving glance around, as he entered the door. She did not kiss him until he was inside the room and the door shut, for her sharpened senses detected the smell of hot, sweaty flesh, amid the lilac blooms, and she knew Mrs. Burnstein was on the watch.

Euphemia never said any different words to Archimedes. But, hundreds of times, at each visit, she said in a mental voice, quivering with pent-up passion: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things."

The next day, as she was passing through the mill yard, she saw a man just finishing painting the wheels of a truck. He had a nearly empty bucket of bright red paint. Euphemia looked at the paint longingly. The man saw her: "Here! would you like to have the rest of this? It'll only dry up. Keep the brush, too; it won't be fit to use again."

Euphemia carried home her prize. There was enough paint to go over the doors, the mop board, the picture moulding and the two window frames, and also the corner cupboard and the little stool on which she nightly sat at the feet of Archimedes.

It looked very nice. The gray walls took on a cleaner tint by way of contrast and the effect was almost artistic. Mrs. Burnstein came in, just as she finished her task.

"Py Chimmeny, dis room look nice! Vhas you get a raise mit your vages? Vell, dis room wort' more as I t'ink. I will have one dollar more rent."

Poor Euphemia was beginning to find that love's path is hedged with trouble. But she was willing to pay a dollar a month more for the pretty little room. Besides, since Love had awakened her, she could work faster and she earned more. She had begun to earn at the rate of a dollar a day, whereas she had formerly earned eighty cents. So she simply said, in a resigned tone, "Yes, Mrs. Burnstein."

She was more than repaid for her labor by the admiring glances that Archimedes gave the room that evening.

She was careful to keep the curtains close and she paid no

attention to the repeated loud knocks that came upon her door. She had to kneel all during her lover's stay, as the little stool was not dry enough, from its recent painting.

Mrs. Burnstein eyed her contemptuously, when she bade Archimedes good-night.

"You vhas fit for der crazy-house!" hissed the old woman amid the lilacs.

Some weeks went on. The mill hands began to remark how pretty Euphemia was growing. Her cheeks had pinkened and her eyes had in them a strange, new glint. Her step was light and her earning capacity growing every day.

Mrs. Potts, one evening, remarked to Archimedes:

"That Granger girl over there looks so different, here lately."

Archimedes did not say it, but he had been thinking the same. He seemed impelled to watch slyly for the coming and going of Euphemia. His mother had been very anxious about him for some time.

She had been in the habit of tucking him into bed at eight o'clock and seeing him fall asleep immediately like a healthy child.

For a week, though, he had been lying pale and trance-like, between the hours of eight and nine.

No amount of shaking or shouting could awaken him, till the clock struck nine.

Then, in a minute or two, he would relax, turn over, and go to sleep, naturally.

One night, as Mrs. Potts sat in agony, watching his stiff, pallid form, she saw a sudden tremor pass over him, as the old clock began solemnly to pound out the hour. His color came, he opened his eyes and sprang out of bed.

"By gosh! So I can," he called, as if to some one at a distance.

He looked sheepishly at his mother and climbed back. He turned his face from her and pretended to sleep. But he did not sleep, neither did he deceive his mother, who sat by him the entire night.

When the sun rose she left his bedside and prepared the

breakfast. Archimedes dozed a little then, but awakened when his mother, tenderly, as had been her custom for all the years of his life, kissed him and said, "Get up, Lovey, breakfast is ready." Archimedes threw off the covers, and rolled out. His mother got his shoes and socks, but he snatched them from her, and, sitting on the floor, he put them on, himself, something he had never done before.

His mother watched him in grieved surprise. Tears filled her old eyes. "Oh, my boy, my baby, what is the matter?" she wailed, burying her face in her apron.

"Nothin's the matter," briskly replied Archimedes. "I'm thirty years old, and I can put on my shoes an' socks."

When they came to the table, he reached out for the meat platter. "Take care, darling. You'll spill the gravy on you." His mother prepared to cut up his meat, as usual, but he said: "I can do things. I ain't no baby. I can cut up my own meat."

His mother could not eat her breakfast, but sat, silent and miserable. When she left to go to her work, she kissed him, as if she were bidding him farewell forever.

Her retreating steps had barely ceased sounding, when Archimedes started for the woodshed. He got the axe and split all the kindling that was in sight. Then he cleaned up the coal shed and afterwards dug the grass out of the brick walk. He raked the yard and burned up a lot of trash, that had accumulated since his mother's last holiday.

He seemed like one released from bondage. He gloried in his strong arms, and whistled at his work. The neighbors all had their heads at the windows, but he noticed them not.

"What possesses Babe Potts?" they asked each other. They would have something new to gossip about, for Euphemia's craziness, as faithfully and widely reported by Mrs. Burnstein, was becoming monotonous.

They watched the red-headed young giant nail up the broken fence and wheel the ashes down to the end of the lot. They shook their heads, and buzzed still more when, after he had made the yard all tidy, he went into the house, and emerged from thence, clean, and attired in his Sunday clothes.

Archimedes made straight for the wharf. He stood around till a freight boat came up. He asked for and got a job of unloading crates. He worked so well that, when the crates were all piled neatly, he was given a dollar and told to come back the next day.

His mother was home long ere his return. She was worried beyond expression, for never had she failed, before, to find him and his loving greeting awaiting her.

"He dressed up to the nines and went away," the next door neighbor told her.

Seven o'clock came, and still no Archimedes. At last, after another hour of agonized waiting, she heard the gate-latch click, and there, coming up the walk, head erect and striding masterfully, was her boy. He was as clean as when he left the house, and his eyes were sparkling. In his hand he had his dollar, which he laid on the table.

"I earned that," he said proudly, "I can do things. I am going to earn some more to-morrow."

Mrs. Potts kissed him and wept over him. "Oh, my darling, my darling! I can't let you go out into the world. I can earn enough for us both."

"Mother!" It was a new Archimedes who spoke. "I can do things. I can earn our living. Nobody but loafers sits back and lets their mother get their living."

It was no use to try to reason with him. Each day he spurned her assistance in dressing, and each day found him, attired in jumper and overalls, at the wharf, where his great strength made him worth two dollars a day.

Each night saw him in his strange trance-like sleep. But he began to talk, as he lay so white and still. "I am, I am, I am," he would murmur, and always, just as he awoke, at the stroke of nine o'clock, "*I can, I will.*"

One evening, in the early fall, instead of going to bed at eight, he dressed himself with care, took his hat and prepared to go out.

"My boy, my boy, what does this mean?" moaned his mother. Archimedes was like one in a dream. He seemed to be listening to something. He moved, mechanically, through the

door, down the walk, across the street, and tapped softly at Euphemia's door. Old Mrs. Burnstein saw him from behind the lilac bush.

Euphemia opened the door. "Oh, my darling, my love, my own," said she inaudibly. But Archimedes heard her with his sharpened mental ear. He seated himself in the chair. Euphemia sat at his feet. She took hold of his wrists. They seemed, warmly, like flesh and blood and bone, to her; but then Archimedes had been very real for some weeks.

She gazed into his eyes: "You are beautiful, you are good, you are smart. You can do things," she repeated.

"I can!" came in tangible tones from his dear lips. And twisting his wrists from her grasp, he gathered her into his arms and kissed her.

Euphemia gasped, blankly. This was no phantom, such as she had loved and adored all spring and summer. She tried to free herself, but Archimedes was too masterful.

"You called me," he said. "I came. I love you, I love you."

Euphemia laid her head in his lap with a glad cry. The world was some account. She loved and was loved.



## FOR DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT

KATHARINE BAKER

**W**E sat on the grass, in a brilliant, blue-and-green world. The Captain's wife was plaiting a wreath of forget-me-nots for the cook's baby. The cook's baby commanded alterations in nasal Japanese; and I merely loafed, and approved the orderly pacing in front of the Commandant's door.

Presently the orderly's hand went up in quick salute. Somebody passed him with a clattering stride, and swung into the open hall beyond.

But I had seen a face. I turned, amazed, to the Captain's wife.

"What a horror!" I exclaimed. "And that's not an ill-set-up man, either. He has a sort of familiar look, too."

"Oh, has he?" answered the Captain's wife ironically, and dropped the wreath. "It's Venus Banister, you know."

I sat, stunned. Through the open windows we heard the Admiral suavely, and the Captain of the Yard hilariously, hail the newcomer. We heard his voice, replying.

"Don't you remember?" demanded the Captain's wife. "Ten years ago? He was a middy on the Massachusetts. Don't you remember the ship's dinners at Hampton Roads? How he led all the songs and danced the siva-sive, and was generally outrageous and beloved?"

I did remember. All that.

"He sang 'Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos' with great success." I recalled his accomplishments.

"Yes," she corroborated. "Until it was forbidden by special order from the Department. Also later.

'Underneath the roof of thatch,  
Where the ladies smoke and chew. . . .'

—oh, Venus did it nicely. . . . Run away, Kiku, Madame is busy," she added suddenly, thrusting forget-me-nots in heaps into obi folds, and pulling down the unfinished wreath over bobbed black hair, and little yellow ears.

The baby waddled off. Madame clasped her hands. "Yes," said she abstractedly, "Venus has lost his looks. And they were the very best looks," she commented plaintively. "He's quite surprisingly a man, though. But he's certainly had bad luck.

"He was engaged to a New York girl, a showy little piece, I've heard. But his father, Paymaster Banister, got mixed up in a scandal. They broke him for malversation of funds. And the girl threw Venus over.

"Well, it's true you don't want your daughter to marry into a queer family. She engaged herself to a banker, and Venus went in for hard work. Secret service in odd places. Got the thanks of Congress for things he did in Alaska when the whaling-fleet froze up; made special reports on Sinaloa, and Kiel, and Vladivostock, and was generally useful.

"Never an exotic dance left in him, not a popular air. He had turned into a grind. One of those people that run empires for a hod-carrier's pay. But he was going to be IT in the service. He had rehabilitated the family name all right. And his looks were perfectly satisfactory. You know that.

"Then Admiral Sidney's daughter came to visit me. Last year.

"Banister was detailed here, inspector of ordnance. Really, I believe he's working out some airship notion or other, a helicopter that is sort of promising, and a dead secret of course, with every Japanese servant in the yard fairly goggling his eyes out to get the plans.

"Why, certainly most of them are spies—maybe not all official, but they do at least a little privateering in that line. My cook has a lieutenant's uniform at the back of his closet. . . .

"Where was I? Mabel Sidney? Oh, yes! She was awfully refined and pretty—a cool, sweet, little thing—different as possible from the tinsel New York damsel that had been such a failure at the pinch.

"And Banister hadn't lost any of his air. You remember that straightforward look of his. But he'd begun to show gray where his hair turned back. Trouble, of course.

"I was glad. I always wanted to see Venus married to a nice girl. He was such a dear. He simply dogged Mabel's

heels. They golfed, and nearly drove the Admiral crazy, always fore, always oblivious. It was Mabel's fault though. She never minded inconveniencing other people—couldn't come to her meals on time. Banister wasn't that kind, but neither was he responsible for his actions just then.

"They'd go down to see salmon speared in the dry-dock. The blue-jackets get many a dinner there, you know. They trolled in the sound for salmon-trout. You must try that. The water is so clear you can see giant star-fish all over the bottom, though naturally you troll in the channel, where it's deeper.

"Mabel caught a trout, with a Tacoma bait. She was almost lachrymose over it. I guess cold-blooded things move sympathy in some people. She wouldn't fish any more.

"Well, they came in one day, engaged. Banister was frightfully shy about it, and Mabel very reticent. But they were engaged.

"I wish you could have seen the presents he sent her. You know Venus never did things like other people. No girl could appreciate them, but men are too stupid to understand that a girl simply wants a Tiffany solitaire and a box of Victoria chocolates, or whatever is the local substitute for Maillard's. Unique things make her nervous. She has no standard of comparison for them, you see . . . doesn't know whether to be delighted and proud, or doubtful and embarrassed. And if she's doubtful of the things a man gives her, she soon gets bored with him.

"I tried to standardize Venus's presents for Mabel, explain them to her, you know, in terms of Tiffany and Lalique, favrile and French enamel. I couldn't suggest anything to him, emphatically not, and in their way they were perfect.

"I remember he sent a wooden chest, carved with bears' eyes, a Thlinget chief's-box about a hundred years old, and inside was a mandarin coat with Imperial-yellow cuffs. Don't ask me where Venus got it. I was in the siege of Peking, and you've seen some of that loot, but you never saw anything like the embroidery on the coat he sent Mabel.

"Of course she liked it. Mandarin coats are fashionable. But the day he brought her her ring she wasn't pleased at all. It was a queer, rudely chased Burmese thing, with a small ruby

in it. You see Venus didn't appreciate the Tiffany tradition. And the ruby wasn't large. You can't buy large rubies on a lieutenant's pay. No, Mabel never cared for the ring.

"Once she admired some ordinary hair-seal moccasins in the Hudson Bay Company's window. Soon after he brought her a pair he'd had made out of the skin of an otter he had caught himself, in the North. They were lined with ermine instead of squirrel, and sewn with tendons, and he sent them in an Attu basket, soft as silk. There are no such baskets in the shops. Some Aleut chief had given it to Venus at a pot-latch. Certainly it was priceless.

"But fancy any woman walking on otter and ermine. It isn't good for us to go so flauntingly. D'you remember the girl who walked on bread, in Andersen?

"Mabel didn't know how sumptuous the moccasins were, until I told her. Thought the ermine was rabbit, like the lining of her old carriage boots, back East. No, Venus didn't tell her. He wouldn't ever. He'd have used his own skin just as readily and unostentatiously. Yes, and Heaven knows he did, poor fool! I wonder why it is that good-looking men are always fools.

"To be sure, they're not the only ones. Certainly young Renton was fool enough too, and he was anything but handsome. There's hardly a big fir tree left in Oregon that Renton's father hasn't a part interest in, and his son's ambition in life is to smoke up all the cigarettes there are, faster than they can be made.

"His father's all right, the self-made sort. Young Renton knew a lot of ensigns, and was always welcome in the ward-rooms. They say he mixes the best Martinis ever. Makes them out of anything handy. The Admiral says he could produce an excellent cocktail from denatured molasses and wood alcohol. Yes, a crowd of willing young men always lined up around Arthur.

"One day we had a picnic in the Magazine woods, a few miles up the Sound. Arthur Renton had just bought a new motor boat, and came over in it. It was a two-cycle engine. I don't know what that means, except that they never will run. You keep cranking them along, and in time you arrive, if you're patient, and the tide is with you.

"Some one asked Venus to row down the bay to a farmhouse, for milk, and Renton offered his boat. Then Mabel wanted to go along too.

"The engine leaked somewhere, and wouldn't do anything. Renton's father had come over that day with his son. He stood on the beach by the boat, looking very substantial and prosperous, and with fatherly solicitude urged Mabel not to go. Told her his feather-brained son would drown her.

"Arthur Renton struggled with the engine a while, took out the spark plug, and drained the cylinder, and re-connected the batteries, and then gave up and let Venus take hold.

"By that time the bottom of the boat was awash with gasoline and water, slopping over Mabel's pretty white suit.

"Venus got his spark all right. Mabel bent down, putting in a primer charge for him, and he began to crank, when young Renton, who had been looking on, fumbling in his pockets, suddenly struck a match, lighted a cigarette, and dropped the stick in the mixture between the foot-boards. There was a flash. That very moment the machinery engaged, and the boat shot out into the channel.

"Renton dived into the water like a frightened guillemot. Venus threw himself recklessly across the little engine, and flung Mabel out of the boat. The gasoline roared up all around him, though for some mysterious reason the tank didn't explode. Afterward we learned why. In the instant of the flash, Venus had cut off the feed pipe. He knew otherwise the burning stuff would spread everywhere.

"He lay for a minute, flat on his face in the boat. Then he picked himself up heavily, and rolled overboard.

"The men got them all ashore. Renton last. Indeed the Admiral, in his disgust, shouted, 'Let the damned hell-diver drown!' That's what they call guillemot, you know.

"Venus's flannel shirt was charred. His face looked—well, you've seen it. Mabel gave him one glance, and went off into hysterics.

"Venus said, 'Is Miss Sidney all right? Then get her away somewhere, where she can't see me.'

"I had been mixing salad dressing. I ran up and emptied

the oil bottle over him. The doctor said afterward it did some good. I have always adored Venus. Anybody that walks like that. . . .

"He was in hospital for two months. They thought he'd inhaled flames, but he hadn't. I went to see him every day at first. After a while—I couldn't," the Captain's wife confessed, and went silent.

"Why couldn't you?" I asked. "But I shouldn't think he'd care particularly whether you came or not," I added rudely. "He'd want his girl."

"I suppose he did," agreed the Captain's wife. "Very likely he did. But Mabel wouldn't go near him. Said she couldn't bear physical disfigurement, though she knew the feeling was wrong. I was rather disagreeable about it, I guess, and Mabel left me, and went over to town to visit other friends.

"Venus never asked for her. I was at my wit's end what to say to him. So I didn't say anything. I'd go in and tell him Yard news, and read to him, and he answered in his own calm, level way—never dropped his guard. Oh, she's a little beast, that girl.

"When Venus had been down and out six weeks, I went to the Tennis Ball, in town. All the coast comes to the ball, you know. It's a general rally of slopers. And I met Mabel, looking like a peach, smiling her cool, refined little smile at stout, middle-aged Renton Senior.

"I thought of Venus undergoing that Red Indian torture for her, and I couldn't keep quiet.

"I said, 'Mabel, Banister has gone through horrors for you. If you ever burned your finger on your curling-iron, you've a notion what life has been to him, these weeks that you haven't sent him a word, or given him a sight of you. He has traded his face for yours—and his looks could put it all over yours, my dear; but he flung them away without a thought. He traded his face for yours, and now he has a right to yours.'

"Mabel changed color. Renton Senior took her hand, and said, 'Madam, I don't know what you mean, but it's a very strange way to talk. Miss Sidney is engaged to me.'

"Yes, Renton Senior, if you please.

"I said, 'Mr. Renton, Mabel is engaged to Lieutenant Banister, who nearly lost his life in saving hers. I don't know how many more men she may be engaged to, but I haven't heard of his releasing her.'

"Mabel always kept her head at the critical moment, always, everywhere. It's easy when you haven't any heart.

" 'Mr. Banister agreed long ago that the engagement was a mistake,' she murmured. 'I am entirely free to marry Mr. Renton.' The man believed her. She put her arm through mine, and sent him off for water or something. 'She never drank punch. 'I really couldn't help it,' she justified herself to me.

"I looked as withering as I could, and answered deliberately, 'I think Venus is getting off cheap, my dear.'

"Do you think that was brutal? Anyway, I'm glad I said it. She dropped my arm.

"Then I added smilingly, 'Did you return Venus's costly presents when you dissolved the engagement?'

"She absolutely flared out at me for once. 'I loathe his horrid Siwash things, that make my room smell like an igloo. He's welcome to them.'

" 'Don't keep them,' I advised her.

"Next time I went to see Venus he was sitting up. He was in one of those khaki hospital tents on the parade ground. Beside his chair was a big box, and I knew from his whole attitude what had happened. I supposed when he opened that box he hoped against hope that it was some belated trace of interest on her part. I was sorry then I'd told her to return his things.

"I went to see him that day, because everybody on the station was bursting with the Renton news. I knew he'd be told, and I wanted to spare his pride a little. I stumbled over commonplaces a while. Then I gave it up.

" 'Have you heard about Mabel?' I asked point-blank.

"He hardened that shocking face of his to meet bad news. I crossed over and began examining a stain on the canvas opposite.

" 'She's going to marry Renton Senior,' I blurted it out.

"I stood there for a week or more studying the stain. It was about three inches by two with a long tail at the lower left-

hand corner, dark brown and greasy, a very repellent stain. I hated it.

"At last Venus said evenly, 'Thank you,' and after a minute, 'You're a good sport.'

"Then I dared to face him. Behind the honest, boyish eyes he turned on me, there flashed a man's look, inscrutable and strong.

" 'Dear boy,' I said, 'she wasn't in your class.'

"He looked annoyed.

" 'Don't,' he remarked.

"Something was choking me uncomfortably anyway, so I didn't. And left him, discarded, with his discarded 'Siwash things,' in his cheerless hospital tent."



## MADDALENA SPEAKS

NEITH BOYCE

**N**O, Signor Doctor, I do not know why the baby is ill. . . . He is always ill. All the English babies are ill. Why do they live in this country? Why don't the English live at home? It is not good for them here in Italy. . . .

The baby is very delicate. The Signora is very delicate and the baby is just like her. So white, not a drop of blood. So thin. No wonder she could not nurse her own baby. What ails the Englishwomen that they cannot nurse their own children? . . .

No, Signor Doctor, of course I have not fed the baby anything. Did you not command me never to give him anything? But he will not take the breast. . . . He cries, cries. . . . Yes, he has always cried. For five months now I have nursed him, and he is never well. Perhaps you will send me home now, and get another nurse? . . .

The glass? No, Signor Doctor, I do not know what is in the glass. How should I know? . . . If the Signora thinks she saw me giving anything out of the glass to the baby she is mistaken. The Signora is very nervous. She is always spying upon me. No, I never give the baby anything except pure water, as you commanded me, Signor Doctor. . . . And I never eat anything but what you command, Signor Doctor, and I do all you command, I go to bed and get up as I am ordered, I live like an animal. If the milk does not agree with the baby . . .

What do you say? You accuse me? . . . But I am telling you the truth, may the Madonna witness, may all the angels. . . . I do not know what is in that glass. . . . I did not. . . . You are mistaken, you do not know what you are saying. . . . How do you dare accuse me? If some one has done what is wrong, why should it be I, I, I, Maddalena? I have enemies in this house, the servants hate

me, especially that pig of a cook. . . . If there is anything wrong, they have done it, to put shame upon me. . . .

*You say there is poison in that glass.* . . . What is it, then? You are so wise, you must know, Signor Doctor, you know everything. . . .

Oh, you know? . . . Some one has melted match-heads in the water, and some one has given the baby . . . Oh, you know all that . . . but how do you know? . . . Why do you accuse me, *me*? Why should I poison the baby, why, *why*? . . .

The Signora says . . . ? But if the Signora says she saw me, she lies, do you hear? . . . Let me go. . . . Open that door . . . I am going away. . . . You are all crazy here, yes, crazy. . . . You think, because I am a poor woman and you are rich English, that you can put this upon me. . . . Let me go!

*The police?* . . . You will send for . . . you will accuse me. . . . *Prison?* . . . You will put me . . . Maddalena . . . in prison! . . .

Oh, God, what have I done? . . . Oh, Carmé, come and help me! . . . Oh, if you were here, Carmé, they would not treat me so. . . . Beasts that they are, I hate them—yes, I hate you all, all, do you hear, and the baby, too. . . . Oh, God, how I hate you! . . .

Do you know what you have done to me? Do you know how you have tortured me? Do you know that I have lived in hell here for five months? . . .

And all because of the money . . . because we are poor and you are rich. . . . So you took me away from my husband, from my baby. . . .

The Signora? . . . Let her come in! Let me talk to her! Let me tell her how she has crushed out my heart's blood and taken my very life to feed her child! . . .

Listen, Signora! . . . I am speaking, I, Maddalena, the poor slave, the dirt beneath your feet. . . . You bought me. . . . A hundred lire a month, and Carmé, my husband, working hard every day, cannot earn half as much! A hundred

lire a month, for my milk to feed your child! Bought like a brute beast! . . . A hundred lire a month, a fortune for poor people like us . . . how thankful we should be! . . . Yes, and presents . . . and fine clothes. . . . Look at the linen I am wearing, look at my dress, look at my lace and my long ribbons that touch the ground! . . . Could I ever have worn such things if I had not been bought? Could I have a soft bed to sleep in, could I have good food to eat, could I walk in a garden like yours, could I live in a palace like yours? . . . Never! I am so fortunate! . . . And I gain a hundred lire a month for my husband . . . and he made me come. He sold me. . . . Do you think I would not have run away long ago, if I had dared? Do you think I would not have begged my way, walked on my two feet, all the way back to Naples? . . . But I dared not. . . . Carmé would be angry. . . . He had sold me. . . .

My baby! . . . Yes, I am a mother, too, like you, Signora! But not like you, for I would never have given my baby to be nursed by a stranger woman, I would have kept him close, close and safe, on my own breast. . . . But I was forced. . . . I had to give him up, my little baby, my little Beppino, I had to give him to a neighbor to care for, and who knows how she cares for him? For we are poor people, Signora, we cannot buy flesh and blood for our children, like you. . . . My baby, my first, my only one! So beautiful and strong he was, his little head with thick black hair, his little body, so brown and so strong! . . . How he pulled at the breast! . . . Not like your puny baby, Signora, that could not take half my milk and left me aching! . . . Oh, and my heart, my heart ached, day and night, for my baby and Carmé. . . .

And Carmé . . . my husband . . . who knows? He is handsome and he is young, and the women, the other women. . . . There is a girl there who would have taken him from me if she could . . . but he loved me . . . but who knows if he loves me yet? . . . We were married only a year. . . . Who knows if he is faithful? . . . And I am here, far away, far away, and I cannot know. . . .

He writes to me, and you read me his letters, Signora, for I cannot read . . . and who knows what he writes that you do not read? Perhaps he writes to me to come home, that he is longing for me, perhaps he says the baby is not well. . . . How do I know, how do I know? . . . Carmé, Carmé! Oh, God, how I have suffered!

We were poor, but I was happy. . . . I worked in the fields, we had poor food, but I was happy. . . . How I loved him! Oh, Carmé, and you sent me from you! Perhaps you did not love me any more . . . But no, it is not true! I love you so much, so much! . . .

I could not bear it. . . . And you, Signora, and you, Signor Doctor, you could not see that I was dying, that my heart was breaking. . . . You said I had a bad temper because I quarrelled with the gardener and the *cameriere*. You sent them away, because I must not be upset . . . on account of the baby. . . . You thought the wine did not agree with me, or the food. . . . You were so careful! And all the time it was my heart that was breaking within me, my heart that cried out for my child and for Carmé. . . . But you never thought I had a heart! . . . I was only a poor animal, and you had bought me. . . .

And now you will put me in prison . . . and I shall never see them any more. . . . For I shall die, and they will forget me. . . .

*Yes, I did it.* . . .

I dared not go home . . . and I thought, if the baby was ill, perhaps you would send me away. . . .

I did it . . . I melted the match-heads in water, and I gave it to the baby . . . not much, a little at a time. . . . I did not want to kill the baby, only to make it ill, so that you might think my milk did not suit it, and send me home. . . .

Yes, I did it. . . . Now you can send for the police and put me in prison. . . . I am helpless and you are strong. I know I cannot help myself, and there is no one to help me. . . . If you write to Carmé, tell him why I did

it . . . tell him I was dying . . . tell him I loved him . . . tell him to kiss . . . Beppino . . . for me. . . .

Oh, God, I am faint. . . . No, do not touch me. . . . I do not ask you to forgive me. . . . I ask nothing. . . . Only do it quickly, let me leave this house. . . . This is a prison, too. . . .

You look at me, Signora . . . so pale, like a ghost . . . so wild. . . . Why don't you curse me? You have no blood in you. . . . If a woman had touched *my* baby to harm it, I would kill her, I would choke her life out with these hands. . . .

Oh, Carmé, farewell! . . . You will love another woman, and my baby will never know he had a mother. . . . He was too little to know me when I left him, and now I shall never see him more . . . farewell. . . .

What? You say . . . ?

No, I do not believe it. I do not believe you. You will never let me go. . . . Never. . . . You are not like that, you have no hearts. . . . No, no, . . . and besides, I have done a wicked thing. . . . Oh, I know it. If your baby dies, I shall burn in hell. . . .

*You say you will let me go?* . . . You, Signora, say I can go . . . home? . . . The police . . . you will not . . . ? I do not believe you. . . . Why should you let me go . . . you, that were killing me by inches, for the sake of your baby. . . . And now, when I have done *this*, you let me go . . . free? . . . I cannot understand. . . . God himself could not understand the English . . . I cannot believe. . . .

I . . . it is all dark . . . help me, I am fainting. . . . Madonna, Holy Mother, have pity on me . . . poor, wicked Maddalena . . . have . . . pity! . . .

## ART AND AFFECTATION

B. RUSSELL HERTS

**A**LL people are endowed by nature with certain methods and mannerisms of speech and movement. The conscious alteration of these attributes is called affectation. The term is used, however, in general as one of reproach and so when the onlooker approves of the particular method of distorting "natural" characteristics, he does not associate the change with affectation. Thus, for example, if a man "naturally" had a tendency to suck his thumb continually in public or to scratch the sole of his left foot, or to kick one of his heels high in the air whenever he was pleased, and if this picturesque individual managed to rid himself of the peculiar habits, the average observer would not call such a good riddance an affectation. If, however, a man has a harsh, unpleasant voice and he manages to turn it into a modulated tuneful one, or if he finds the movements of the average male ungraceful and he manages to make his own more effective, he is immediately liable to be termed an affected person. This generally happens because the other folk in his particular community are unused to the kind of voice in which he speaks or to the type of movements which he has trained his body to perform.

It is perfectly obvious that all forms of affectation are the product of an exercise of will power and their growth must therefore be coördinate with the growth of self-control. An uncontrolled person cannot be an affected one. Moreover, affectation requires the observation of one's own mannerisms and the comparison of one's own with other people's, together with a wholesome self-disparagement coming as one of the results of the comparison. If this were not so the person would never be affected, for, failing to observe the superiority of any other form of discourse or motion, it would never occur to him to approximate his own to the observed form. We have then in affectation also an exhibition of keen desire for self-improvement.

With the practice of affectation bolstered by this tremendous galaxy of excellent qualities essentially connected with it, it seems

scarcely necessary to utter any further defence, but when we examine the process a little more fundamentally, we find that it is very closely bound up with that most valuable asset of human existence, the genuine expression of personality.

Examine the authors who are supposed to be affected: men like Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Gilbert K. Chesterton and George Meredith. They are invariably the writers with a distinctly personal style. They are in each case the men whose work accurately and profoundly reflects their own individuality and whose expressions and ideas are in complete accord. The "natural" writers are practically without style and nothing but their supreme genius has enabled them to succeed in spite of this very serious defect—in fact we never hear of a natural writer unless he happens to be a great genius such as Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Goethe and Homer. The smaller men fall by the wayside unless they turn the expression of their thoughts into an individual form, and to the extent that they do this they are supposed to be affected. The same thing is true in graphic art: Turner, Whistler and Beardsley being affected, and Rembrandt, Hals, and Michael Angelo being supreme enough to have succeeded without a deeply self-expressive style.

Your typical fat-head is no contemned creature of affectation. He is far too lazily self-satisfied to tax himself with any alteration in his natural qualities. Likewise your gratified matron, who, having captured her legitimate prey, settles down to a living of scandal-mongering, rich food and bridge whist—she is not concerned with the addition to her personality of the graces and kindlinesses of life. Who, indeed, are your affected poseurs, but the most talented, the most cultured, sophisticated, thoughtful, brilliant and suggestive members of your acquaintance?

It requires considerable will power to act out an affectation to its inevitable conclusion of becoming an authentic piece of self-expression. Persuade a weakling to attempt this and he will generally fail, but his will power will improve under the effort. Induce a thief to affect honesty and he will end up as virtuous as you please. "Become what thou art" is an ideal; "become what you affect," a reality.

One of the iconoclastic onslaughts of this generation must be directed against the prejudice of the unthinking regarding the social and very valuable art of affectation. Without this we should have no conscious advances in personality, no growth of self-control. We must not condemn even a poor exhibition, or not any more strongly than we do an inferior work in painting or literature. In such cases our function as appreciative critics is to demand improvement. We are all in a state of "becoming" and only he who stagnates can be completely consistent or supremely sincere.



# THE COST OF A DECENT HOME

CAROL ARONOVICI

*"The home is the school of all individual, national and human virtues."*—DISRAELI.

**T**HE last quarter century has been pregnant with generous efforts to improve housing conditions in the cities and towns of the United States. From the little mountain village where the missionary and settlement workers are endeavoring to raise housing standards, to the slums of the large and congested centres of population where housing reform has been organized, legislated for and made part of the necessary expenditure of the tax-paying public, the feeling exists that the effort has failed to produce the desired results. After years of legislative and administrative activity in New York, there still exists a problem of congestion which, although different in character from the earlier conditions, claims its quota of lives yearly and remains the subject of discussion of the philanthropic groups whose clientèle is the product of these conditions. Philadelphia, the city of homes, has in some cases produced dwellings which, in design, appearance, lighting and sanitation, do not compare favorably even with the more appalling barracks of New York represented by the new-law tenements. In all this effort it is evident that we have failed to bring about a general and permanent improvement. What we have succeeded in doing is to establish a minimum standard for protection to health and decency of the lowest economic and social strata of our population. If it was expected that the housing movement would produce an increased proportion of home ownership and promote a type of structure which is characteristic of the owner and represents his individuality, needs and sense of pride, we must recognize that hopeless failure has been our reward.

Cities throughout the country have faced their local problems single-handed and bravely, fighting against ignorance and greed, humbly beseeching law-making politicians to grant powers for control and improvement and lending themselves to the most

humiliating processes of muckracking in the hope of arousing sufficient public sentiment for more legislation, more appropriations, more inspection, more education.

All these have been obtained in a larger or lesser degree and the victories of the housing reformers have been heralded as far-reaching steps in the direction of securing better homes for our working people.

Throughout this honest, devoted and persistent struggle for better homes, a fundamental mistake has prevailed. We have confused the point of view of the philanthropist, who deals with the socially subnormal, with the national problem of housing the working people. This has led to the acceptance of a minimum standard and a complete neglect of a necessary national ideal. We have been forced to accept housing reform as a philanthropic gift and have ignored the element of cost while we recognized the needs but not the means of the socially subnormal.

Our restrictive legislation has forced the character of the multiple dwellings up to a standard that makes it necessary to increase rents and intensify their use to the extent of creating congestion. The old types of one- and two-family houses are being converted into tenements wholly inadequate for their new use, but which, on account of their cheapness, have become increasingly popular with the lower strata who cannot meet the rents of the legally regulated and controlled buildings. This modern intensified use of the old houses due to restrictions placed upon the new buildings has resulted in a sanitary problem that has increased beyond the expectations of the most sceptical of reformers. With the increase in legislative control, the expenditures entailed in meeting the prescribed restrictions and the failure of national, state or municipal governments to assist in the construction of decent houses, a decrease in the proportion of ownership has also taken place.

Public officials, social workers and the rising generation of socially minded statesmen are beginning to realize that we have failed to apply to the housing problem what is essential in the permanent solution of all national social problems, namely, its recognition as a national issue which must be solved in a national

way on the basis of a sane, scientific and statesmanlike policy and with a view to stimulating a national living ideal.

While we have admitted, in a half-hearted way, that the individual home and individual ownerships are desirable, we have permitted the land speculator to conspire with the lumber trust, the unintelligent taxation system, the high cost of capital and the local building regulations to increase the cost of a decent home. Land, lumber and other building materials, labor, taxes and the cost of capital are the factors that determine the standards of workingmen's homes and the frequency of their ownership. They stand in direct relation to the rental and purchase price and are constantly affected by the family income, beyond a fixed proportion of which it is not advisable to go, and wage earners seldom venture to transgress beyond this proportion without depriving the family of other essentials of life.

The disorganized state of our varying tax systems, the entire absence of any municipal or national land policies affecting housing, the tariff upon building material and especially lumber, the absence of national legislation affecting the capital available for loans on workingmen's homes, and the high cost of labor, are purely economic problems. They must be solved in an economic way if the housing problem is ever to be solved. These economic problems are national rather than local and they must be solved by a policy that is national in scope. In France, Germany, England, Belgium, Sweden and even in Russia housing has been recognized as a national issue and the problems are being solved by the national Governments in co-operation with the municipalities. Statesmen are recognizing the importance of the home as a national asset and are using every effort in the direction of establishing a national housing policy that is based upon the most recent and most acceptable principles of state economics and human conservation.

In this country, with characteristic individualistic methods, we are endeavoring to solve a national problem by local legislation. Leaders in the field of housing reform, while recognizing the importance of a broader economic and social policy, must limit themselves to the legislative machinery which is by prece-

dent, custom or the limitations of constitutional rights available for this purpose.

In the pursuit of this method we have failed to formulate and promote a constructive housing policy of far-reaching scope. The tariff, which purports to protect the farmer, has made possible the lumber trust which has affected the cost of building material. Our banking laws have not a single suggestion which would tend to assist the workers in acquiring a home, tax rates are based upon antiquated and inequitable systems that hinder rather than promote ownership, and our housing laws place upon the builders and owners restrictions which are frequently out of harmony with the economic and social requirements of the wage-earning classes.

These are facts that are becoming increasingly familiar to workers in the field of reform, but they need the backing of a federal investigation which would collect, organize, classify and examine the evidence relating to the housing problem in the light of modern science and modern social needs.

The federal Government has made extensive and expensive inquiries into the cost and methods of production of many essentials of food, it has taken drastic action in dealing with various trusts, it has studied the conditions under which women and children toil and the cost of their product, but never has it concerned itself with the conditions under which its millions of men, women and children are forced to make their homes. Such an inquiry is now imperative and the federal Government has the facilities, the power and the means to carry it out, in the broad way that the importance of the problem requires. Hundreds of leaders are eager for the knowledge that such an inquiry would afford and a country-wide public opinion regarding this problem is imperative for the framing and effective carrying out of a national housing policy that will crystallize the most advanced knowledge on the subject and make possible a constructive, far-reaching and permanent solution of the problem in accord with the accepted economic principles and in harmony with a national ideal. Let the federal Government furnish the facts and action will follow with the promptness that the problem demands.

# THE LURE

FRANK CRANE

**"VICE** is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen,"

go the familiar lines of Pope.

That which constitutes the lure of vice is the veil, the tint, the romance thrown over it. Nobody is drawn to bare vice.

It would seem that everyone ought to know this simple truth. Yet so sodden is average opinion in age-old Pharisaism, that we hold up horrified hands and cry out lustily at plain, open vice, while we tolerate the bedizened, oversmeared and gaudily clothed variety right along.

When *The Lure* and *The Fight*, two plays which exposed the fearful truth about the existing institutions for the commercializing of the social evil and their nefarious connection with municipal politics, appeared on the New York stage, the newspapers of that city promptly threw a fit.

They made great talk of the moral sense of the community which would not tolerate any such shocks to the sense of decency.

These same papers had exploited the Thaw case in all its loathsome details over their front pages; they had published the most minute indecencies of the crime committed by Priest Schmidt; and not a day passes that they do not print divorce news in which salacious bits of revelation are wormed out of the principals and published, adorned with reportorial fringe.

Then along comes the Reverend Mr. Chapman, a prosperous evangelist, and in an interview says that he would not attend a theatre for the world, but that the plays in question, of which he knows not the slightest thing, are indubitably corruptive of youth.

What were these plays? They were powerful, well composed, clean representations of the most appalling business extant in civilization, the capture of young girls in our city streets, as wild beasts are captured in the jungle, and the imprisonment of them for the basest of purposes.

There is no doubt that powerful business organizations in the so-called White Slave Traffic exist. But it is not this that gives the public its conception of virtue outraged; it is the fact that somebody *tells* about it! It is the fact that the theatre, instead of being a sugared lure to vice, a thing of half-hidden sex-suggestion, rises to its true artistic nobility, holds the mirror up to life and shows the hellish truth as it is. Such action always pains the Pecksniffs and Chadbands whose rôle is that of moral censorship.

I saw both the plays in their pristine "impurity." There was not an indecently suggestive word or situation in them; not a thing that would provoke a lascivious snicker; not an atom that would arouse coarse and low emotions. They were almost religious in their vivid earnestness. They showed evil as the hideous, poisonous thing it is.

Meanwhile there were a dozen playhouses in New York where nightly and sometimes daily there were paraded groups of half-naked women directly appealing to nothing but sensuality, and where there were jokes of thinly clad vile meanings. These were tolerated because they were customary, they were conventional, and to the Pharisee convention is morality.

The two plays mentioned struck a note that it is all too much needed that we hear, to wit: the commercializing of vice and its intimate connection with partisan politics in cities.

In the Report of the Vice Commission of Chicago of 1911 appears this paragraph:

"Prostitution is a Commercialized Business. The first truth that the Commission desires to impress upon the citizens of Chicago is the fact that prostitution in this city is a Commercialized Business of large proportions, with tremendous profits of more than Fifteen Million Dollars per year, controlled largely by men, not women. It is abhorrent to the moral sense of a community like Chicago, the second largest city in the country, that there should be within its borders a group or groups of men, vicious and ignorant to a degree, who are openly and defiantly breaking the laws of the State, and bringing into ill repute the honor of the city. Think of a business which demands a supply of five thousand souls from year to year to satisfy the lust and

greed of men! These statements may seem exaggerated and highly colored, but a careful, ultra-conservative study of conditions has put the Commission in possession of absolute facts upon which to base these conclusions."

There is another aspect of the conditions to which, for reasons that perhaps are obvious, the Commission did not allude; and that is that this whole unspeakable business could not exist without the connivance and participation of the men in control of the party political organizations in the city. In our partisan-politics-governed city commercialized prostitution is a part of the government. Through the lace curtains of the brothel are reached out the hands that corrupt the police, and that help pull the strings that regulate our law-enforcement. When Bayard Veiller shows that this influence reaches through the ward boss on up to the United States Senate he exhibits a shattering truth, for the Senator of his party stands upon the apex of the pile whose base is in the city slum.

It is no wonder that the artist finds in these facts a mine of tragedy and of heart-break that appeals to his creative genius. For here is the most tragic, the most dramatic situation of our times.

It is no wonder either that those moralists, whose morality consists in crying "Naughty! Naughty!" when some one uncovers the septic germs of a national sewer, should clamor that the lid should be clapped on again; to them typhus is preferable to a bad smell.

The greatest enemies of the drama are those that force playwrights ever down to the level of convention, insist on sweet prettinesses or only traditional tragedies, and prevent authors of genius from setting forth for us the terrible dynamic sins of our day.

Let me say again: vice in its bare revelation harms no one; it is the glamour of vice, the covering up of vice that lures.

"Vice," says Winifred Black, "is the stupidest thing in the world. Why do you think it is so alluring? You must think so, for you protest against having anyone know anything about it. The one way to keep away from it is to know all about it, to realize just what it is and what it is not and never can be.

" Pull down the dirty curtains there in front of the opium den. Tear down the heavy door that shuts out the daylight, throw open the dark blinds—and what is there to see? Dirt, disorder, dismal loneliness trying to pretend to be gay. Elderly women trying to look young, miserable young women trying to look happy, sodden men trying to look sober.

" The lure of vice? Why, it isn't vice that allures, it is the mystery we make of it that does the mischief! "

Comes also the irrepressible Anthony Comstock, and attacks the book *Hagar Revelly*, threatening its publisher with the terrors of the law, for the indecency of his printed page. Mr. Comstock falls into the same old error, mistaking non-conformity for immorality.

The immoral is that which incites to lewdness or other forms of evil. A lot of the stories running in magazines are clearly immoral, for they throw the lure of half-concealment, of tinsel and upper-tendom over vice. But *Hagar Revelly* is not immoral.

It is unpleasant, for it is the minute analysis of an anæmic soul assailed by the usual morbidities of the sex-feeling. But it is inconceivable that anyone by such a story should be drawn to vice, as an unsophisticated soul might be drawn by the stories of any one of half a dozen popular magazine writers.

After all, it is the world-old conflict between the two conceptions of morality:

One; that morality means conformity to established custom, and

Two; that morality is the cultivation and expression of the highest kind of one's personal force.



## THE CORDILLERA OF PERU

MILLICENT TODD

**N**O Peruvian thinks of zones differing from his own as being remote geographical localities. Peru contains them all. He does not have to travel over the face of the earth for a change of climate, but makes short domestic vertical journeys instead.

Living under his banana groves among his sugar fields in the lush coast-valley, if he feels need of fresher air he takes a short trip up to the temperate zone where apple orchards and wheat fields lie spread out in a recess of the mountains and strawberries redden to perfection. Has he curiosity to see an arctic storm, he goes a little higher, and comes out upon the bitter table-land where razor crests of glaciers cut the sky.

The Andes, youngest of mountains—what a weirdly tossed world! All the most obscure and harsh substances of the planet have been heaped up here. The rough places of earth have turned over and reached up where they brush against the firmament.

Volcanic power has its domain in these high regions of earth, nature in anarchy possessed of unnatural powers. It is a great uneasy wilderness, where ridges suddenly rise across canyons, the mighty *quebradas*, and torrents rattle through daring gorges, only to fall a thousand feet, scattering into a dust of foam. Icicles hang from every joint between the stones.

It is a colossal, brutal land fresh from the cataclysm, whose ponderous masses of rock are all sterile from cold, all silent under perpetual snow. In its clearness of atmosphere sparkles a new conception of the night-time sky. Constellations appear as if seen with exaggerating mirrors.

It is a land where thin layers of lichens are the only trace of plant life, where condors wheel about the highest pinnacles, and silver lies buried deep in the ground. It is the lair of mercury-mines which paralyze those who work in them, where hot and cold fountains mingle to make one river, where springs of tar and rivers of peat ooze from suffocation within.

Hot from their passage through the glowing veins of the mountains, springs bubble into life, sour, turbid, saturated with gases, possessed of weird powers, capable of giving life as well as of taking it away. Their waters turn to stone as they spread over the plain. In this frozen waste of glaciers sheltering fire and magnetic iron within, all forces and elements are seething, though shrouded with snow. As the noise of water fills the desert, so the roar of fire can be heard among the frozen mountain-tops.

Long, long ago, a volcano was puffing out asphyxiating fumes. It melted the metal on the edge of its crater, and turned rocks burst from its own black mouth-pit to red and yellow and green. Fire boiled over the edge and advanced in a tide of flame down the mountainside and into the valleys. The favorites of the Sun who lived beside it complained to him of the ruin caused by the volcano. Somewhat irritated himself, he "smothered the genius of devastation in his lair," covering the top of the mountain with a silent impenetrable cap of snow, leaving little seraphic blue lakes here and there upon it as a hostage. This frozen giant whose entrails the fire is devouring still lies sleeping with his granite dreams.

When all the beneficent qualities inherent in a world have been wrested from it and life has disappeared toward experiences elsewhere, or when a comet's tail has swished life away, a wilderness like that of the high Andes would result. A place where chaos and disorder is the only rule. Yet the law of chaos, we must believe, is no law at all.

Stretched among these mountains is the vast tableland called *puna*, on which flourished the Indian civilizations so famous in history. Abundant rain falls, but cold prevents it from covering the ground with flowers. Revelling in the high pressure of the mountain tops, humming-birds flit about in the snow. The finest morning begets the heaviest afternoon clouds, and warm atmospheric currents quite definitely confined in cold air travel through the desolation.

The wind seeming to tear up the ground and pulverize the summits is unable to dissipate a mist which magnifies the rocks and presents the traveller's giant shadow with a whole system

of concentric rainbow halos—his apotheosis in the clouds. The wind brings with it cold clouds of dust laid only by a fresh fall of snow. It mummifies the beasts of burden which fall by the way. Mirages, too, the escort of tropical heat, shimmer upon these Arctic plains.

With all the paraphernalia of the torrid zone, limitless vagaries of torrid force which knows no law of custom, the *puna* has no enjoyment of it. For the cold seems also to have taken on the exuberance of tropical nature.

You may lose your way in a snowstorm; or in the hot and stifling valleys where the tropical sun can concentrate you may die of the bite of a venomous serpent. Parched by fever-thirst, you may not drink the water, for it brings varieties of diseases bounded by their valleys' walls.

Your mule may sink into a *puna* morass or break his leg in a *viscacha* burrow. He may eat a poisonous *mala yerba* or *garbanzillos*. Broadly laden, he may be scraped off a bridle-path clinging to the sheer precipice. He may be carried off by the swift current of a glacier stream in attempting to ford it. He may collapse from lack of air and leave you stranded in a lifeless desert. *Sorocho*-sick and burned to a crisp by the relentless cold, you urge on the staggering mule as he stops constantly to gulp the thin air. He cannot be satisfied, although he has a second set of nostrils cut through to ease his breathing and avert *sorocho*.

Still the glaciers crawl down from brooding peaks above. The sun, magician of the bleak mountain regions, comes out and glints green on broken strata of the bare red mountains. It discovers all the bright colors in the hills of porphyry and clothes them with fresh shadows. It runs along a vein of shining mica to accuse it. It plunges into the middle of a lake of polished jet settled in the snow, "making a great, golden hole."

A single hill in sunlight glows with streaks of iris-color, matching the rainbow forms as they appear and fade again above. Little cloud islets surround far-off peaks, sunk beneath the horizon. Pyramids of ice twinkle and fantastic stone needles stand in rows too precipitous for snow to cling to their bare

sides. They are called early inhabitants which Pachacamac in his anger turned to stone. The air, though thin almost to disappearance, cuts like a razor-edge.

With eyelashes frozen together you can yet be sun-struck. Teeth to teeth, cold and heat meet upon "the waste, chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire." Cold is besieged in vain by the sun at its hottest. This land of silent chaos takes on the cold of outer space so near by, which, shot through by the fierce heat of the sun, is incapable of absorbing any warmth. The immense heat passes through it to foster life beyond.

That magical sun, dispelling somewhat the mountain-sickness, only brings with it another even worse. For blazing across the snowfields in its tropical fury, *surumpe* follows, snow-blindness, cured only by fresh vicuña flesh laid upon the eyes, so the Indians say.

The over-arching vault is indigo. Desolation is brightened by a radiant light, infinitely attenuated, diaphanous as the starry void. It caresses the bristling scenery. It penetrates caverns and fills them with a gold and purple mist. In the world of light and shade which it creates, even the shade gives light. Upon water, the light startled by its own reflection sparkles and dances and leaps. To speak of such light as this does away with the necessity of other description.

Words give no idea of the brilliancy of the snow on the crests of the Andes, because there are no words made of sunlight and crystals: luminous, empyreal snowshine, shattered by the sun now and then into rainbow colors. As silence is perfect only because it has the possibility of being broken at any instant by a gigantic crash, so whiteness is the emblem of perfect purity only because the possibility of all color lies within.

He has not known the full wild force of the elements who has not galloped across an Andean *puna* chased by a tempest. Lost in a whirl of lightning, wind and snow, his mule, maddened by electricity snapping off the ends of his ears, dashes from the thunder chasing at arms' length. Red lightning zig-zags between the summits. Blood-red cataracts tumble over the volcanic crags. Huge pieces of rock break loose and crash from the cliffs.

Deep furrows are ripped up, following the lightning as it runs along close to the ground.

Lack of air and bitter cold are forgotten. Each flash acts like a fresh whip-sting to the mule. The compass snaps against its box. Magnetic sand leaps into the air and flies about in sheets, crazed by the lightning. The rocks seem ablaze, the whole sky is on fire. The atmosphere quivers with uninterrupted peals, smothered in the gorges of granite, buffeted by the mountain sides, torn apart by the high peaks, till, finally overtaking each other and confounded in a mighty burst of thunder, it breaks loose up into the sky, and in a cosmic roar reverberates against the nothingness of outer space.

Then the sun slowly settles in calm. The striped walls flare in the sunset light, flamboyant as the bang of brass mortars in pagan idolatry. The mountains shine from base to summit, until "the night, grazing the soil and step by step raising its wide flight,—the dying light, fleeing from crest to crest, makes the most sublime summit resplendent, until the shadow covers all with its wing."

All vague sounds subside into an excess of silence.

The last incandescent peak shines, and goes out.

## THOMAS BIRD MOSHER

### *An Appreciation*

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**C**RITICISM has latterly been promoted to a place among the creative arts. Somewhat tardily, it has become recognized that the contemplation of one work of art by what may be called skilled enthusiasm results not infrequently in another. There is necessarily an artistic principle at work in all appreciation, for appreciation implies selection, and may be defined as selection creatively vitalized by praise. Then taste actively employed must result in some form of personal rearrangement of its objects which gives one the sense of a new harmony. Thus an individually selected library often becomes the artistic embodiment of its owner's personality. A real book-lover, that is one whose books are each and all sensitively related to himself, is known by the books that he buys. His library is a microcosm of his individual cosmos. The catalogue of a man's library is a form of autobiography. Now, this principle has been carried one step further in our time by one who has shown us that not only the criticism and collection of books may belong to the creative arts, but the publication of them also. The history of printing and book-selling records other instances of a like nature. Pickering and Moxon and Russell Smith, to mention only two or three recent names, are examples of publishers who impressed their businesses with a personal artistic character. But none of these better deserves the description of creative publisher than Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. Many publishers we have who know and love and publish good literature, and take pride, too, in the building of beautiful books. But such books are only a small part of their general output. Their catalogues are impersonal, *omnium-gatherum*, lists of unrelated volumes. There is evident in them no selective principle, save that of a general merchant to purvey such creditable wares as the reading public is likely to purchase. You do not say immediately as you take up one of their books:

"This is a Pickering book!" or some one else's as the case may be. Their name on a title-page stands for nothing distinctive, nothing beyond general respectability, or the reverse. With Mr. Mosher it is delightfully different; and, as a result of twenty years' devotion to a certain personal ideal of literary appeal and perfection, he is able, with perfect propriety, and without need of explanation, to entitle his catalogue—"The Mosher Books."

As one looks back over Mr. Mosher's publishing career, one is struck by the fact that he began right away as he meant to go on. Already the line he meant to mark out for himself was clear in his mind, the result of a well-defined maturity of taste and judgment. For I believe I am right in thinking that the first issue from his press was an edition of George Meredith's *Modern Love*—at that time of day all but unknown outside the secret society of fanatic Meredithians. I remember well the grateful surprise and curiosity with which in London I received Mr. Mosher's present of that now rare reprint. It is always delightful to catch the windfall of a beautiful book, as it were, out of the air; and then one was thankful to this unknown enthusiast oversea, first, for having discovered for himself that great unappreciated poem, and then for his courage in reprinting it. "Portland, Maine," meant nothing to me in those days, or I should have been still more surprised at this good thing coming out of that particular Nazareth. Even more exotic to me would have seemed another publication that soon followed—Andrew Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette*.

Andrew Lang was very angry over that act of charming "piracy"; never, in fact, got over it. Possibly, I take an immoral view of such so-called literary piracy; yet it seems to me mere childishness, when one has neglected properly to protect one's literary property, to complain if some one exercises his undoubted legal right of taking a fancy to it. Actually, I rejoice no little that so much exquisite literature would seem to have been thus left unprotected; for in that neglect has been the opportunity of Mr. Mosher's enthusiasm, and by reason of it many lovely things that, in the indifferent hands of their "legitimate" sponsors, stood a fair chance of oblivion, have been rescued and

displayed for our "delight in widest commonalty spread." One English writer, at all events, who had the common sense to take this view of Mr. Mosher's "piracy," William Sharp, has had good reason to congratulate himself on his association with "The Mosher Books"; for it is hardly too much to say that the fame of *Fiona Macleod*, in its inception, at all events, was largely due to that devoted appreciation in far-away Portland, Maine. So William Sharp would have been the first to admit.

But Mr. Mosher as an exquisite Claude Duval of publishing is but an almost forgotten parenthesis in his career. If, as Kipling says, he has taken his good where he found it, 'tis all to the gaiety of bookmen, and here I am not so much concerned with the so-called piracy as with the creative taste which inspired it. Of this creative taste Mr. Mosher's catalogue is one really exquisite expression. *The Bibelot* is the other. The catalogue has the charm of a delicately made anthology. It is indeed a garland of fragrant names, names that "bring a perfume in the mention." It is a veritable "vase where sweets compacted lie."

Every book-lover knows the evocative power that lies in the mere names of his favorite authors, and the titles of his favorite books. As he looks around his shelves, and his eyes fall upon them, gleaming in morning sun, or evening lamplight, what a music of association streams out to him from the well-loved books. There is no need to take them down. Those names and titles are eloquent to him as the faces of familiar friends—aye, no few of them are as the faces of passionately loved women. They thrill him through with an indescribable imaginative ecstasy. Often, as Justin Huntly McCarthy sang of Omar Kháyýám, one can say "my youth lies buried in thy verses." They hold so much of our lives, as a poignant gloss, between their leaves. Some of them have been pressed close to dead bosoms, and still keep their perfume. That *Theocritus*, that *Villon*, that *Keats*, that *Well at the World's End!*

Now, in his catalogue, Mr. Mosher has collected more such names than I know where else to find together. Often I take it down and turn over its leaves, as I would walk in a garden of old-world flowers; or press to my nostrils some pomander of



precious evocative spices. It is at once a lachrymatory, a honey-pot or a pot-pourri jar, for in it are collected together, as in precious vials, all the tears, all the honey, all the blossom of literature. Or, to compare it again to a garden, how one admires the charming conceited arrangement of the garden, its quaint walls, and the inscriptions scattered here and there on dial and bower. It is the *catalogue raisonné* lifted into the region of poetry. It is a similar triumph in bibliography to that of Villon or Rossetti in poetry, when of a string of beautiful names they make a new harmony, the names of the fair ladies of old time, or of the five handmaidens of Mary——

“ whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.”

So Mr. Mosher has brought together the names whose mere mention at once suggests the beauty, the passion, the pathos of existence, all that in literature which we connect especially with such writers as Theocritus, Villon, Omar, De Quincey, Pater, Morris, Rossetti, and with such books as *The Greek Anthology*, *The Book of Ecclesiastes*, *The Vita Nuova*. Yet his garden is not all set with elegiac or epicurean blooms, it is not without its austerer walls, and sturdier sunlit groves, over which preside such names as Milton and Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold and Browning, Meredith and Whitman.

To the making of the library which this catalogue represents Mr. Mosher has brought not only the creative selective taste of a rare lover of literature, but the delight in the fair craftsmanship of books which marks the bibliophile, so that his issues are become proverbial for the exquisiteness of their format. Still, while thus solicitous for the outside of the platter, it has grown more and more evident that his publishing has had a deeper purpose than either the production of dainty editions, or the commercial gain resulting from their purveying, and that he has combined with both those very proper aims a certain missionary enthusiasm for the dissemination of the more spiritual and exquisite forms of literature. Long ago (1895) in his

prefatory note to the first issue of *The Bibelot*—to me the most fascinating miscellany of lovely thought and expression ever compiled—Mr. Mosher thus defined a purpose which he has pursued no less in his book-publishing than in the little magazine in question: "To bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing is the simple plan of the editor of *The Bibelot*. In this way those exotics of literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading, are here reprinted, and, so to speak, resown in fields their authors never knew."

The tiny, delicately worded prefaces to each issue of *The Bibelot* revealed that Mr. Mosher possessed a sensitive pen of his own, and these and the occasional introductions to his catalogue vibrate with a passion for literature that speaks for itself, and clearly differentiates Mr. Mosher from his publishing brethren. With what a "sad sincerity" Mr. Mosher has devoted himself to his dream, some words of an almost valedictory wistfulness from a recent "foreword" of his bear witness. He has been quoting one of Whitman's affirmations of the spiritual nature and destiny of man. "And would you," he says, "call this *a lost point of view*? If it is, then my scheme of things has an insubstantial value, and any 'tidings of great joy' I thought inherent in the books I have chosen to offer you is but a mirage of the mind, the baseless fabric of a vision that fades and leaves no trace. . . . At times I may have unduly insisted upon the fact that it was not merely a commercial adventure with me, but the possession of ideals in book-publishing, with the implication that the thing done was for a purpose beyond itself: 'seeing finally with inexorable vision the way that life comes and the way that life goes whatever may happen with words'."

Recently, in a volume called *Amphora*—a sort of private breviary of prose and verse—Mr. Mosher has included several such little essays of his own, among them one which I find especially delightful for the glimpses it gives of the bookish ardors and adventures of his youth—"The Books I shall not read again." "No! I shall never again read books," he says, "as I once read them in my early seafaring when all the world was

young, when the days were of tropic splendor, and the long evenings were passed with my books in a lonely cabin dimly lighted by a primitive oil-lamp, while the ship was ploughing through the boundless ocean on its weary course around Cape Horn." This glimpse of bookish seafaring is as tantalizing as it is fascinating. I want some more of those old memories. Won't Mr. Mosher be persuaded to take his pen in hand and go seafaring and book-faring once more? I am persuaded that he could write us a new *Bibliomania* with a spiritual-human thrill in it entirely missing from the old.

## OSCAR WILDE

### *Some Hitherto Unpublished Letters of the Last Phase \**

LOUIS WILKINSON

SINCE Oscar Wilde's death, the cloud that artificially obscured his literary reputation during the last five years of his life has gradually lifted. It is now generally recognized that he is a significant figure of his period, and the value of his work is being no less highly than dispassionately appraised. *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* reach a far wider circle of playgoers than they ever did in their author's lifetime, while new editions and translations of Wilde's prose and verse are being issued and circulated with astonishing rapidity both at home and abroad. Few writers of Wilde's generation are at present so far from being drugs on the market as he.

There are signs that the recrudescence of the popularity of Wilde as an author has led to some revision of the once familiar attitude of the general public toward him as a man. The question is beginning to be raised whether, after all, he was not more unfortunate than criminal, not so much a wilful offender against society as the victim of abnormal mental and emotional conditions, not incompatible, as we have now to admit, with genius of a very remarkable kind. The further questions naturally arise: Should he have suffered imprisonment and disgrace on account of a pathological abnormality? Should others like him in this respect suffer the same for the same reason? Are all the provisions of the Act of Parliament under which Wilde was condemned consistent either with abstract justice, scientific knowledge, or common sense? English writers of distinction, such as Mr. Edward Carpenter and Mr. Havelock Ellis, have already answered these questions decisively in the negative. Here there is a problem that may have to be faced at some time, not only by experts, but by laymen; though the courage and the knowledge necessary to face it may not be commonly found either to-day or to-morrow.

\* With permission of the Literary Executor, Mr. Robert Ross.

The letters with which this article deals were written between December, 1898, and July, 1900. It will be remembered that Oscar Wilde was released from prison in the spring of 1897 and died in the autumn of 1900; so this correspondence extends over the larger portion of what I have referred to as the last phase of his life. The three or four years that make up this period were spent, as most people know, entirely on the Continent, first near Dieppe, afterwards mainly in Paris. They were years of unhappiness and suffering, almost continuous, varied by outbursts of that kind of gaiety which is more tragic than either—that “joy more sad than grief” induced by way of defiant protest against a perpetual burden borne.

Society's punishment of Oscar Wilde did not end with the appointed limit of his term of imprisonment. After his “disgrace” only a very few were left from the crowd of companions and disciples and sycophants of his triumphal days. In Paris he was subjected to frequent slights and affronts from people who a few years earlier had been boastful of their acquaintanceship with him. To such treatment he was keenly sensitive. A distinguished educationalist, Fellow of a Cambridge College, told me of an occasion on which he passed Wilde in a Paris street, a year or so after his release. The scholar was driving in a cab, Wilde was walking in the opposite direction, and their eyes met. For that moment the recognition happened to be on Wilde's side only, and he concluded that this former acquaintance of his was another one of the many who now chose deliberately to “cut” him. “When I had passed him,” said the Don, in telling the story, “I realized who he was: and then it was too late. The sudden pain in his eyes was unforgettable.” In this case the slight was not intentional, but in scores of others it was premeditated. When I related this incident to a very intimate, and always loyal, friend of Wilde, he shrugged his shoulders and observed shortly that that was the kind of thing that was perpetually happening.

Among other causes of the unhappiness of these last years may be reckoned poverty and inability to work. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, as Mr. Robert Ross tells us, was no less than *De Profundis* composed practically entirely in prison. When

Oscar Wilde was liberated, he could write nothing more. Money he could have earned, of course, by lending himself to the service of journalistic sensation-mongering. Offers were received from representatives of the baser press, baited by considerable sums of money, for articles from Wilde's pen on *A Day of My Life in Prison*, *Reminiscences of My Trial*, and the like. Needless to say, he had a natural immunity from such temptations as these. One answer of his is well known. "I cannot understand," he said, "how such a proposal can be made to any gentleman." So he continued to live in what were nearly always, for him, harassing and wearisome financial straits. In a letter of January, 1900 (from the little Latin Quarter hotel where he afterwards died), he writes:

"So you are coming abroad—I think it is an admirable idea. . . . But I fear you would not like my hotel. I live there because I have no money ever—it is an absurd place: it is not a background."

Under the stress of tragically changed conditions Wilde remained in many respects the same; so much the same as to deceive people who met him casually into the belief that he was well and happy. He was often enough in the old debonair extravagant vein; the familiar spirit of whimsical irresponsible humor did not, could not, wholly forsake him. In a passage immediately following the one just quoted, a characteristic lightness and gleam emerge: he smiles, in his way—so well known, and so exasperating to serious-minded people of a certain type. These always have misunderstood the levity of Wilde, and they always will.

"The only thing really nice in the whole hotel is your own photograph: but one cannot, or one should not, play Narcissus to a photograph—even water is horribly treacherous; the eyes of one who loves one are the only mirror."

In the same spirit he gave as his reason for taking the pseudonym of "Sebastian Melmoth," that he wished "to prevent postmen having fits!" The passage in which the phrase occurs is quoted later.

Oscar Wilde, like all artists, knew how to weave together, after Life's fashion, strands of color gay and grave. This is

why everybody said that he could never be really serious. No one can convince the Philistine that a man may be in earnest when he is joking. He must, according to the Philistine view, either set out to joke and grin all the time, or else set out to be serious and never relax a muscle. This is not Wilde's way, as it is not the way of any great English writer, from Shakespeare downward. But the humor and the wit of Wilde gave an added offence to the reputable bourgeois intelligence because they had a quality of audacity and derision peculiarly their own. Peculiarly Irish, perhaps one might say, for Mr. Bernard Shaw gives offence for something the same reason, though not altogether the same. And Mr. Shaw is gradually being forgiven because he is a propagandist, which Wilde never was. Further, there is nothing of petulance, nothing of waywardness, nothing of the spoilt child about Mr. Shaw as there was about Wilde. Wilde was always undisciplined and irresponsible—the less to be looked to for guidance, perhaps, but certainly the more to be loved.

In one of these letters, written from the Canton Vaud in March, 1899, he speaks very unmistakably in his own way of Switzerland. This letter, equally with those others, has suggested the observations just interpolated.

"I am, as you see, in Switzerland: on the lake of Geneva in the villa of a friend: across the lake, on the other side, are the mountains of Savoy and Mont Blanc: who at sunset flushes like a rose: with shame perhaps at the prevalence of tourists: he has lost all his terrors: spinsters climb him now: and his snows are not virgin any more.

"The fringes of the lake are fledged with pines, but I don't like Switzerland: it has produced nothing but theologians and waiters. Amiel and Obermann are types of sterility: I attribute it all to the lack of physical beauty in the race: they are shapeless, colourless: grey of texture, and without form: the beautiful races are the great races: here they are like cave-men; no impulse, born of the splendour of physical perfection has ever filled them: their cattle have more expression. *Je m'ennuie, je m'ennuie.*"

Here are the notes gay and grave, but here, as so often, the note that echoes most persistently, beyond all others struck, is

the note of weariness and depression. The aphorist smiled or laughed with his own jests and with life's as before, but his eyes had lost their light. The simple statement—"I am ill and unhappy"—of a letter of February, 1900, gives more truly the dominant and determining tone of this last phase than any other passage I could quote. In the same letter he warned me against a certain adventurer who had victimized him the summer before and had recently written to me, with the object, doubtless, of further exploitation. I quote from this letter for the sake of the five words that are italicized and that make the quotation relevant here. The italics are mine. Comment is superfluous, for no reader will miss the pregnancy of the phrase.

"I am very sorry that you are in correspondence with ———. He is a most infamous young swindler, who selected *me—of all ruined people*—to swindle out of money: he is clever, but little more than a professional thief. He introduced himself to me, and induced me to make myself responsible for his hotel bills—left me to pay them, and stole money besides—what the French call '*un sale individu*.' Don't write to him any more—or know him. But how *did* you know him? Please tell me by return."

Of less personal, though perhaps of wider, interest are the passages in which Wilde alludes to his own literary work, and to the literary work of others; to *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.*, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*: and to Matthew Arnold, FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar Kháyyám*, Eekhoud, and two or three other writers, foreign and English.

Of *The Importance of Being Earnest* he wrote, in February, 1899:

"I am sending you a book of mine:—when it comes out—in about three weeks—you will get it. It is a fanciful, absurd comedy—written when I was playing with that tiger, Life. I hope it will amuse you."

In a letter of the month following, he wrote *à propos* of the same play:

"It is quite irresponsible, but some of the *obiter dicta* amuse me, and it was delightfully acted."



His allusion to *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.* was suggested by some enthusiasms of mine about the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare.

"So you love Shakespeare's *Sonnets*: I have loved them, as one should love all things, not wisely but too well. In an old *Blackwood*—of I fancy 1889—you will find a story of mine called 'The Portrait of Mr. W. H.,' in which I have expressed a new theory about the wonderful lad whom Shakespeare so deeply loved. I think it was the boy who acted in his plays. If you come across the story, read it, and tell me what you think."

On one occasion I asked Wilde's permission to carry out a project (never realized) for the performance of a dramatized version of *Dorian Gray*.

"Certainly," he replied, "you can dramatize my book—but please tell me if the version is yours—and how the play is constructed.

"Who acts *Dorian Gray*? He should be beautiful.

"My work is so far in your hands that I rely on your artistic instinct that the play shall have some quality of beauty and style.

"You can have four performances, and if there should be any notices of the play in papers pray let me see them."

It is characteristic that there is no mention in this letter of any terms of financial profit to himself. When the scheme of the dramatization fell through, he made no further allusion to it.

For gain of money Wilde cared as little as for gain of time. He would never show the smallest anxiety to make the most of either. The man of affairs, proclaiming money-thrift as a virtue, urges husbandry of cash: the moralist loftily disapproves such counsel, and urges in his turn husbandry of hours and minutes. Wilde was at variance with both. He was a master of the art of wasting money when he had it and always a master of the art of wasting time. He never improved the occasion. In these letters the reader will have noticed the conversational casualness of his references to his own work—and noticed it, I hope, without disappointment. They are not criticisms, but they are more characteristic of the author than any criticisms could be. They are mere chance allusions of the kind that would

naturally be made in any pleasant waste of time in talk with a friend, when the bow of the intellect is unstrained. A more conscientious, a more earnest man than Wilde would doubtless have been prompted to more detailed excursions for purposes of explanation or analysis. If I may again refer to the author who more than any other living suggests both comparison and contrast with Wilde, I would say that one can hardly imagine Mr. Bernard Shaw contenting himself with a mere reference to a play or pamphlet of his own: a preface in miniature would be more in his line. But then Mr. Shaw believes in improving the occasion. He is no *flaneur*, as Wilde was. Wilde believed in a princely largesse, not only of money, but of moments. In these letters there is no disquisition, there is no hint of the erudite or the informing, but to some, at least, they will be none the less valuable for that. It was not as the scholar, the professed man of letters, that Wilde wrote to me from his cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines; he wrote, rather, the words he would have spoken, at a charming haphazard, if there and then I could have joined him at one of those little circular marble-topped tables, over his *café noir* or his *apéritif*. How wonderfully effortless is every sentence of these letters, and how magically they all convey the sense of the spoken word! Here is an art that too many learned and toilsome persons have lost and may not recapture. The divorce of literary allusion from pedantry and self-consciousness, in talk or correspondence, is a difficult task for most, but to Wilde it would seem never to have been a task at all. His touch, at such points as these, is infallibly light and easy, and it is so because he "can no other."

"Do you love Arnold's *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar Gypsy*? The former is an exquisite little classic. Sicilian flutes are not sweeter than either."

Poetry, at least, never lost its old thrill for Wilde, even in those later days of gray and black.

"I see,"—he writes in one letter, of February, 1899—"you are studying the delicate *forms* of verse. That is quite right. To master one's instrument is the great thing. . . . I hope you will devote yourself, with vows, to poetry. It is a sacramental thing, and there is no pain like it."

And again—in November of the same year: “I am afraid you are going to be a poet—: how tragic! how terribly tragic! in the waters of Helicon there is death—the only death worth dying.”

In a letter of two or three months later, written to Brussels, he again pays tribute in passing to Matthew Arnold, this time by quotation.

“I am so glad that we are seemingly quite close to each other—at any rate without the ‘salt unplumbed estranging sea’ between us.”

And here is a reference to the *Rubaiyat*:

“FitzGerald’s *Omar* is a masterpiece of art: I feel proud that a kinsman of mine—Sir Ralph Ouseley—brought the first MS. of *Omar Kháyýám* to England: to Europe perhaps: it is the beautiful Bodleian MS., which I suppose you have seen.”

On another occasion he speaks of some modern French and Belgian writers:

“I hope you are perfecting yourself in French—to read Greek and speak French are two of the greatest pleasures in the cultivation of life. If you have not read Georges Eekhoud’s books—he is a Flamand—order them at once—*Mes Confessions* and *Le Siècle Patibulaire*. The last has a wonderful story dedicated to me. . . . I hope you have read Paul Adam’s *Basile et Sophie*—a coloured Byzantine novel—very terrible—and curious: also get a little book called *Memoirs d’un Petit Gendelette* with a wonderful preface by Paul Adam. The author—Maurice Léon—committed suicide some months ago because he found that one could rarely speak the truth about others, never about oneself. He is a strange intellectual martyr—who died not for Faith but for Doubt.”

Another book that Wilde recommended me to read was *Jaspar Tristram*, by Mr. A. W. Clarke.

“It is about Radley obviously—our age is full of mirrors and masks. If you have not read the book—order it: the early part—half Hellenic—is charming.”

One of these literary allusions is of especial interest, as it is introduced by way of explanation of the pseudonym “Sebastian Melmoth” adopted by Wilde after his imprisonment. “A fan-

tastic name," he had called it in an earlier letter, "but I shall explain to you some day."

"You asked me," he wrote later, "about 'Melmoth.' Of course I have not changed my name: in Paris I am as well known as in London: it wd. be childish.

"But to prevent postmen having fits—I sometimes have my letters inscribed with the name of a curious novel by my grand-uncle, Maturin: a novel that was part of the romantic revival of the early century—and though imperfect—a pioneer—: it is still read in France and Germany: Bentley republished it some years ago. I laugh at it, but it thrilled Europe—and is still played as a play in modern Spain."

It will be already obvious, I think, that Wilde wrote letters as he wrote books—that is, much in the same way of speech. Scarcely a chance handful of words, idly taken up and idly dropped, but bears close and unmistakable kinship to his recognized literary character. It is, for example, the author of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* who speaks in the sentence: "You must not, in life at any rate, trail purple palls of tragedy, or be caught in evil nets of fate." And this passage, reminiscent of his Oxford days, is in harmony with others that the readers will remember in *The Critic as Artist* or *The Decay of Lying*:

"It is the most flowerlike time of one's life—one sees the shadows of things in silver mirrors—later on, one sees the Gorgon's head, and one suffers, because it does not turn one to stone."

This letter was written, in December, 1899, from the south of France. He continues:

"I am on the Riviera—in blue and gold weather—the sun warm as wine, and apricot-coloured: the little hotel where I am staying is right on the Golfe du Juan—and all round are pine-woods with their pungent breath: the wind growing aromatic as it moves through the branches: one's feet crushing sweetness out of the fallen needles."

A suggestion here, perhaps, of the earlier way of *The Happy Prince* or *The House of Pomegranates*—and in the concluding paragraph:

"In your second letter you tell me that you enclose your

photograph for me—but no photograph was in the envelope! Your thoughts must have been in the crystal of the moon—call them back, and let me have your portrait.”

Or perhaps that is more in Lord Henry's manner.

But I find that I have already quoted as much as is likely to be of general interest, or as much as I can feel justified in quoting. There are no doubt others who possess letters of Wilde's later years—letters more interesting and more valuable than mine—but it may be surmised that these others were close personal friends of his, and that in consequence the publication of even selected passages from their letters is out of the question. Wilde wrote to me as a stranger, because, as I afterwards learned, it so happened that I was the first person who wrote to him, after the disaster, from mere admiration for his literary achievements and sympathy with his misfortune. Others had written from morbid curiosity or pathological interest. We corresponded for many months, but we never met. Not long before his death, in July, 1900, I had accepted an invitation from him to come to Paris from Dieppe, where I was then staying; but he telegraphed: “*Je suis très malade ne venez pas cette semaine,*” and this was the last communication that I received.

Under these circumstances his letters to me are presumably of a much less private and a much more public interest than most others that he wrote at the time. This is my apology for making them the subject of a published article. I feel that I can do so without breach of propriety: and it is because I also feel that the letters are likely to be serviceable to students of Wilde, and welcome to admirers of his genius, that I have decided not to allow them to remain altogether in manuscript. Most judges of literary values are now agreed that posterity will care to have as complete a portrait as possible of the author of *Salome* and *De Profundis*.

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE \*

### *India's Shakespeare and Tasso in One*

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature to Rabindranath Tagore is an acknowledgment that we of the western world are at last coming to know the man who for twenty years has been the idol of young India. We would be slow to concede that the Hindus are our equals in matters of culture, and yet the young men, and even the urchins, of India have been singing Tagore's songs in the streets, for many years, as the youth of Naples sang Tasso's. Although only a few of his songs have so far been translated, a wealth of beauty awaits us, from Tagore's pen.

I had the good fortune, some time ago, to collaborate with a young Hindu poet, Dhan Mukerji, a native of Bengal, from Tagore's own district, in translating and adapting one of Tagore's dramas, *Chintamani and Billwamangal*. This led to my coming to know Tagore's works, lyric and dramatic, in the original. Dhan Mukerji had been brought up on Tagore. Added to this was his passionate love and personal worship of the great master. It was a stirring thing to listen to this Hindu boy, with his head thrown back, and his eyes half closed, singing the strange Bengali sounds, to minor, haunting tunes, aching with beauty, lyric with an ecstasy of sadness. The Bengali sounds very like pure Greek, and the repetition of lines and phrases in some of the little songs makes them seem almost familiar, after being sung several times, to one who knows nothing of the language. In fact, anyone who knows not a word of Bengali can almost guess the meaning by the wonderful suggestiveness of the sounds and the musical arrangement. The melody carries the emotion almost without the need of words.

Tagore is himself a musician and a singer. There is always, then, in his song, that double music, of the words and of the accompaniment, and in the translations we necessarily lose much

\* Rabindranath Tagore's works are published in America by the Macmillan Company.

of both. Even so, there is still felt that melody, in his own prose translations, that is so essentially Oriental, and so difficult for one western-born to define, much less to imitate. It is a pity, for another reason, that his translations could not have been in verse, because he handles the verse forms of Hindu poetry, always much more difficult than our own, with a master's touch. The forms that he uses are sometimes so subtle and so involved that it seems almost impossible that he has embodied in them the perfect poetic thought that is always the core of his work. It is impossible for any translation to preserve the delicacy, the miracle sense of Tagore's songs. An Oriental belief is that poetry was practised for untold ages in heaven before it was revealed upon earth. There is that touch of Divinity still in Rabindranath Tagore. It is that that lifts the whole plane of his poetry above comparison.

The *Gitangali*, or *Song-Offerings*, the first book to make Tagore known to the layman, is a collection of love-songs of the soul to God. Many of these songs are sung in the Indian churches. Like Solomon's Song, many of them may seem to refer to human love or to divine love equally. The secret of why these songs created such a furore in London, and everywhere that they have been read, is, I think, that they make beauty a personal thing, they reveal the reader to himself. It is his own soul singing, in a language that he had forgotten, or had never known his own soul could use. It is this, and perhaps, also, a little of the Oriental belief,—or may I call it knowledge?—that the whole universe of visible things is but an illusion, that leads the critic Ernest Rhys to say that Rabindranath's "message to the Western world amounts almost to a spiritual revelation." Even as we read them, we feel, as May Sinclair says of their reading by W. B. Yeats, that it is "an experience too subtle, too profound, and too personal to be readily translatable into language." That is just the keynote. They are intimate. It is your own soul, speaking out in the hush, chatting intimately with the Supreme Being. Rabindranath, by his sublime magic, has somehow brought you into the same room; that is all. "I am here to sing thee songs," says Tagore, and he says it not in the figurative way we use the expression, but literally. He

sings, and his lovers sing, these *Gitangali*, often to the music of the tambura, or other Indian stringed instrument. Even in prose, the gentle cadence of the songs lulls you insensibly into a lotos-laden atmosphere that makes all the work-a-day world around you sink into unnaturalness. The word and the tone strains combine, the two musics being present, and each contributing to the enchantment. The emotion is never sentimental, only beautiful, and delicate, and lyrical. You are reminded of Shelley, an etherealized Shelley. You are in another world. Even the English prose rhythms give an effect of singing. The melody is there, the haunting, moaning note of joy and infinity and utter, bodiless beauty: it is the soul of a poet singing through the lips of a poet.

The harmony, rhythm, and intervals of Indian poetry are different from ours. One of the most characteristic and lovable devices is the repetition, the second repetition continuing or adding to the original statement. The peculiar form of the refrain used oftenest by Tagore consists in repeating the opening phrase at the end.

"On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead, and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances . . ."

"When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands . . ."

This illustrates another little device, as well, that is coming to be noticed in imitators' work, but is always used with pure beauty in Tagore: the prolongation, the suggestion of infinity, the invitation to the mind of the reader to go on where Tagore leaves off.

A Brahmin conception is in the line that has seemed to catch the fancy of so many reviewers:

"Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

Tagore's song of the "pathetic festival of the little lamps" seems to me to be especially fitting in this age of Feminism:



"On the slope of the desolate river, among tall grasses I asked her, 'Maiden, where do you go, shading your lamp with your mantle? My house is all dark and lonesome, lend me your light!' She raised her dark eyes for a moment, and looked at my face through the dusk. 'I have come to the river,' she said, 'to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west.' I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of the lamp uselessly drifting in the tide."

My own favorite of Tagore's songs is:

"When I go from hence, let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable. I have tasted of the hidden honey of the lotos that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word."

"In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play, and here have I caught sight of him that is formless."

"My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word."

The democracy of Tagore is seen in the following song:

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee."

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is making roads. He is with them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty road. Our master has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all forever."

From about the age of twenty-five to thirty-five, he wrote what are called the most beautiful love-songs in his language. Later, he turned to more religious and philosophical subjects.

To this first period belong such lines as this:

"Who is there to weave their passionate songs if I sit on the shore of life, and contemplate death and the beyond?"

To the latter period belongs:

"And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well."

Tagore's philosophy is thoughtfully optimistic. There is no man living, he says, who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. Pain and evil are indispensable, but they are to be transmuted into joy. Statistics of pain would appal us, he says again, but it is like calculating the weight of the air on each square inch of the body to show that it is crushingly heavy for us. With this weight there is the adjustment of weight, therefore we lightly bear our burden. With the struggle for existence, in nature, there is the reciprocity, there is the love for children, for comrades, there is the sacrifice of self which springs from love; and love is the positive element of life. This is the belief that declares itself over and over in these poems of Tagore's.

Rabindranath Tagore has written plays, tales, novels, prose essays and love-songs. He has translated much of Shakespeare, and of the work of other English and German writers, into his own language. He has written India's *Marseillaise*—*Golden Bengal*.

In none of these things does he lose any title to the fame his lyrics have brought him. Among the as yet untranslated things, his introduction to a book of translations from European poets appealed to me as possessing unusual beauty. Everything that he touches has a charm that is almost feminine, it is so delicate and sweet.

Tagore's drama, as far as I know it, affects me much more than his lyrics, or any of his translated work. In his dramatic work, he reminds one more of the old Greek writers of tragedy, than of Shakespeare. There is a certain grandeur in Tagore's dramatic work that Shakespeare never attained, an accurate mysticism that Shakespeare never aspired to. Tagore's dramas have that marvellous double quality that is found only in works of supremest genius: if they are read wholly for the story, simply for the surface meaning, they satisfy us entirely; but at the same time, if they are read for the underlying spiritual values, they satisfy our sense of spiritual beauty even more. The allegory never intrudes.

The same sense of beauty is found in his dramas as in his lyrics, the same soul-poise, and vision.

*DAY'S END*

[RABINDRANATH TAGORE]

*Translated from the Bengali by  
Dhan Gopal Mukerji and Mary Carolyn Davies*

**T**HE day ends gently, and the land is dark;  
Row no more the bark.  
What country is this, all unknown before?  
I asked her, on the shore.  
But with no word, her pitcher raised on high,  
The maiden passed me by.  
Here will I anchor, here will tie my bark.

The shadows touch hands, brooding, in the west;  
This land my eyes like best.  
Speaks not the silent water, move no leaves;  
No waked bird grieves.  
Only her chain and pitcher wakeful keep,  
And laugh, while others sleep.  
This land, this land, my weary eyes like best.

On woods and palaces down droops the dark;  
Row no more the bark.  
If here be mosses where my head may lie,  
No more a wanderer I.  
With her filled pitcher, round the bend she passed:  
The maiden, eyes downcast.  
Here will I anchor, here will tie my bark.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN \*

CHARLES VALE

A BOOK by Jack London does not usually hide its light under a bushel, and obscurity is certainly not the present address of *John Barleycorn*. That bible for the bibulous has been read and discussed by many eminent people, and by several others who have evaded the kindly attentions of *Who's Who in America*—or in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and Christendom.† I do not know how many tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of copies have been sold; I am not an adept in preparing for an eager public those juicy statistics of best sellers which many critics compile with such nice discrimination, including in the impressive total the 411 copies purchased while the proofs of the review were being corrected. But I do know the exact number of men, boys and women who might profitably leave the book unread. That number is Mrs. Carrie Nation.

For this is not a book turned out, whether idly or industriously, according to the private formula which each successful modern author originates and advertises. Some, like Mr. Arnold Bennett, begin to consume their twenty-four hours a day at five A. M. Others prefer to wait a little longer for their inspiration (a few of them are still waiting). Mr. London himself confesses that he has a system. Each morning, at eight-thirty—after reading and correcting proofs in bed since four or five—he goes, or used to go, to his desk. Odds and ends of correspondence occupy him until nine, and at nine, invariably, he begins his writing. Within a few minutes—earlier or later—of eleven, he has finished his daily thousand words. Another half hour at cleaning up his desk, and he is free to loaf and invite his soul.

But though the actual writing of *John Barleycorn* may have taken place decorously and regularly between nine and eleven in the morning, rain or sunshine, blizzard or blue skies, the *making* of *John Barleycorn*—all the living and dying ‡ that go

\* *John Barleycorn*, by Jack London. The Century Company.

† A euphemism.

‡ "I die daily": I. Corinthians XV. 31

to the fashioning of work that counts—was neither begun nor completed in two hours per diem at an ordered desk. It began altogether too long ago for modern reckoning: before Bacchus was invented, or Noah planted a vineyard, or the lonely daughters of Lot fulfilled their desire. It was continued, so far as Mr. London was concerned, when he was five years old—"I was five years old the first time I got drunk"; and it was carried on on the stringer-piece of the Oakland City Wharf, in the raids and revelry of oyster pirates, in thirteen-hour shifts as a coal-passer, in long weeks and months on the adventure-path, and in longer years when the peculiarities of personality were watched and weighed and ultimately found wanting.

Nothing so frank and sincere, and therefore clean and beautiful, has been written for a long time. For Jack London is not merely the author of many ridiculously successful books. He is a man, and a poet. I suspected a little while ago, when I used the word *making*, that the cause of my particular emotion had some connection with that divinest of all self-developers—poetry. "The Greeks," wrote Sir Philip Sidney, "named the poet ποιητής, which name, as the most excellent, hath gone through other languages. It cometh of this word ποιᾶν, to *make*; wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met well the Greeks in calling him a *maker*." And in the fullest sense of the word, Jack London is a *maker*. He may not be an expert technician in rhymes and rhythm, but he is a master-craftsman in handling the stuff of life—"such stuff as dreams are made of." And though he has seemed, perhaps, to dream chiefly in a very practical way, with his feet set firmly on the solid ground and his brain ransacking all the familiar and unfamiliar haunts of men, there have been many times when the spirit went far beyond the brain and the body, and the little world of reality or romance, ranging the stars to find some clue to the enigma of the universe—of mortality and immortality, time and eternity, God in His Heaven and the gargoyle on Notre Dame. Often he went companioned by John Barleycorn, learning the rudiments of the White Logic, and the dreariness of pessimism, and the mockery of a world of phantoms, with the grinning skull ever showing through the

transparent flesh. But sometimes he went alone and found fairer vistas and more tranquillizing visions. The music of the spheres did not shatter his eardrums; yet, after wind, and earthquake, and fire,—the storm and stress of life,—he heard assuredly a still small voice: the voice of the Master of Life.

I have called Mr. London a *maker*, deliberately. Could any other have given such a picture as this of the delirium of a child of seven?

"All the content of the terrible and horrible in my child's mind spilled out. The most frightful visions were realities to me. I saw murders committed, and I was pursued by murderers. I screamed and raved and fought. My sufferings were prodigious. Emerging from such delirium, I would hear my mother's voice: 'But the child's brain. He will lose his reason.' And sinking back into delirium, I would take the idea with me and be immured in madhouses, and be beaten by keepers, and surrounded by screeching lunatics. . . .

"One thing that had strongly impressed my young mind was the talk of my elders about the dens of iniquity in San Francisco's Chinatown. In my delirium I wandered deep beneath the ground through a thousand of these dens, and behind locked doors of iron I suffered and died a thousand deaths. And when I would come upon my father, seated at table in these subterranean crypts, gambling with Chinese for great stakes of gold, all my outrage gave vent in the vilest cursing. I would rise in bed, struggling against the detaining hands, and curse my father till the rafters rang. All the inconceivable filth a child running at large in a primitive countryside may hear men utter was mine; and though I had never dared utter such oaths, they now poured from me, at the top of my lungs, as I cursed my father sitting there underground and gambling with long-haired, long-nailed Chinamen."

The whole of this episode is amazing, though it is but one of many masterpieces in a remarkable book. Conceive the child of seven, taken by a number of young people to an Italian rancho. There was drinking and dancing, and more drinking and dancing, and finally, altogether too much drinking. And the little lad sat at a table, and "gazed wide-eyed at the amazing-

ness of life." And then—"One young Italian, Peter, an impish soul, seeing me sitting solitary, stirred by a whim of the moment, half-filled a tumbler with wine and passed it to me. I declined. His face grew stern, and he insistently proffered the wine. And then terror descended upon me—a terror which I must explain.

"My mother had theories. First, she steadfastly maintained that brunettes and all the tribe of dark-eyed humans were deceitful. Needless to say, my mother was a blonde. Next, she was convinced that the dark-eyed Latin races were profoundly sensitive, profoundly treacherous, and profoundly murderous. Again and again, drinking in the strangeness and the fearsomeness of the world from her lips, I had heard her state that if one offended an Italian, no matter how slightly and unintentionally, he was certain to retaliate by stabbing one in the back. That was her particular phrase—'stab you in the back' . . .

"Here was a treacherous, sensitive, murderous Italian offering me hospitality. . . . He had those terrible black eyes I had heard my mother talk about. . . . Perhaps he had had a few drinks. At any rate his eyes were brilliantly black and sparkling with deviltry. They were the mysterious, the unknown, and who was I, a seven-year-old, to analyze them and know their prankishness? In them I visioned sudden death, and I declined the wine half-heartedly. The expression in his eyes changed. They grew stern and imperious as he shoved the tumbler of wine closer.

"What could I do? I have faced real death since in my life, but never have I known the fear of death as I knew it then. . . . I threw back my head and gulped the wine down. . . .

"Looking back now, I can realize that Peter was astounded. He half-filled a second tumbler and shoved it across the table. Frozen with fear, in despair at the fate which had befallen me, I gulped the second glass down like the first. . . .

"This was too much for Peter. He must share the infant prodigy he had discovered. He called Dominick, a young moustached Italian, to see the sight. This time it was a full tumbler that was given me. One will do anything to live. I gripped

myself, mastered the qualms that rose in my throat, and downed the stuff. . . .

"Dominick had never seen an infant of such heroic calibre. Twice again he refilled the tumbler, each time to the brim, and watched the contents disappear down my throat. By this time my exploits were attracting attention. Middle-aged Italian laborers, old-country peasants who did not talk English, surrounded me. They were swarthy and wild-looking; they wore belts and red shirts; and they ringed me around like a pirate chorus. . . .

"How much I drank I do not know. My memory of it is of an age-long suffering of fear in the midst of a murderous crew, and of an infinite number of glasses of red wine passing across the bare boards of a wine-drenched table and going down my burning throat. . . .

"I was frozen, I was paralyzed with fear. The only movement I made was to convey that never-ending procession of glasses to my lips. I was a poised and motionless receptacle for all that quantity of wine. It lay inert in my fear-inert stomach. . . . So all that Italian crew looked on and marvelled at the infant phenomenon that downed wine with the sang-froid of an automaton. . . ."

And so the child passed on to the dreadful aftermath.

"My brain was seared forever by that experience. Now, thirty years afterward, every vision is as distinct, as sharp-cut, every pain as vital and terrible, as on that night.

"I was sick for days afterward. . . . My mother had been dreadfully shocked. She held that I had done very, very wrong, and that I had gone contrary to all her teaching. And how was I, who was never allowed to talk back, who lacked the very words with which to express my psychology—how was I to tell my mother that it was her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been for her theories about dark eyes and Italian character, I should never have wet my lips with the sour, bitter wine. And not until man-grown did I tell her the true inwardness of that disgraceful affair."

There are many gaps in the picture, as I have presented it; yet, even so, it would be difficult to forget it. "That never-



ending procession of glasses to my lips." The child was but prefiguring the universal and sardonic masque. Imagine that interminable procession, in a single city on a single night! Truly, John Barleycorn has more votaries than all the other saints of Christendom. But the Christian saloon, of course, is rarely closed; while many of the Christian churches are rarely open.

Here is another picture. After fifty-one days of glorious sailing, with a teetotal captain and a compulsorily sober crew, a new world is reached, unexplored, with infinite possibilities. But John Barleycorn has made the trip before, and he is waiting; not anxious, not intrusive, but biding his time patiently.

"We completed our run across the Pacific, lifted the volcanic peaks, jungle-clad, of the Bonin Islands, sailed in among the reefs to the land-locked harbor, and let our anchor rumble down where lay a score or more of sea-gypsies like ourselves. The scents of strange vegetation blew off the tropic land. Aborigines, in queer outrigger canoes, and Japanese, in queerer sampans, paddled about the bay and came aboard. It was my first foreign land; I had won to the other side of the world, and I would see all I had read in the books come true. I was wild to get ashore. . . .

"Victor and Axel, a Swede and a Norwegian, and I planned to keep together. . . . Victor pointed out a pathway that disappeared up a wild canyon, emerged on a steep, bare lava-slope, and thereafter appeared and disappeared, ever climbing, among the palms and flowers. We would go over that path, he said, and we would see beautiful scenery, and strange native villages, and find Heaven alone knew what adventure at the end. We would get a sampan, and a couple of Japanese fishermen who knew the fishing grounds, and we would have great sport. . . .

"And then, our plans made, we rowed ashore over the banks of living coral and pulled our boat up the white beach of coral sand. We walked across the fringe of beach under the cocoanut palms and into the little town, and found several hundred riotous seamen from all the world, drinking prodigiously, singing prodigiously, dancing prodigiously—and all on the main

street, to the scandal of a helpless handful of Japanese police. . . .

"Victor and Axel said we'd have a drink before we started on our long walk. . . . I didn't in the least want a drink, but I did want to be a good fellow and a good comrade. . . . Queer, fierce, alcoholic stuff it was that we drank. There was no telling where or how it had been manufactured—some native concoction, most likely. But it was hot as fire, pale as water, and quick as death with its kick. It had been filled into empty 'square-face' bottles which had once contained Holland gin and which still bore the fitting legend: 'Anchor Brand.' It certainly anchored us. We never got out of the town. We never went fishing in the sampan. And, though we were there ten days, we never trod that wild path along the lava-cliffs and among the flowers. . . ."

I leave out several pages here, and come to the final orgy.

"The main street was a madness. Hundreds of sailors rolled up and down. Because the chief of police with his small force was helpless, the Governor had issued orders to the captains to have all their men on board by sunset.

"What! To be treated in such fashion! As the news spread among the schooners, they were emptied. Everybody came ashore. Men who had had no intention of coming ashore climbed into the boats. The unfortunate Governor's ukase had precipitated a general debauch for all hands. It was hours after sunset, and the men wanted to see anybody try to put them on board. They went around inviting the authorities to try to put them on board. In front of the Governor's house they were gathered thickest, bawling sea-songs, circulating square-faces, and dancing uproarious Virginia reels and old-country dances. . . . It was like the old days of the Spanish Main come back. . . .

"The Governor never issued the order to clear the streets. . . . I drifted along, making new acquaintances, downing more drinks, getting hazier and hazier. I remember, somewhere, sitting in a circle with Japanese fishermen, kanaka boat-steerers from our own vessels, and a young Danish sailor fresh from cowboying in the Argentine and with a penchant for native

customs and ceremonials. And, with due and proper and most intricate ceremonial, we of the circle drank *sake*, pale, mild and lukewarm, from tiny porcelain bowls. . . .

"And, later, I remember the runaway apprentices—boys of eighteen and twenty, of middle class English families, who had jumped their ships and apprenticeships in various ports of the world and drifted into the forecastles of the sailing schooners. They were healthy, smooth-skinned, clear-eyed: and they were young—youths like me, learning the way of their feet in the world of men. And they *were* men. No mild *sake* for them, but square-faces illicitly refilled with corrosive fire that flamed through their veins and burst into conflagrations in their heads. I remember a melting song they sang, the refrain of which was:

'Tis but a little golden ring,  
I give it to thee with pride;  
Wear it for your mother's sake  
When you are on the tide.

"They wept over it as they sang it, the graceless young scamps who had all broken their mothers' prides, and I sang with them, and wept with them, and luxuriated in the pathos and the tragedy of it, and struggled to make glimmering inebriated generalizations on life and romance. And one last picture I have, standing out very clear and bright in the midst of vagueness before and blackness afterward. We—the apprentices and I—are swaying and clinging to one another under the stars. We are singing a rollicking sea-song, all save one who sits on the ground and weeps; and we are marking the rhythm with waving square-faces. From up and down the street come far choruses of sea-voices similarly singing, and life is great, and beautiful, and romantic, and magnificently mad. . . ."

I will not give any further extracts. The book must speak for itself and carry its vivid pictures and its ripening wisdom to all who can see and hear and understand. But I should like to make it perfectly clear that there is no appeal whatever to ignorance, or to prejudice, or to the lovers of tracts, or to the morality-by-machine propagandists. Enriched with long and

varied experience, unjaundiced, mellow, Jack London takes you into strange places in the world of men and shows you strange secrets in the ways of men. You do not always meet John Barleycorn, and when you do, he is shown to you without rancor, as without illusion. In truth, this John is a most companionable fellow, well-rooted in the very fibre of humanity—as he needs must be, to make so many friends, and fill so many graves. And this, remember, in spite of the fact that the human body does not want him; is repelled by him; has to practise assiduously in order to vitiate its normal chemical reactions and establish a tolerance which shall develop into an affection, and an affection which shall develop, perhaps, into a craving, a servitude, and a curse.

So read *John Barleycorn*, whether you live—voluntarily or regretfully—in a dry state or a wet one. And, while you read, be conscious of the consummate simplicity of the book, of its utter frankness, of its freedom from all pettiness, of its color and virility and saneness. But be conscious, also, of the depths beneath the surface; of the vivifying, line by line, of life-drama; of the inevitable march, which only genius can present adequately, from sowing to reaping, from the genesis of first causes to the revelation of final effects. For though you are reading an autobiography of Jack London, genius, you are also reading a biography of mankind, in the making, and in the marring.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *The Interpretation of Law*

**I**T is recorded in the Scriptures that the laws of the Medes and the Persians were immutable. But Time, with its usual irreverence, has quietly obliterated them.

The present writer recently took part in a conference of lawyers. His personal contributions to the discussions were not important: for, after the first few minutes, he realized that he had strayed into an atmosphere—choking, ghastly, intolerable—of the dead. Only the voices of the dead, and the imperfect visions of the dead, and the mistakes and narrowness and pettiness of the dead, had authority in that gathering. The progress of the world, the beautiful new wholesomeness and reasonableness that are opening and cleansing those rooms of life too long shuttered and barred from sunlight and fresh air—these were negligible in the face of precedents and decisions half a century old, and with a half century's mustiness and dust upon them. And the talk was perpetually, not of what is right and decent and necessary, but of the rigidity of a dead hand, of narrow limits laid down in narrower days, of the unavoidable compulsion of laws that were intended to benefit the community, but had been distorted to curse the community. And the inevitable reflection came and persisted, iterant and reiterant: Why, in an age of life, and expansion, and progress, when all old ideas are taking new shapes and the stagnation that the stupid mistake for morality is being replaced by activity, and widening knowledge, and the daily miracles of the new daily life—why should laws and precedents be still interpreted in the ways of a dead generation, and not in the ways and for the welfare of living men? And with the question came the answer: The laws of the dead *must*, and *will*, be interpreted in the light of each new generation and each new moulding of society and society's ideals; judge and jurist, lawyer and layman, have already seen—and are seeing more clearly every day—that 1864 and 1914 are fifty years apart; that men must pass from precedent to precedent, and not stay chained; that the early Victorians cannot dominate and shackle the men and women of a new century.

Is the change impossible? No. It is already being accepted. It would have been achieved long ago if there had been more men of commanding intellect and inspiration on the bench and at the bar, and if so many of our attorneys and counsellors-at-law had not become inured to the atmosphere and clinging authority of the dead in the very places where the living should have most power.

### *Still Tammany*

It frequently takes more than one blow of a hammer to drive a nail home, and it is a little too early to affirm, with an exulting contemporary, that "Tammany's control over the State, which it has exercised with brutal cynicism for three years, is broken at the same blow which loosened its last grip on the city."

Tammany is not so easily broken. It can accept rebuffs with apparent humility, and from present defeats prepare material for future triumphs. Those who have influence in Tammany councils cannot be judged by ordinary standards. Although merely to belong to such an organization is an indelible disgrace, there are many well-known public men who profess to be proud of that infamy; and in spite of the recent results of New York State and City elections, the public generally still maintains a deplorable attitude, condoning the unforgivable, accepting the intolerable, and meekly indorsing all that is contemptible and degrading. No temporary tinkering can remedy such conditions. All the utterances of enthusiasts are of little avail when the stolid reactionary can nullify all real progress with his aversion or indifference—and with his vote. We do not so much need better men in office, as better men to vote for those who shall hold office. The average voter has been stupidly flattered, until he believes that his ballot represents the voice of God. In the vast majority of cases it represents merely the voice of sheer ignorance. Presidential primaries, short ballots, and all suggested reforms—important as they are—will be of little service until the electorate as a whole is made aware of its incompetence; until it recognizes that incompetence, with shame and contrition for the past, but with hope and resolution for the future. Democracy, in spite of all the panegyrics of the perfervid, is still on

its trial; and the trial has lasted so long that some results can justly be demanded. And the least result that can be accepted is a standard of public life that will make Tammany, and all its imitators and offshoots, grotesquely impossible.

### *The New Mayor of New York*

IN a few days John Purroy Mitchel will take office as the Mayor of the greatest city in America. He comes to his task—as President Wilson came to his—with a reputation that is all too rare in this country. He will meet with much opposition; he will be vilified by the little, rancorous men who are thinking always of their own immediate material welfare; he will be sharply criticised in public, and shrewdly assailed in underhand ways.

But Mr. Mitchel stands—as the President stands—for new ways and new methods: in other words, for the twentieth century that has already been far too long in claiming recognition. He need pay no attention to the gibes of the uneducated and insincere, or to the complaints of those who resent lost opportunities for golden “graft.” He stands high on the ladder that leads to permanent fame. If he shall so choose, and act, his name will be remembered when the shadows of time have buried all but a scant few of his generation—whether they were enemies or friends, large-minded, or petty and negligible.

His first task is the total destruction of Tammany—the most disgraceful organization that ever vitiated public life, in any country, and in any age. That task is so far from being impossible, that if Mr. Mitchel should fail to achieve it he will have failed also to take advantage of one of the greatest opportunities that was ever put into the hands of a man of good will and courage.

### *Eugenetta*

It is always a pleasure to coöperate with Mr. H. G. Wells, and only lack of space has prevented, until now, the reproduction of the following letter. Those who have already seen it will be glad to re-read it. Those who have not seen it will be doubly grateful for a deferred pleasure.

It is as well to explain that the episode of Mr. and Mrs. Bolce and their eugenic baby received some publicity a little while ago. The parents claim that the baby, now eight months old, is being brought up on strictly eugenic principles—"seriously, in faith and reverence, and with strictly scientific care." They state that in order to provide the best of pre-natal influences for the coming infant they travelled, visited picture galleries and theatres, and—especially to encourage the child's sense of humor and to develop the possible intellect—called upon Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Harry Lauder, Mr. George Robey, and others, together with Mr. H. G. Wells. Ultimately, some discussion naturally followed, and an attack was made upon Mr. Wells by a contributor, Mrs. Lilian Hensman.

It is possible to be a eugenicist, rationally, without reducing love and marriage to a scientific formula. Mr. Wells's letter will not discourage those who wish to make marriage something more than a temporary gratification of a temporary infatuation; but it may help to mitigate the too-zealous propaganda of those who do not try to see life steadily, and see it whole.

Here is the letter:

"SIR.—Your contributor, Mrs. Lilian Hensman, scolds me with admirable vigor, but upon insufficient evidence, for supporting 'eugenics.'

"I admire her free, fine feminine style of discussing matters so greatly that I regret the necessity I am under of declaring that not only do I not support eugenicists and the Eugenic Society, but that I have written an entirely destructive criticism of their proposals.

"What set Mrs. Lilian Hensman girding at me was, I perceive, not my books, of which she is no doubt spiritedly ignorant, but the absurd proceedings of a gentleman named Bolce, who has recently taken my name (and my portrait) in vain in the columns of a contemporary. Mr. Bolce came to my house a year or so ago to take photographs of me for a magazine, and secured, among others, one of himself and myself in conversation. He has since become the father of a child who has been named—I think unfortunately—Eugenetta. He declares that his wife was with him when he visited me—I did not know she was



his wife, I imagined she was an assistant operator—and that my conversation was calculated to improve the prospects of the then incipient Eugenetta. (I doubt if he thinks so now.) He has further declared in print, and the thing will no doubt go round the press of the world, that I take a profound interest in Eugenetta and what he is pleased to consider the eugenic experiment of her birth and upbringing. This is what has roused the swift eloquence of Mrs. Lilian Hensman, and it is absolutely untrue. I had never heard of Eugenetta until she blazed into publicity a week or so ago; it is my sincerest wish that I may never hear of her again; and I do not believe that any of these antics of her parents before her birth will have the slightest effect in mitigating her heredity. (Will American papers please copy?) I am altogether an unbeliever in the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

“I must apologize for this intrusion upon your space, but surely my work gives plentiful scope for Mrs. Lilian Hensman’s invective without a complete inversion of the opinions I hold.

“H. G. WELLS.”

### *Maniac or Martyr?*

SOME of the periodicals have been wondering whether the English “militant” is a maniac or a martyr. There seems very little doubt, to an unprejudiced observer, that she is a good deal of both.

### *The Marriage Service*

FOR a long time clergymen have assumed, without challenge, considerable discretion—or indiscretion—in editing the marriage service. The rector of St. Ethelburga’s, Bishopsgate, London, has been bold enough to omit the question “Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?” and a good many people were duly shocked. Yet, after a little reflection, it does not seem indispensable that a lady shall be given away, at her marriage, or at any other time. But the rector continued to be generous. Not only was the bride not required to vow obedience to her husband, but the words of one of the prayers were made to

run—"that this woman may be loving, amiable, and loyal to her husband." The release from the obligation of obedience is a small matter: theory may well follow practice into oblivion. But the word "loyal" is scarcely an improvement upon "faithful." There is a suggestion of "legal obligations only" in the former, which is not found in the finer word.

### *Rabindranath Tagore*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, son of Maharshi (the Great Sage, whose name is a household word in Bengal) and grandson of Prince Dwarkanath, has received more adulation recently than is salutary for most human beings. But he will be able to endure it with composure. Poet, educationalist, and statesman, he conducts a school at Bholpur, a Bengal village, where young students from various parts of the Province gather together and learn the beginnings of wisdom from one who has almost begun to see the conclusion.

It is good for the Western world to come, from time to time, more closely into contact with the Oriental. But, in spite of Rudyard Kipling's assertion that East and West are essentially and permanently remote, and that physical courage alone may bridge the barriers, Rabindranath Tagore is not so isolate as poet, mystic, and philosopher, that he would not fit in quite happily in Nebraska, for example, or in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Massachusetts. Perhaps the following passage represents him as well as any brief extract could do:

"We see everywhere in the history of man that the spirit of renunciation is the deepest reality of the human soul. When the soul says of anything, 'I do not want it, for I am above it,' she gives utterance to the highest truth. By the very act of possession we know that we are greater than the thing we possess. Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything, but in giving himself to ideas which are larger than his individual life—the idea of his country—of humanity—of God, Buddha and Jesus; and all our great prophets represent such great ideas. Man is not complete: he is yet to be. . . ."

# THE FORUM

FOR FEBRUARY 1914

## THE MODEL

HARRIET MONROE

**H**AVE you forgotten—you, the chief,  
The art-director, president,  
What not, of the establishment—  
Forgot how for a moment brief  
The whole show, all our strife and stir,  
Went out—for her?

You led me through your galleries  
And dreams—the pictures new and old  
And good and bad, the battles bold  
You fought with principalities  
And powers. We chaffed and laughed away  
Such woes that day!

And built such castles domed and towered  
For Art to live in by and by,  
When men should know the How and Why;  
For Art to live in, throned and dowered,  
When the world's works and ways should be  
Both fair and free.

From hope to rage and back again  
We flashed, flung curses red as bombs  
At the dull age, lit hecatombs  
Of lies and laws and flaws, and then

Reached for the stars and plucked them down  
To make man's crown.

The Truth!—that was our cry—the Truth,  
Whose heart and mind, whose lips and eyes,  
Her first glance and her last surprise,  
Are Beauty. All the while, forsooth,  
Bold Chance, the blind interpreter,  
Led us—to her.

A school door swung—and she was there!  
Strange, how the proud world slunk away  
And left her with the waning day  
Alone. All vanished unaware—  
The class, the great high-windowed hall,  
And we, and all.

Yea, all our plans, the futile show  
Of art, wherewith rash man aspires  
To breathe into the dust life's fires,  
And be as God. She stood a-glow  
Fresh from God's hand. 'Twas all in vain—  
Our hope, our pain.

God beat us at the game. For her  
The dim day flared with rose and gold.  
A slim moon softly aureoled,  
She shone apart and would not stir,  
Hesitant at the rim of space,  
Veiling her face.

Out in the dream she rose—afar—  
With Eve, new-flowered in paradise;  
With Helen, whose effulgent eyes  
Men sang to through the crash of war;  
With Aphrodite, foam-empearled,  
Kindling the world.

The winds of doom grew soft for her,  
Nor dared even touch the curls that hid  
Her face in dusky gold; nor chid  
With change, that recreant pillager,  
Her still, immortal loveliness,  
So brave to bless.

The place a temple was, and we,  
Tricked out with odds and ends of faith—  
Mere rags worn thin by life and death—  
Profaned the immaculate mystery,  
Looked on the truth with blasphemous eyes,  
Afraid to rise.

The moment met us and was gone,  
The proof of all and the despair.  
We sought the dark, growing aware  
Of our stript souls; and then anon  
Tried all in vain to tread again  
The ways of men.

The bold words died upon our lips,  
The clatter of our feet grew still.  
Even now—ah, does it waft your will  
Through ether-seas in wingèd ships—  
The sight of her beyond shut eyes,  
The white surprise?

## THE WORLD-MAN

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

**T**HE growth of the human spirit is from simplicity to complication, and back to simplicity again, each circle in a nobler dimension of progress. There is the simplicity of the peasant and the simplicity of the seer. Between these two lie all the confusion and alarm of life; a passage of disorder well-designated Self-Consciousness.

Here are the rapids, the calling rocks, false lights, the dragons and all ferocity; here are fear, greed, desire, the sirens and all sensuousness. Every lasting epic has pictured the passage in part, before Ulysses and since Peer Gynt. Every returning knight has portrayed his particular devils. The journey or voyage is the one story in the world, the one drama, the one allegory. Conscious of himself, man goes forth on his own will. For the time the divine will is abrogated, and this constitutes the only hell there is.

The orders of life beneath man, played upon by natural forces, render back no answering consciousness. Man, self-conscious, realizes not only himself, but his neighbor. Infinite and sordid complications arise. Not only does he sense his own desires and appetites, but perceives his neighbor's—and how his neighbor satisfies them. That envy and competition should result is as inevitable as humidity when the rain-clouds are close in hot weather; as inevitable as the product of greed out of desire, and cruelty out of fear. Moreover, to a man, self-conscious, it appears, as obviously as light and darkness, that there are matters to tell and matters to withhold. Concealment and perversion of fact are the fruits of this particular planting. From lying and deceiving his neighbor, the illusion thickens until a man lies and deceives himself, and he is adrift in the dragon's seas, indeed. It would appear, misery and tribulation thus upon him, that man would realize his own will accomplished this—that his own will, and none other, had betrayed him. Yet all human history is held in the interval of man's failure to perceive this plain law of cause and effect; and though all enduring human

achievement, in tone and stone and word and pigment, repeats the tragedy of the self-conscious will, and the final "Thy will be done" of certain belated valiants, yet only the Brotherhood-Dreamers perceive it to-day.

Man must master himself to listen to the higher law; that is the difficulty. The man who enters a cage of wild beasts, knows well that if he masters himself he is safe. In a self-conscious life, properly spent, man masters himself. He is not eligible to enter the spiritual elect, until this is accomplished. Dante's descents into hell picture the multitudes enchanted for milleniums in their especial illusions. One lesson, but one, from it all: If you do not master your devil in self-conscious life, you will feel his mastery afterward.

There is an eternal splendor in the plan that the self-man must master himself to become the world-man. Self-consciousness, with all its torture and travail of experience, is the only known portage between that inland lake which is the simplicity of the peasant, to the oceanic simplicity of the seer.

In his very nature, the world-man can only come into being of his own volition. You force and direct the will of your child, but wisely withdraw and await his call for help, if ever his manhood is to be secured. So the divine will withdraws itself, and man makes his world for a season. We look around at the sorry job of it, but we must not be lost in its apparitions. Since the only evil in the world is the misuse of self-consciousness, and since self-consciousness is the only passage to emancipation, a new clarity comes to the frequent reiteration of philosophers that there is no sin.

But, accepting this, one must declare also that there is no good. Many have done this without lying to themselves. These are just bleak days on the road. Night comes with the mysterious apprehensions of darkness, and God is seen in the stars. Morning brings the revelations of the grass and the shores to a quickened perception. At last man sees the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, as those must do who discern the vision of Brotherhood. There is no doubting after that.

Evil cannot be denied, since all the seeds scattered in the garden of Earth *do not* bring forth their spiritual fruit. Recall

the parable of the Sower. Stony ground, indeed, is this self-consciousness, and many fall therein. There is a destructive element at work in life, a push for every pull, or the planets would not spin. There is a left hand that withholds, for the right that impels; a gravitation that demands death for the apery that uplifts to world vision. Sin is as good a name as another for this destroying force, and it is foolish to affirm its non-existence.

Without evil there could be no development, nor any sense of good. Since man apprehends good with the beginnings of his spiritual consciousness, there would be no such consciousness without evil. Without knowledge of good and evil, there could be no God, no conscious creative force. In self-consciousness, man learns good and evil. The beginnings of spiritual consciousness appear from choosing the good and discarding the evil. Spiritual consciousness, its flowering and fruitage, is the only worthy answer of Mother Earth for her spiritual impregnation, and for the æons of quickening solar energy played upon her.

God is the spiritual source of life. The larger the human consciousness, the less will God be humanized in conception; the more atrocious appears the tendency to confine him to man-made forms. You must be a God to conceive God. That which drives the world is the vitality of God—a divine emanation. Thus God is in the starry night, in the wash of the waves; in the corn and the olives and the grapes, in the cattle and the wheat. The more potent the divine force in any creature, the greater its glory. More finely and powerfully integrated than elsewhere, this divine force is integrated in the soul of man.

As the heart of man is the organ of the blood, the soul of man is the organ of the spirit. Its systole and diastole is service on the one hand, and inspiration on the other. The heart belongs to the temporary instrument; and the soul in its developed state is an exchange, or sub-station of the great central spiritual energy which is, by every indication, everlasting. The value of each sub-station is its individuality. It receives the same power in its inspiration; but gives forth service of its own kind. As the dry seed contains the embryonic plant and its first nutriment, so



the flesh of man is the nourishing matrix of his soul. The plan is the same; the scale larger and more beautiful.

By every observation, law and analogy in life, the constructive purpose at work in the world is toward the end of the increase of spiritual receptivity in every creature, a continually heightening vibration toward the key-rhythm. There is the seeming inertia of minerals, the group or simple consciousness of animals, the self-consciousness of humanity at large, the flowering of the greater consciousness in the world-men; and finally the first fruits of earth—Divinely Conscious Man, the Son of God and Mother Earth. From that seeming inertia of the rock, to the more or less pure integration of spiritual consciousness which is Godhood, every step of the progress is a refining of matter to a heightened vibration—increased spiritual receptivity, increased capacity for inspiration. Even in the earth itself, there is evidence that electricity was not always a planetary resource. Potentially electricity existed, as there is potential self-consciousness in the rabbit, and potential divinity in the self-man. Mother Earth undergoing a continually heightened vibration had to reach a certain pitch before there could be electrical manifestation. This force will become as common as muscular energy. Other more brilliant, subtle and potent energies will appear and adjust themselves to the spiritual will of man.

If the repetition be permitted, Spirit, in itself, the emanation of God, is the universal driving force. Spirit must have matter or there can be no manifestation. For the integration of spirit into centralized systems—for the very localizing of its consciousness in separate beings—matrices of matter are required. This is the purpose of the union of God, the Father, and Earth, the Mother. All earth creatures are products of this union. The great constructive scheme of this union is the production of divine men, in whom spiritual force is no longer diffused and dependent upon matter, but integrated, *through* matter, into conscious creative being. This is the Godhood of man. As the young oak trees differ from their sire, the splendid centre of the forest, so the sons of creative spiritual consciousness establish their centres and bring forth their kind.

Now, each spiritual consciousness is a growth of separate

and individual history. Each has a thread of experience that runs from the beginning, from the very rock itself. This thread runs through the passage of self-consciousness, where the climaxes of earth-experience are reached, and where self-mastery is won or lost. Not one of these threads of experience can ever be duplicated. According to it, is determined the quality of the individual's art or action; and since there will never be another like it, the decay and ruin of a human soul, in self-consciousness, is the only tragedy in the world.

A butterfly is crawling through the high June grass, dragging its weather-blackened cocoon. The sun is shining, but she is caught in the dewy shade. Her ancient shelter is bound about her vitals, locking the damp untried wings. Sunlight will dry her wings to slip forth; sunlight will dry and fold back the rent in the cocoon; sunlight will set her free. If she fails to reach the sunlight, her strength will pass, and the worms will find her there . . . trembling untried wings, useless wings that blow softly among the twigs and grasses, and the hungry denizens of the surface earth. . . . Yet, all the time the sun is shining.

Self-conscious man comes toward the spiritual sunlight—trailing his past, trailing his earthly house. These are burdens that answer only to the force of gravitation. Up to the time of his breaking forth from the ancient shelter of simple-consciousness, his destiny was divinely planned. Now, in the consciousness of a different light shining strangely upon his faculties, he must use his own strength and render his own decision. He has reached the crossing of the past and the future—the dramatic hour of all evolution. There is a universal suspense while he makes his choice. To emerge into the spiritual sunlight, he must cast off all incumbrance and appearance.

Self-conscious man stands listening, poised in the balance of time. His body feels the pull of the earth; his soul inclines to the apergy of spiritual generation. Even in the tenement of flesh, he feels the warmth of the perfect radiance. Even through the windows of the flesh, he perceives his own, The Light. If he does not go forth into that light—consciously and in order—lo, he shall surely die. For this is the law. Achieving self-con-

sciousness, he has fixed an identity. The return of that identity to earth is his destruction. He must go forth consciously and in order to the light of the spiritual sun. Suddenly, in that light, he shall feel the ecstasy of wings, lifting, sustaining.

This is the great turning. Man drinks and thirsts again—until he turns to the Living Water. Man eats of the bread that perishes—until he turns to the Bread of Life. In self-consciousness, man has reached the time when the earth will not sustain him. The root to the ground; the flower to the sun. Man has flowered to the spiritual light, and the earth no longer contains the more essential elements of his nourishment. This is the one truth of the world—all else is vain and trivial compared to it. And yet it is almost too simple to grasp—that henceforth man must listen and lean upon and look toward the spiritual force that drives the world, and not to the increment of this force, which matter is.

All arts, all inventions, all that glows in the world, all compassion, all beauty of service, is energized from the beginnings of spiritual consciousness—all that makes men loved and remembered and idealized.

Hell itself is the perfect system. Without it you cannot deliver over your developed will and mastered self to receive in turn the higher consciousness. You must descend into hell to bring back the consciousness of all that you passed through *and escaped*, in order to earn an instantaneous and familiar sympathy with the world—the first and most important requisite of the world-man. Hell itself is right—the tragedy is to remain. The tragedy is to fail to see, in the midst of a thousand evidences, the horror and death of its illusions.

War, commercial madness, all the vanities of intellect, all appeals to fancied elects, all schools of art which for a day exploit their technicalities, all caste, class, slavery, all cults and departures, are but the detainers of self-consciousness. Men have identified themselves emotionally with all these things, and been betrayed by them. The most flagrant illusion of them all is materialism. Without the idealist there could be no heaven. Man makes his heaven by his thoughts in the flesh. Peace and the amplitude, the beauty and the glory of spiritual conscious-

ness, can only be claimed, pointed off and made perfect, by the man who has made the surveys of his country from the life in the flesh. The realist will find his base materials, nothing more, a sufficient hell.

The return of man to the divine will with his treasures of individuality—that is the high way. Man, a living record of his own adventures, bound in flesh, a superb creation of the earth, realizing himself, and returning from his latest and greatest voyage of discovery, bringing his splendid gifts to the Master—that is the illumination of the world-man. . . . Caught in the illusions of the world, fighting to establish a separate mastery, betraying the Master who equipped him for the journey—that is the treachery and the tragedy of the soul.

The terrible secret of many a spiritual striver has been his inability to love something which he dare not conceive. He is told to love God. . . . The stars are not God. He tries to send out his worship, between and beyond the stars, his mind torturing itself to fix the point of God. Many have wasted in this delusion. . . . I see from my window the standing corn, rows of peas and beans in rich maturing, the mystery of decay in a pile of compost, dipping meadow-lands, the yellow floor of a fresh-cut oat-field with the tumbled shocks; I see the distant elms. If the door were open, I could see the bee-hives—most wonderful of all. For the bees take the present of the flowers and give them back their future.

Often the eyes sting with a sudden sense of the beauty and mystery of common things—that is the love of God in man's heart. . . . Man may love the master-souls among men; thrill with love at the laughter of children; he may love the myriad evidences of God in the world. . . . The view from the window, the saddle horse lifting his head to listen to the distant train—the whole glowing pastoral from this window—from any window—thrills with the spirit of God. . . .

Does the old apiarist demand of the bees—*Love me?* They serve him best by loving one another. When all is at its highest best—they are raptly at work together. The old apiarist will see them through the winter. . . . God loves the world

through the souls of men. We receive the love of God—that is the in-breathing, that is the inspiration. The outpouring is service to men. We love God by loving our neighbor—that is the immortal formula.

On a certain morning, a man found an insect drama enacting at the edge of his garden. His eyes and brain were occupied in the drawing mystery of it, while his fuller, deeper faculties sank into a trance of contemplation. That was his hour. The very road to Damascus, it proved for him. There and then he realized: All life is One. . . . That sense of Oneness is the beginning of the world-man's consciousness. That sense of Oneness is the first deep breath of the soul; that is the in-breathing, the inspiration. Realizing that, one regards the stranger with awe and tenderness, and with compassion he regards the deepest-down man. From that thrilling sense of the Fatherhood of God and the Motherhood of Earth—and only from that—can come the Brotherhood of Man.

Earth seen at a glance, moonlit on one side, sunlit on the other; trees and oceans, mountains, animals and men, all breathed upon by the great refining spirit of God; at a glance the perception that the difference between the saint and the saurian is just in receptivity to spiritual vibration; the instant knowledge that earth is a fair, sweet garden of God, eternity its season, its fruits the spiritual sons of God—this is the illumination of the world-men.

After this first deep breath of the soul comes the gloom and the storm, for the awakened spiritual consciousness perceives that his brother sleeps. . . . The world-man goes forth to tell his story, to be crucified for his story, to die every day if need be. For the death of the body is as nothing, if, through martyrdom, others may be brought to see. . . . The greater the service, the greater the replenishment; the greater the replenishment, the greater the service again.

In-breathing and outpouring—that is the eternal plan. Everything is for the individual; and yet the law is so glorious, for it reads: You cannot achieve the larger consciousness of the individual, except that you live for others. . . . Just a little while, the peril of the Crossing. Quickly there comes the balance of

spiritual power, by which the avoidance of evil becomes automatic and instinctive. The sense of well-being comes alone in service for others, the right hand of the soul's life. Through inspiration and service, the rhythm of world-manhood is attained, its vision and accomplishment. Apart from this rhythm, having once touched it, is a sense of moral illness that is insupportable.

Ahead on the road are the world-men. . . . The conscious intensive cultivation of the human spirit is just beginning. Obedience to exterior voices is the way of falseness and disorder. The perfect beginning is the mastery of the self, its most obvious errors and perversions. First the mastery of the body; then to still the voice of the brain, which in the world-man is not his creative centre, but the instrument of his creation—the receptive surface for his inspiration. The brain knows only what it hears, what it reads, sees or is told. You belong to the crowd, following its dictates.

Your brain is a babbling child; your soul is like a prophet walking in the garden. The prophet turns, enters your house with inspired face, bringing a message for you—for you alone. The continued whimpered nothings of the child distract the prophet's intention, and he departs without leaving the revelation.

The lower self and all its deforming emotions are cleared from a man's work, when he realizes that he is an instrument of the universal spiritual energy; that the eminent honor in life is that he has made himself fine enough to be used; that all fine work and high behavior is a spiritual flowering through the physical man. He sees clearly that he contaminates his instrument, and the source of its power, when he seeks to identify himself in a worldly way with his art or behavior.

First the animal man, then the self-man, then the world-man, finally the God-man—the perfect fruit of earth. These beings differ one from another in glory through their instrumentation of the spiritual consciousness—the varying heights of vibration with which they respond to the universal driving energy, which we have the temerity to call God. . . . For years a certain Chinese coolie has been dying of leprosy; an English physician attending him, among many others, discovered one day a prurient

scurf upon his own finger-joint. Instantly he confronted, in its personal relation, every phase of the ancient curse of Asia. In an hour, before his fear is proven false, the Englishman suffered more than the Chinese coolie in his entire period of dying from the disease itself. The difference lay in the rate of vibration to which the two receiving centres were sensitized.

Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, in their supreme moments of listening, heard a measure or two of the heavenly harmonies. That was their receiving. Most miserable of mortals would they have been, had they not been able to turn their gifts to men. They enfolded the harmonies (and this was their peculiar and inimitable service) in the substance of their technique, and made them permanent through the invention of the scale, and various instrumentations. Thus the harmonies were safely lowered to a vibration, to which the common ear is responsive. By listening again and again, we comprehend their majesty.

All creative thought is spiritually energized. The mind, with its inimitable hosts of experience, momentarily vibrates to such a pitch that it strikes contact with a spiritual revelation. This is the high moment of genius. A single human interpretation of one of these spiritual facts has, for instance, altered and accelerated the traffic of the whole world. The highest moments of human genius in the past, are but suggestions of that which is to be the steady consciousness of the world-men of the future.

That superb Son of Mary emerged from the simplicity of labor to a simplicity that was cosmic—and yet, two millenniums afterward, we are just beginning to realize that he meant what he said. The socialists declare that he talked for them; the mystics are grasping, in the fresh splendor of his simpleness (for long and long they searched the arcana) all the dimensions of life. It's like coming home—like the green hills of home after a stormy passage—this walking forth of Jesus to meet us again—a world-man of surpassing simplicity, our exemplar and delight.

We hear the song-sparrow a thousand times. At last, in some moment of our purer receptivity, we realize that this is one of Nature's angels, saying: "All's right with the world!" . . . The sparrow was singing it all the time.

## PRESIDENT WILSON'S THEORY OF HIS OFFICE

LINDSAY ROGERS

THE vital fact in present American politics is the enormous control, if not ascendancy, which President Wilson is exerting over Congress. The passage of the tariff bill, substantially as introduced, was a personal triumph for the President, and a tribute to his power of conciliatory but effective leadership. That its enactment into law could be accomplished with so little friction, and with no important departure from the schedules announced seven months previously, was due, it seems to me, solely to the fact that the bill was introduced as an Administration measure, embodying the identical views of the President and of the leaders in Congress. Furthermore, by a most effective use of the caucus, small differences of opinion were threshed out in party gatherings, and thus a united front could be presented in the Senate and House.

Such legislative efficiency is unique in American politics; but it was not accidental. A similar programme was followed with the currency bill, which also was framed as an Administration measure and introduced with the approval of the President and his Cabinet. The same plan of coöperation between the executive and legislature was followed in the earlier stages of the Mexican imbroglio. Congress was restless, but the President succeeded in quieting most of the hot-heads by confiding in the Senate Committee the extent to which negotiations had gone and asking their support for the course he hoped to pursue. So far did the mutual understanding between the White House and Capitol extend, that when the President read his Mexican message to Congress, although it bore the outward appearance of a Prime Minister reporting to Parliament, the real audience was meant to be the American people and the leaders in the turbulent republic. Even to the former the address contained little that was new.

Seen now in retrospect, the President's attitude is not surprising; but few, if any, I venture, would, in the days between election and inauguration, have volunteered a correct forecast



of what is now political history in the making. President Wilson's record as head of Princeton University and Governor of New Jersey certainly argued that he did not intend to be a constitutional automaton. In fact, "one of the most noticeable things in modern political life," wrote Professor McLaughlin last year, "was the statement made by Mr. Wilson in 1910 that if chosen governor he intended to consider himself the boss of the Democratic party in New Jersey. Ignoring the old assumption of the isolation of the executive, he proceeded after election, because he was head of his party, to exercise his authority as head and to use his influence, as well as his authority, as governor to shape legislation." \* Legislation was "shaped" and passed; an insistent governor practically coerced an unwilling law-making body. The fact is, then, that President Wilson is simply attempting, on a larger scale, to apply his New Jersey theory.

Such a programme is logical, and by no means unattractive; but in the United States it is almost revolutionary, and extremely difficult to achieve successfully. Practically the only legitimate means the executive can bring to bear upon the legislature, when "come-let-us-reason-together" tactics have failed, is an appeal to public opinion. Such a programme, moreover, while perfectly legal (the constitution giving the President the right to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he may deem expedient"), means a practical, if not theoretical, change in the framework of government, and the typical American separation of powers. But the President has not stopped with recommendations. Senator Cummins, in a speech in the Senate, described the situation as follows:

"The influence which has been exerted by the President upon members of Congress, an influence so persistent and determined that it became coercive, is known to every intelligent citizen of the United States. . . . The President of the United States, assuming to interpret and apply the economic doctrine of his party, has laid the heavy hand of his power upon a branch of the Government that ought to be coördinate, but which, in fact, has become subordinate. It ought to humiliate us all somewhat

\* *The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties* (1912), p. 181.

when we look around and find that the people generally not only understand the surrender of our rights and privièges *but observe it with a certain degree of satisfaction.*" (Italics mine.)

For the first time in many years, the United States has a President who, before election, wrote extensively on politics and government. But this is not nearly so remarkable as the fact that during the campaign, and since, practically no attention has been given to these writings. It is true that political opponents chanced to find in Dr. Wilson's *History of the American People* what they construed as a slurring reference to certain immigrant classes, and there was an attempt to make this effective campaign material, just as, four years previously, an injunction decision by Mr. Taft, while circuit judge, had been used to show his alleged antagonism to labor. But the trouble was not taken to determine from his published volumes what Dr. Wilson's system of political philosophy really was. The voters knew in a vague way that he was a scholar and writer; students who were familiar with his work knew that his *Congressional Government* contained some stringent criticisms of the American system of legislation by committees, but did not seem to appreciate the work's timely political significance. The candidate was a Democrat and stood by the platform. Of course, he was that *rara avis*, a professor in public life, but his record as Governor of New Jersey was excellent. This was sufficient; no one heeded the theoretical significance of Dr. Wilson's control of the legislature.

In the light, then, of President Wilson's present attitude, and in view of its meaning as an actual, if not a titular, trend toward a Cabinet system, it may be interesting, I take it, to inquire what views on this important subject the President expressed while still an educator. To attempt to construct, however briefly, the complete system of political philosophy outlined, impliedly at least, in his *Congressional Government*, *The State*, *Constitutional Government in the United States*, and various essays, would take us too far afield. What the Professor wrote concerning municipal administration, for instance, is of purely academic interest. What is pertinent, however, is an inquiry into what Professor Wilson believed to be the true function of the

Chief Executive, what course one holding the office should follow, and what should be his relations to Congress and his party. This done, we can conclude whether the educator by his writings forecasted his attitude as statesman,—in short, whether the President's attitude is dictated by what he believes to be sound theory.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the logic with which the framers of the constitution did their work, few in this day, I suspect, will deny that the theory of separated powers, the characteristic feature of the American system, was carried to extremes. The men who figured in the Philadelphia convention were afraid of a strong executive, and this fear led them to separate his powers from those of the legislature and to deny him any connection with the purse. But these men did not foresee the most interesting, and, with the exception of the slavery conflict, the most important development in American political history,—the extra-constitutional growth of parties. Before the enormous rise of these, evils were not so marked, but when the office of President became strictly a party one, it was evident that a mistake had been made. Between the legislature and the executive, there is no community of interest, no joint responsibility. The latter is accountable to the nation; a senator to his State; a representative to the people of a Congressional district. Put into power because it promises definite measures, a party has no leader to direct in carrying out its programme. The President may "recommend" measures, but many different committees of Congress take the initiative in legislation. Financial power is jealously divided, and real control in recent years has been exerted by a coterie of Congressional leaders who were not representative of a constituency sufficiently large to justify their power, and who, most often, were certainly not in sympathy with the opinion of the nation. Such a system is haphazard, diffused and irresponsible. An executive eager to carry out what he believes to be the country's wishes may conceivably find himself checked by one House of different views, or absolutely impotent by reason of an unsympathetic two-thirds majority in both Houses, sufficient to make his veto absolutely nugatory.

No one appreciated this more than did Dr. Wilson. As far

back as 1885, when he published a stimulating essay on *Congressional Government* as his dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy at the Johns Hopkins University, the future President made the following strictures:

"It is, therefore, manifestly a radical defect in our federal system that it parcels out power and confuses responsibility as it does. The main purpose of the Convention of 1787 seems to have been to accomplish this mistake. The 'literary theory' of checks and balances is simply a consistent account of what our constitution makers tried to do. . . . It is quite safe to say that were it possible to call together again the members of that wonderful Convention to view the work of their hands in the light of the century that has tested it, they would be the first to admit that the only fruit of dividing power had been to make it irresponsible." (P. 284.)

"Nobody stands sponsor for the policy of the Government. A dozen men originate it; a dozen compromises twist and alter it; a dozen officers whose names are scarcely known outside of Washington put it into execution." (P. 318.)

A year later, in an article on *Responsible Government and the Constitution*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1886), Dr. Wilson frankly expressed his admiration of the English system.

"If we borrowed Ministerial responsibility from England," he said, "we should, too, unquestionably enjoy an infinite advantage over the English in the use of it. We should sacrifice by its adoption none of the great benefit and security which our federal system derives from a clear enumeration of powers and an inflexible difficulty of amendment. . . .

"But we cannot have Ministerial responsibility in its fulness under the constitution as it stands. The most that we can have is distinct legislative responsibility, with or without any connection of coöperation or of mutual confidence between the executive and Congress. To have so much would be an immense gain."

In this essay, also, Dr. Wilson recurred to the thesis of his book, saying that:

"The measures born in Congress have no common lineage. They have not even a traceable kinship. They are fathered by a

score or two of unrelated standing committees: and Congress stands godfather to them all, without discrimination."

Strong criticisms were these, the Professor openly admitting his preference for the English system and his belief that American legislative efficiency would be enhanced were it possible to have Ministerial responsibility, or at least some one politically responsive to be the voice of the nation's opinions, and "to serve as its eyes in superintending all matters of government."

In these earlier writings of President Wilson there are few intimations of his views as to the Chief Executive and his office. But in the course of lectures on *Constitutional Government in the United States*, delivered at Columbia University in 1907, Dr. Wilson supplies this deficiency. These lectures, while perhaps not erudite, form, in respect to felicitous phraseology and sustained freshness, one of the very best works upon American government, and in reading the following passages it may be interesting to remember that, a year previous to their delivery, Dr. Wilson had been seriously urged as a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

"Leadership and control," he said, "must be lodged somewhere; the whole art of statesmanship is the art of bringing the several parts of government into effective coöperation for the accomplishment of particular common objects,—and party objects at that." (P. 54.)

The President "is also the political leader of the nation, or *has it in his choice to be*. The nation as a whole has chosen him, and is conscious that it has no other political spokesman. His is the only voice in national affairs. Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the country, and no other single force can withstand him, no combination of forces will easily overpower him. . . . If he rightly interpret the national thought *and boldly insist upon it*, he is irresistible; and the country never feels the zest of action so much as when its President is of such insight and calibre. Its instinct is for unified action, and it craves a single leader. . . . The President may also, if he will, stand within the party counsels and use the advantage of his power and personal force to control its actual programmes. He may be both the leader of his party and the leader of the nation, or he

may be one or the other. If he lead the nation, his party can hardly resist him. *His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it.*" (P. 68.)

"The President is at liberty, both in law and conscience, *to be as big a man as he can.* His capacity will set the limit; and if Congress be overborne by him, it will be no fault of the makers of the constitution,—it will be from no lack of constitutional powers on its part, but only because the President has the nation behind him, and Congress has not. He has no means of compelling Congress except through public opinion." (P. 70.)

The significance of these passages is easily discernible. Dr. Wilson believed implicitly in the necessity for legislative leadership and that the lack of it was the cardinal defect in our governmental system. A strong President, with the whole people behind him, would be able in some measure to supply the needed leadership, and "is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can."

Such was President Wilson's attitude on the tariff bill. This was the issue upon which, twenty years before, his party had come into power and had gone out, the country disgusted with the unsatisfactory solution. With no direct influence exerted by the President last summer, a bill would probably have been introduced in Congress, and it is conceivable that, by now, extended hearings might have been completed and "you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours" tactics ready to be begun. Such a bill would in all probability have been unsatisfactory, and the President with decided views would feel compelled to exercise his veto. The executive and the legislature would fight and the party's following would be fatally split.

But how different was the procedure with the Underwood Bill! Its schedules had the approval of the President, Congressional leaders and Cabinet members; public attention was focussed on its low rates, and President Wilson served notice that no material changes would be tolerated. When it seemed that the bill had struck a snag, the President issued his lobby manifesto, and the legislative wheels ran more smoothly. The analogy with a British Cabinet's method of taking a bill through the House of Commons is more striking than at any previous

time in our political history. President Wilson was practically a Prime Minister.

Of great importance, also, was the caucus used with such efficiency by the Democrats. Professor Wilson thoroughly approved of this, for in his *Congressional Government* he had said:

"The legislative caucus has almost as important a part in our system as have the Standing Committees. . . . The caucus is meant as an antidote to the Committees. It is designed to supply the cohesive principle which the multiplicity and mutual independence of the Committees so powerfully tend to destroy. Having no Prime Minister to confer with about the policy of the Government, as they see members of Parliament doing, our Congressmen confer with each other in caucus. . . . It is easy to see how difficult it would be for the party to keep its head amidst the confused cross-movements of the Committees without thus now and again pulling itself together in caucus, where it can ask itself its own mind and pledge itself anew to eternal agreement." (P. 326.)

To the caucus the President added personal conferences with leaders at the Capitol, a custom which had long been in disrepute. He served practically as a Prime Minister with whom the Congressmen and Senators could confer "about the policy of the Government." These conferences and the party caucus were largely responsible for the resultant legislative efficiency.

When President Wilson announced his Cabinet, there was much speculation as to just why the various secretaries were chosen, who had recommended them, and which selections could be deemed personal ones. Cabinets in the United States have been formed on several theories. Washington started out by putting members of both parties in his official family, and, until the time of Grant, the Cabinet was strictly a political body. Later Presidents, however, have looked upon it as composed of their personal advisers, and it has thus become executive rather than political.

In his lectures at Columbia University, Dr. Wilson, discussing the Cabinet, made this comment:

"Self-reliant men will regard their Cabinets as executive councils; men less self-reliant or more prudent will regard them

also as political councils, and will wish to call into them men who have earned the confidence of their party. The character of the Cabinet may be made a nice index of the theory of the presidential office, as well as of the President's theory of party government; but the one view is, so far as I can see, as constitutional as the other." (P. 77.)

What in the present case does the "nice index" show?

President Wilson's selection of Mr. Bryan to be Secretary of State is variously ascribed to the President's desire to show his appreciation of the Nebraskan's assistance at the Baltimore convention; to a desire to show his belief that Mr. Bryan's services will be of worth to the country, and to a conviction, which if it exists is astute, that by tying Mr. Bryan to the Administration, his moral and actual support will be assured. At all events, the President gave the so-called premiership to the most powerful man in the Democratic ranks.

From the House of Representatives, President Wilson took Mr. Burleson to be Postmaster-General and Mr. William B. Wilson for the new Labor portfolio. Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, had been in Congress the previous session. All three were men who could work for desired legislation on the basis of old friendships and alliances.

No Cabinet officer was chosen from the Senate, since there the Democrats had but a bare majority. Mr. McAdoo, who heads the Treasury, was very prominent in President Wilson's campaign; Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was also a party leader. Two members of the Cabinet, Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, and Mr. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, were largely personal appointments. The remaining two, Attorney-General McReynolds and Secretary of the Interior Lane, were men experienced in the problems they were to confront and held views similar to those of the President. Mr. McReynolds had had charge of trust prosecutions under Mr. Taft's Administration and Mr. Lane was favorably known for his work on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

President Wilson's theory in constructing his Cabinet, according to his own test, is not clear cut. It seems to me, moreover, that his "nice index" is not logical, for Professor Wilson cer-



tainly believed in responsible party government, and parliamentary Cabinets are nothing if not political. In the United States, with the President the leader of his party as well as of his country, a dual position which Dr. Wilson thinks proper, it would necessarily follow that the Cabinet should be formed of those prominent in the dominant party. A self-reliant man, who believes in party government, would therefore make his Cabinet political, his prudence being secondary to his theory of efficient government.

The self-reliance of President Wilson, then, may have had little to do with the formation of his Cabinet; yet here at hand is a solution of the appointment of Mr. Bryan. Possibly in this instance the dictates of prudence and theories of party government combined in pointing to the selection as leader of the Cabinet of the most prominent man in the Democratic party. But, taking President Wilson's Cabinet as a whole, the political element dominates. Especially significant is the fact that the secretaries of those departments which would be concerned with the most important legislation during the next four years are all prominent and influential party men: currency, Mr. McAdoo; labor, Mr. Wilson; commerce, Mr. Redfield; extension of the parcel post and possible control of the telephone and telegraph lines, Mr. Burleson.

President Wilson's inaugural address contained no declaration that he intended to be a real leader. Yet the very fact that it was in general terms and announced no specific programme made it all the more surprising that such decided views as to particular schedules of the tariff bill were held in the White House. But there was an intimation of the President's future leadership when he said:

"Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall dare live up to the great trust? . . . I summon all honest men, all patriotic men, all forward looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me."

Slight exaggeration it was, but the significant thing to our

present discussion is the intendment of the last sentence: "I will not fail them."

For the first time since the opening of the previous century, the President addressed Congress in joint session instead of sending a perfunctory message. But President Wilson certainly accomplished his purpose: that the legislature and people should know his views and know them well. Considered naïve rather than significant was the President's remark, before beginning his address, that it is a pleasure to:

"Verify for myself the impression that the President of the United States is a person, and not a mere department of the Government, hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous authority, sending messages, not speaking naturally and with his own voice—that he is a human being trying to coöperate with other human beings in a common service. After this pleasant experience, I shall feel quite normal in our dealings with each other."

There have been other American Presidents who tried to be real executives. In arrogating to himself new powers, Jackson set a mark which none of his successors has attempted to reach. Cleveland managed in 1893 to get free silver senators to vote for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act, but taking his Administrations all in all, the relations between the White House and Capitol were not pleasant. He fought with Congress over appointments and his Administration was a woeful failure on the tariff question. Roosevelt exercised a great influence over Congress, but with him, it was "the big stick" rather than persuasion; bullying rather than leadership. He recommended many measures, and suffered many set-backs. Every proposal he called "the most important" and sent to Congress interminable messages on almost every conceivable subject.

Mr. Taft's influence with Congress was almost negligible and his attempted denial of patronage in order to coerce recalcitrant insurgent senators is too recent to be forgotten. Perhaps it is because Senator Cummins was one of these senators that he is so alarmed now. He said in the Senate the other day:

"I would just as soon have my will as a member of Congress overcome by a soldier as by any other influence from the execu-

tive department. There is no difference between the two things in moral effect."

Yet he hesitates to charge the President with using patronage to control members of Congress. The driving force of public opinion which President Wilson correctly feels is behind him, and his desire to coöperate and lead, rather than coerce, are his sole weapons.

What will be his success at the regular session in getting legislation according to his views, no one can foresee, yet his enormous power seems certain to remain an accomplished fact. He may suffer defeat, but he will never yield; any different course would be contrary to his nature and his theory of the office which he holds. And, with an un-coördinated system such as the American, it is no mean achievement even partially to influence legislation upon which there are such diverse opinions as are held in Congress. This partial influence, at least, President Wilson will continue to exert; it may not be completely effective, but to paraphrase an illustration which he used while Professor, the White House will not be one of the side-shows, it will be a main tent. Every indication points to his being a real leader in the nation's destinies.

But this is no more than simply putting into practice the doctrines which he preached when lecturing to students at Princeton and Columbia: he considers himself responsible for the pledges of his party, and has fulfilled those pledges in reference to the tariff and the currency. The trust problem is to be taken up immediately, and that there is to be a strictly Administration programme was plainly indicated by the President in his address to Congress and was foreshadowed weeks ago by the determination of Congressman Clayton to remain in the House instead of trying for the Alabama senatorship. His views are those of the President, and just as in the case of the tariff and the currency, the President will insist that there be no material deviations from the ideas of the Administration. If he is defeated, then, as was threatened with the currency and tariff, the President will appeal to the people and seek to have the legislators given as strong a mandate as public opinion can furnish, just as when a British Ministry suffers a set back, an election follows.

It is President Wilson's conception of his office that his is the guiding hand which must coördinate the committees, achieve legislative efficiency, and insure that, one by one, party pledges are kept, not in a haphazard manner, but according to the wishes of the head of the nation's destinies, for he alone is representative of the whole people. Considered thus, the last paragraph of the President's address has a new significance. It reads:

"May I not express the very real pleasure I have experienced in coöperating with this Congress and . . . my admiration for the diligence, the good temper, and the full comprehension of public duty which have already been manifested by both the Houses; and I hope that it may not be deemed an impertinent intrusion of myself into the picture if I say with how much and how constant satisfaction I have availed myself of the privilege of putting my time and energy at their disposal alike in counsel and in action."

As we have seen, this conception of responsibility, of the necessity for coöperation, is simply that which, as Professor, President Wilson outlined in his works on government. In the United States, it is unusual, but who will say that it is not logical and attractive?

## THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

WILLIAM A. REED

CONGRESSMAN CLARENCE B. MILLER of Minnesota, in a speech at a banquet tendered him by the Nacionalista Club at Manila recently, declared that he knew only five or six Congressmen who could be described as taking an interest in the Philippines, that is, who kept themselves informed of developments in the problem which the Islands present. Yet the Philippine question, with the tariff and currency bills out of the way, may be one of the most important matters to come before Congress during the next session.

The Filipinos have been led to believe that a Democratic Moses is going to lead them to the Promised Land of Independence. The tone of the Filipino press of Manila has been one of impatience at the slowness with which the President has taken up the Philippine situation. Finally the appointment of a new Governor-General and the announcement that a few American Commissioners would be replaced by Filipinos, giving the latter a majority on that body, was hailed as a sign that the dawn of a new era was at hand. It was suggested by these editorial patriots that the American bureau chiefs should next get the official axe, and the appointment of an American newspaper-man, Stephen Bonsal, to a position on the Municipal Board of Manila was not pleasing.\* The question of experience or fitness for positions does not enter into the calculations of these agitators. They want the jobs. That is all there is to it. And they are likely to cause trouble if things do not move rapidly enough in this direction.

After a residence of more than eight years in the Islands and an intimate study of the question for a longer period, I am firmly convinced that it would be a serious and lamentable mistake for us to withdraw from the Philippines at this time. Furthermore, I have yet to hear an American who has lived any

\* Since this was written Mr. Bonsal has been appointed Assistant Executive Secretary, his position on the Municipal Board being filled by the appointment of a Filipino. A half dozen American bureau chiefs have also been replaced by Filipinos.

time in the Islands express a conscientious belief that the Filipinos should be granted independence for at least a generation. Laying aside all question of personal interests and considering only the welfare of the country and the natives themselves, this is the earnest conviction of the entire American press of the Islands and of practically all intelligent men of long experience there.

A number of distinguished persons from this country have made short visits to the Philippines, where they have come in contact with a few Filipinos of superior education and ability. And these visitors have generally come away with entirely wrong impressions. They did not learn that between the few affable gentlemen whom they met, and there are comparatively few of this class in the Islands, and the ordinary tao of the fields there is a gulf so wide that only several generations of education of the common people can bridge it. They did not learn that the middle class which is the balance wheel of our American civilization is so small as to be a negligible quantity, nor that the laboring class is held in almost as great subjection by the land owners as the peons of Mexico, that actual slavery is practised openly. Or if they heard these things they did not believe them. But are the opinions of mere visitors, however intelligent, to be set against beliefs which are the result of long experience with actual conditions? Before taking any action on this question Congress should get all the facts. The fact that the political agitators want independence is not enough. There are substantial Filipino citizens who view with some apprehension the aspirations of their brethren in this direction, though few of them are bold enough to voice their opinions except privately. But even if public opinion as to independence were unanimous, which is by no means the case, are we justified in granting it unless convinced that the move will better the condition of the people as a whole?

Filipinos may be divided roughly into two classes, those who wear shoes and those who do not. This may appear a peculiar way of determining the status of a people, but, in a tropical country where shoes are not a necessity, the possession and use of them denote a superior station in life. It is needless to say

that the vast majority of the population is shoeless. Outside of the large centres the land owners and the few professional men scattered through the country towns are the only ones who can boast of such pedal adornment. The larger part of the people work in the fields. They are not bothered about clothes. A cotton shirt and a pair of trousers with a change for Sunday adequately meet their needs. They are a simple, kindly people, uneducated, appallingly ignorant and superstitious, and easily influenced. They know little about government and care less so long as they are let alone.

Among a people like this it is easy to see how caciquism got such a strong hold. Caciquism is the rule of the headman. If there has been one thing more than any other in the past that has fomented strife, and been prolific of discontent, disorder and oppression of the masses, it has been the rule of the cacique. Certain individuals by reason of superior ability or wealth succeed in establishing themselves as the leading power in their respective communities. The people look up to them, do their bidding. At the present time the cacique is generally the presidente of the pueblo, or else he controls the presidente in much the same way that our political bosses control the persons whom they elect. The justice of the peace in the town wields the power of the cacique also. Much of the discontent of the people against the Government can be laid directly at the doors of these two officials. It is estimated that fully ninety per cent. of the complaints of the people are determined in the tribunals of these municipal officers. The Filipinos are poor and unacquainted with the machinery of the law. It is undoubtedly true that a large part of these officials are hopelessly corrupt, and that they use their offices to plunder and oppress the people, meanwhile laying the blame on the government of the Americans. The ignorant tao stands little chance of obtaining justice in their courts unless he pays for it. Only occasionally does one have spirit enough to complain to the higher authorities, and then an amazing scene of incompetence and corruption is exposed.

There is only one answer to this condition of affairs: education of the masses. It is impossible for the higher officials to

supervise minutely all local municipal affairs, and where the people are too ignorant or too timid to make complaint abuses will continue to exist. The power of the cacique and the subjection of the masses to his misrule are responsible for another institution that has grown up in Philippine life and still continues practically unchecked, and that is slavery, especially for debt. They have a name—*aparacero*—for one who becomes indebted to another and agrees to work it out by personal service. The creditor sees that the debt grows more rapidly than the debtor is able to pay it. And thus the unfortunate continues working for his master, practically a slave. There are few Filipinos of a higher station who do not have one or more of these *aparaceros* in their households. I have seen scores of them. Ostensibly they are servants, but they never receive wages. They are drudges who spend their lives at hard work and receive only the left-overs of clothing and food. It seems impossible that such a condition should continue indefinitely. But one has only to appreciate the appalling ignorance of these stupid creatures to understand it. If they complained they would probably be coerced by threats of prosecution into accepting the inevitable. It is simply "*costumbre*." The people recognize the institution and very naturally those who benefit by it are not disposed to countenance any change. It is significant that the Philippine Assembly has refused to pass a law putting a stop to the practice, thus giving it the sanction of the supposedly leading thought and influence in the Islands.\*

The sale of children, especially girls, is quite common among the lower class. The Chinese are quite active as purchasers of girls whom they keep as mistresses, but whom they own as absolutely as any other chattels they might acquire. There are instances also where children, both boys and girls, have been sold to pay debts and become slaves in the households of their purchasers. Only occasionally do we hear of these cases unless we are looking for them, for seldom is any complaint made.

The natural result of independence would be to strengthen such institutions as *caciquism* and slavery, to put the few leaders who are clamoring most loudly for it into positions of power,

\* Recent cable advices state that the Philippine Assembly now in session has passed a bill against slavery.



and to increase the subjection of the masses. Then shortly some disappointed patriot or other would take advantage of the popular discontent to foment an uprising and the fun would begin. We have seen so much of that sort of thing on our own continent that it takes no wide range of imagination or great gift of prophecy to foretell what will occur in the Philippines as soon as the American influence is removed from the Islands. Owing to the very nature of the country, widely separated islands with comparatively little intercourse between the distant parts, there is a wide divergence of customs, difference in dialects, and the lack of any common bond of sympathy such as should unite into one homogeneous body any group of people that aspires to self-government.

The comparison of the aspirations of the Filipinos for independence with our own struggle in '76 made by some sentimentalists is ridiculous in the extreme. In the one case the colonies were being exploited for what could be made out of them; in the other everything possible is being done by a benevolent nation for the social, industrial and economic progress of a weaker people. We have been and are entirely unselfish. No single act has been undertaken in the Philippines with any other object in view than to benefit the Philippine people as a whole. Some mistakes have been made. Everything was more or less experimental. There was no precedent in our experience to go by, nor, in fact, in that of any other colonizing nation. Other countries laughed at our altruistic efforts at colonial government, but we let them laugh and went ahead. If it does not now, the time will come when the Filipino people will appreciate these efforts. But to tell the truth they do not like us very well. Some high officials personally distasteful to the Filipinos have been kept in the Islands too long, thus increasing the restraint between the governing power and the governed. A few other lesser officials have betrayed the trust imposed in them. It is inevitable that a large body of Americans put at a new work of this nature should not all prove entirely honest and capable. But in general the work that has been accomplished during the twelve years of civil government in the Islands forms one of the brightest spots in the history of American achievement.

The unselfish devotion of a large number of high-minded men and women, especially along the lines of education and scientific investigation, is making itself felt not only in the Islands but over the civilized world. The reports of our scientists in the Philippines are eagerly received throughout the Orient and in Europe. One after another tropical diseases have been overcome and the Islands made a comparatively healthy place in which to live. Even that dread scourge leprosy is now being cured. Animal pests, continually wreaking havoc among the herds and work animals, have been successfully combatted. New methods of agriculture have been introduced, large irrigation projects and other necessary and important public works have been undertaken, all with the one definite aim, the amelioration of the condition of the Filipino people. But best of all there is being carried out a comprehensive system of education, academic and industrial, whereby the ignorance of the masses may be reached and dispelled and the people may be taught useful arts and industries.

It is entirely too soon to talk of independence. Shall the great work so auspiciously begun and not half finished be entirely undone? It is not too harsh to say that the man who thoroughly knows conditions in the Philippines and is sincerely concerned for the welfare of the Filipinos, and who advocates independence and the immediate withdrawal of the Americans, is either a knave or a fool. By the time the children now receiving instruction in the schools have passed away, it will be soon enough to give the Filipinos their independence if they want it.

No one knew the shortcomings of the Filipinos better than their greatest patriot, José Rizal. He said to them: "My countrymen, I have given proofs that I am one most anxious for liberties for our country, and I am still desirous of them. But I place as a prior condition the education of the people, that by means of instruction and industry our country may have an individuality of its own and make itself worthy of these liberties. I have recommended in my writings the study of the civic virtues, without which there is no redemption."

## THE WHITE SLAVE

BRAND WHITLOCK

**I**T is the peculiar and distinguishing feature of the reforming mind that life is presented to it in stark and rigid outline. Your true reformer is blandly unconscious of distinctions; he has no perception of proportions, no knowledge of values, in a word, no sense of humor. His world is made up of wholly unrelated antitheses. There are no shades or shadows, no gradations, no delicate and subtle relativities. A thing is either white or black, sweet or sour, good or bad. A deed is either moral or immoral, a virtue or a crime. It is all very simple. All acts of which he does not himself approve are evil; a stop must be put to them at once, and the way to do this is to have a law. Statutes are thus enacted, as the saying is, *against* all evils, large and small, and the greater the evil of course the greater the moral triumph expressed by the mere enactment. But because of certain contrarieties in nature and a certain obstreperous quality in human nature and a general complexity in life as a whole, these legal fulminations are frequently triumphs only in theory, and in practice often intensify the very ills they seek to cure. It is just as the witty Remy de Gourmont once wrote: *Quand le morale triomphe il se passe des choses très vilaines.*

Speaking of this passion for laws and regulations and how some of the zealous would order even the most private and personal details of life in these States, Mr. Havelock Ellis, in a brilliant chapter of his work *The Task of Social Hygiene*, takes occasion to observe that "nowhere in the world is there so great an anxiety to place the moral regulation of social affairs in the hands of the police," and that "nowhere are the police more incapable of carrying out such regulation." The difficulty is due of course to the fact that the old mediæval confusion of crime and vice persists in a community where the Puritan tradition still strongly survives. The incapability, as the author quite justly points out, is not so much in the policemen as in that *bêtise humaine* which expects such superhuman work of them.

This insistent confusion of vice with crime has not only had

the effect of fostering both, but is the cause of the corruption of the police. Their proper function is to protect life and property and maintain the public peace, and this the police of American cities perform as well as policemen anywhere. But when to this there is added the duty of enforcing statutes against a multitude of acts, some of which only puritanical severity classes as crimes, others of which are regarded by the human beings in the community with indifference, tolerance or sympathy, while still others are inherent in mysterious and imperative instincts that balk all efforts at general control, the task becomes wholly impossible and insuperable. The statutes prohibiting the merely venial of these acts oftentimes run counter to the urban custom and the community regards it as of no great consequence if they are not enforced. Thus a wide discretion is permitted the police by the public conscience in the discharge of their duties, and this discretion is one which quite humanly they proceed to abuse. If they choose, they may enforce the sumptuary laws against certain persons, or refrain from doing so and the opportunity for corruption is presented. The opportunity widens, opens into a larger field, and not only does the corruption spread, but it is not long before the police are employing extra-legal methods in other directions, and at last in many instances establish an actual tyranny that would not be tolerated in a monarchy. The result is that we read every day of arbitrary interferences by policemen with most of the constitutional rights, such as free speech, the right of assembly and petition, etc. They even set up a censorship and condemn paintings, or prohibit the performance of plays, or assume to banish women from the streets because they are dressed in a style which the police do not consider *comme il faut*. And while the corruption is deplored and everywhere causes indignation and despair, this tyranny does not seem to excite resistance or even remark; the press, the palladium of our liberties, does not often protest against it, and no one except the late Mayor Gaynor seems to have had sufficient grasp of the principle to care anything about it.

In no respect has the utter impotence of mediæval machinery in suppressing vice been more definitely proved than in the great failure of society in dealing with what is called the social evil.

Whenever my mind runs on this subject, as anyone's mind must in the present recrudescence of that puritanism which never had its mind on anything else, I invariably think of Golden Rule Jones and the incidents in that impossible warfare which worried him into a premature grave. He was an odd man, born so far out of his time that the sins of others never troubled his conscience. He was so great, and knew so much of life, more perhaps than he did of history, on every page of which he would have found the confirmations of the opinions life had taught him, that he divined all lewdness, all obscenity to be subjective and not objective, so that he found less to abhor in the sins of the vicious than in the state of mind of their indefatigable accusers and pursuers. And he had his own way of meeting their complaints. Once a committee of ladies and gentlemen called upon him with the demand that he obliterate the social evil, off-hand and instantly. They were simple, brief and to the point. They informed him that the laws providing for chastity were being broken, that there were prostitutes in the city, and, in short, urged him to put a stop to it.

"But what am I to do?" he inquired. "These women are here."

"Have the police," they said, a new, simple and happy device suddenly occurring to them, "drive them out of town and close up their houses!" They sat and looked at him, triumphantly.

"But where shall I have the police drive them? Over to Detroit, or to Cleveland, or merely out into the country? They have to go *somewhere*, you know."

It was a detail that had escaped them, and presently, with his great patience, and his great sincerity, he said to them:

"I'll make you a proposition. You go and select two of the worst of these women you can find, and I'll agree to take them into my home and provide for them until they can find some other home and some other way of making a living. And then you, each of you, take one girl into your home, under the same conditions, and together we'll try to find homes for the rest."

They looked at him, then looked at each other, and seeing how utterly hopeless this strange man was, they went away.

To be sure, that was in another day. Prostitution had not become a subject for polite conversation at the dinner table;

pornographic vice commissions had not been organized and provided with appropriations so that their hearings might be stenographically reported and published along with the filthy details gathered in the stews and slums of cities by trained smut hunters; it had not yet been discovered that the marriage ceremony required a new introduction, based upon the scientific investigations of the clinical laboratory, and on the same brilliant thought that centuries ago struck the wise men of Bohemia, who, when the population increased too rapidly, prohibited marriages for a number of years that proved of course to be the most prolific the land had ever known.

The new conception was created in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the necromancy of a striking phrase. I do not know who it is that had the felicity to employ it first in its present relation. I remember that long years ago, when as a boy I used to frequent the gallery of the theatre, I sat rapt afar in the mystery and old romance of life on the Mississippi when gazing on the scenes of Bartley Campbell's melodrama *The White Slave*. I can call back now, with only a little effort of the imagination and the will, that wonderful pageant—the Natchez, the Robert E. Lee, the great steamboats I knew so well from Mark Twain's book, the plantation hands, the darkies singing on the levee, the moonlight and the jasmine flower—and there was no David Belasco in those days to set the scene either, nor, for the imagination of youth, any need of one! And then the beautiful octoroon, so lily white and fragile that it should have been patent to all, save perhaps an immoral slave-holder, from the very first scene, that she had no drop of negro blood! And the handsome and cruel owner and master, with his slouch hat and top boots, and fierce moustache and imperial, taking her to her awful fate down the river! It was an old story Bartley Campbell used for his plot, a story which had for me an added interest, because my grandfather had told it to me out of his own southern experiences, in those far-off days when he had business that took him down the river to New Orleans. And it was a story which in many variants of its original form was told all over the land to illustrate the immorality of slavery. I suspect that it was not altogether true in its dramatic details; surely

no such number of lovely and innocent creatures were permitted to fling themselves into the Mississippi from the hurricane decks of steamboats as the repetitions and variations of that tale would indicate; it would have been altogether too harrowing to the voyagers, some few of whom at least must have been virtuous, and journeyed up and down on peaceful moral missions of one sort and another. No doubt it was symbolical of a very wrong condition, and I suppose that is what justified it in the minds of those who told it over and over without the trouble of verifying its essential details. It was a good story, and in the hands of Mr. Howells it made a good poem, and it made surely a pretty good play, which, could it enthrall me now as once it did by its enchantments, I should like to see again to-night.

But I doubt if I could sit through any one of the plays that have been written or assuredly are being written about the "white slaves" of to-day. Already the basis is here, the plot is right at hand in the tale that has gone the rounds of two continents, and resembles that elder story so closely in its incidents of abduction that I presume the adapter of its striking title to the exigencies of current reform must have been old enough to recognize its essential similarity to the parent tradition. It has been told in books, it has served to ornament sermons and addresses on sociological subjects, and it has, I believe, already been done in novels that are among the best sellers. The newspapers have printed it with all its horrific details; it is so precisely the sort of pornography to satisfy the American sense of news—a tale of salacity for the prurient, palliated and rendered aseptic by efforts of officials, heated to the due degree of moral indignation, to bring the concupiscent to justice. I had been in England, too, when the subject was under discussion there, and this same story was told to such effect that Parliament, as hysterical as one of our own State legislatures, was induced to restore the brutality of flogging. It was always the same; some poor girl had been abducted, borne off to a brothel, ruined by men employed for that purpose, turned over to aged satyrs, and never heard of more. Of course there were variations; sometimes the girl was lured away in a motor car, sometimes by a request for assistance to some lady who had fainted, sometimes by other ruses. The

story was always told vehemently, but on the authority of some inaccessible third person, to doubt or question whom was to be suspected of sympathy with the outrage. But however high the station, or unimpeachable the character of the informants, anyone who had the slightest knowledge of the rules of evidence, unless he were especially credulous, would have reasons to doubt them. In Toledo it had for a while, and for aught I know still has, its vogue. It went the rounds of gentlemen's clubs and the tea tables of the town, and in the curious way stories have, it went on and on with new embellishments at each repetition. I had a curiosity about it, not because I cared for the realistic details that might, as Pooh Bah used to say, "lend an air of artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," but because here was a chance to test it at first hand, and so I asked the person most heroically concerned to come and tell me of an experience that had earned for him the plaudits of many of his fellow citizens and citizenesses. And so he came. He was a social worker, as they are called, and had had the training in settlement work which is said to qualify young persons to deal professionally with the poor and the wicked. He was a rather good-looking young chap, with a smile about his full red lips, who lifted his mild eyes to yours with perhaps an effort at frankness too pronounced. He spoke well and fluently.

One night (he said) at the close of a hard day's work in his mission, a man came to him in evident distress. The man was a business man, in comfortable though modest circumstances, with a family of which perhaps the most interesting member was a beautiful girl of seventeen. The girl was attending a High School, where she was in one of the advanced classes, and the evening before had gone from school to spend the night at the home of a friend, a girl of her own age. The next evening, on her failure to return home, the parents became alarmed, and after unavailing inquiry at her school-mate's house, and in other quarters, the distraught father had appealed to the social worker. The social worker at once caused an investigation to be made, and by a process of elimination (as he said, though, unlike Sherlock Holmes, he did not detail the successive steps of his logic), he concluded that the girl was in a certain quarter of the city,



in fact in a certain street. He then sent for the father, told him to supply himself with sufficient money, instructed him in the part he was to play, and was careful to stipulate that if he, the social worker, were to feign drunkenness or to indulge in conduct out of keeping with his character, the father was patiently and trustingly to await results. Thereupon they set forth, and before midnight visited some thirty houses of ill fame. In the thirty-first house the suspicions of the social worker were confirmed, and pretending to be intoxicated, he invited an inmate to accompany him, and ascended to the upper floor. He tried the doors along the hall, and finding them all open but one, and that locked, he lurched against it, broke it open, and on entering the room surprised a young woman, entirely nude, who screamed—until he muttered some word of understanding and encouragement. Meanwhile the inmate had summoned madame the proprietress, who flew up the stairs, burst into the room and discharged her revolver at the social worker.

The social worker, at this supreme moment in his recital, paused, and with a weary but reassuring smile, as who should say such adventures were diurnal monotonies in his life, remarked: "with no damage, however, to anything but the furniture and the woodwork."

But he had the girl in his arms and, thrusting aside foiled madame and the inmate, bore his charge downstairs, snatched a raincoat from the hall rack, wrapped it about her, called to the father to come, and escaped into the street.

After the rescued girl had been restored to her home, and sufficiently recovered from her terrible experience to give a connected account of herself, she related the following incidents: Leaving school on that night she had started for the home of the girl whom she was to visit—the girl not having attended school that day—and while passing a house in a respectable residential district, about five o'clock of the winter evening, darkness already having fallen, a woman came to the door and in great distress told the girl that a baby was sick, that she was alone, and implored the girl to come in and care for the baby while she ran for a doctor. The girl complied, and on reaching the door, was immediately seized, drawn into the hallway, her cries smothered.

ered by a hand in which there was a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, and she knew no more until she regained consciousness in the place where the social worker had rescued her.

Here his direct recital ended. I put to him two or three questions:—Who is the girl? Where is she now? Where is the house into which she was beguiled? Where is the brothel in which she was imprisoned? He had answers for all these. The girl's name could not be divulged, even in official confidence, for the family could not risk publicity; the house where she had been summoned to care for the ailing baby was the home of wealthy and respectable people, who had been out of town at the time, and their residence had been broken into and used temporarily by the white slavers. As for the brothel, the social worker, by methods he did not disclose, had compelled the proprietress to leave the city, and the place was closed.

Such was the amazing adventure of the social worker. It was easy to imagine the effect of it when related to neuropathic women, to prurient and sentimental men, and in country churches to gaping yokels curious about "life" in the city. It was easy to understand the effect it would have on minds starved and warped by puritanism, ready for any sensation, especially one that might stimulate their moral emotions, and give them one more excuse for condemning the police. No wonder certain of the elect brethren in gratitude for having been told just what they wished to hear had contributed hundreds of dollars, that the "work" might go on!

I determined, therefore, that in one instance, at least, the truth as to this stock story should be discovered, and I instructed Mr. Mooney, the Director of Public Safety, to make a complete investigation. He detailed to the task the best of his detectives; the inspectors of the federal Government under the white slave laws were called in, and I asked two clergymen of my acquaintance who knew the social worker and said they believed him, to give what aid they could. Together they worked for weeks. They made an exhaustive investigation, and their conclusion, in which the clergymen joined, was that there was not the slightest ground for the silly tale.

It was, of course, simply another variant of the story that

had gone the rounds of two continents, a story which had been somehow psychologically timed to meet the hysteria which the pulpit, the press, and the legislatures had displayed, as had the people, in one of those strange moral movements which now and then seize upon the public mind, and, in effect, make the whole population into a mob, which is, of course, the most moral thing in the world. The subject is considered in a very able article in *The English Review* for June of last year, written by Mrs. Teresa Billington-Greig, and there it is shown that not one of the stories told in this cause in England had any foundation in fact. So far as I know, no authentic verification of the story in any of its forms has ever been made. And yet it is the stock in trade of the professional moralists and has been employed by them to generate that hysteria without which they cannot carry on their reforms. It has been repeated and accepted, that is all, and to doubt it has been to make oneself *particeps criminis*, a sort of accessory after the fact.

It is a subject which only the student of morbid psychology, I suppose, can illuminate properly, but I fancy that he would find somewhere a significance in the phrase "white slave," when acted upon by minds that have never been refined enough to imagine any but the grossest of objective crimes, and out of all this there has arisen a new conception of the prostitute quite as grotesque as that which it replaces. She is no longer the ruined and abandoned thing she once was, too vile for any contact with the virtuous and respectable; she no longer occupies even the sacrificial pose in which Cato centuries ago and Lecky in our own time figured her; she is not even that daughter of joy whose dalliance is the secret despair of moralists too prudent to imitate her abandon; she has become the white slave, a shanghaied innocent kept under lock and key. And thousands and thousands of her sisters are annually trapped in precisely the same way by the minions of a huge system, organized like any modern combination of rapacity and evil, with luxurious headquarters, presumably in some skyscraper in New York, and its own attorneys, agents, kidnappers, crimpers, seducers, panderers and procurers all over the land, a vast and complicated organization, with baffling ramifications in all the high and low places of the

earth. It is even said, I believe, that somewhere in New York the trust conducts a daily auction. The sensational newspapers refer to it as "the white slave syndicate," as though it were as authentic as the steel trust or Standard Oil. With such a bizarre notion, the victims of their own psychic lasciviousness are now obsessed. Raids and "revivals" must be inaugurated, a body of new laws enacted, and a horde of official inspectors, agents and detectives turned loose on the land, empowered to arrest any man and woman travelling together, and hold them guilty until they are proved innocent.

To be sure, it is something to have the conception change. It is something that the prostitute should at last be regarded with some touch of human pity. And it is something, it is a great deal, indeed, that there is, with all this fanatical and zealous law-making, some quiet study of the problem. The word "economic," so long scorned by the proponents of an absolute morality, has somehow penetrated the public consciousness, and it has at last dawned on the human mind that prostitution is related to economic pressure. But, unfortunately, by the familiar human process, the mind leaps to extremes; it is assumed that all prostitutes are girls who did not receive sufficient wages, and the simple and all-sufficient cure is the minimum wage; instead of receiving eight dollars a week and going to the bad, all working girls are now, under the law, to be paid nine dollars a week and remain virtuous. And of course new work for the constable is cut out; if their employers do not pay them that much, they are to go to jail, and if the girls do not remain chaste after they have been assured of that splendid income, they must go to the pillory for the godly to spit at. This, with the laws against white slavery, is to be the panacea; and prostitution, a problem which has perplexed the thoughtful for thirty centuries, is to be solved before the next primaries, so that those who solved it may get their political rewards promptly.

I used to wish, when it was presented to me as Mayor, that some of these cocksure persons who would solve the problem off-hand by issuing a general order to the police, could get themselves elected to the opportunity. Of course I issued no general order on the subject; perhaps I was too sceptical, too much lack-

ing in faith in the miraculous powers of the constabulary. Our city was like all cities; there were prostitutes in brothels, prostitutes in saloons, prostitutes in flats, prostitutes on the streets at night. There were, for instance, a score or more of disorderly saloons where men and women congregated. But we found that merely by posting a policeman in uniform before such a place, its patronage was discouraged, and in a few days discontinued. Of course it was a dangerous and preposterous power to wield; in the hands of unscrupulous police it might have appalling possibilities of evil. I had the idea of stationing a policeman before a disorderly house from Tom Johnson, who told me he had it from his father—who was once Chief of Police in Louisville. And so we adopted it, and after a while the wine-rooms were no more. And that was something. But the girls in them, of course, had to go somewhere, just as Jones said.

Then we found that the police, if they were brutal enough, could drive the girls off the streets. It seemed to me always a despicable sort of business—the actions of the police I mean; I didn't like to hear the reports of it; I don't like to think of it, or write of it even now. It is not very creditable to make war on women, whatever the puritans may say. But the streets would show an improvement, even they would admit; much as they might linger and loiter and leer, the most seductively pure of them could not get himself "accosted" anywhere down town at night. Of course, after a while, the poor things would come back, or others exactly like them would come. Then the police would have to practise their brutalities all over again. Perhaps they were not brutal enough; I am not sure. To be sure they were not as brutal as Augustus with his sumptuary laws, or as Theodosius, or Valentinian, or Justinian, or Karl the Great, or Peter the Great, or St. Louis, or Frederick Barbarossa, or the Empress Maria Theresa in Vienna, or as John Calvin in Geneva, or Cotton Mather in Massachusetts, or as the English Puritans, with all their tortures and floggings and rackings and brandings and burnings. And even they were not brutal enough, it seems, since prostitution went right on down the centuries to our times. I suppose that we might have learned from their failures that

prostitution could not be ended by physical force and brutality. However, when the girls were driven from the streets, inasmuch as the police did not despatch them, they still had to go somewhere, and the brothels remained. They had their own quarter, and if it was not a segregated quarter it was something very like it, since the police bent their efforts to rid other portions of the city of such places. It was perhaps a tolerated rather than a segregated district, and after a while the Director of Public Safety wished to try the experiment of making it a regulated district as well. I felt that the world was too old and I found myself too much of its mood to hope that any good could come from any of the efforts of policemen to dispose of such a problem, but I was glad of any experiment conducted in sincerity which might make for the better, and accordingly the Director of Safety put his scheme into operation. It was not *réglementation* in the exact European sense, since the temper of our American people will not acquiesce in that, and, as I discovered by some inquiries of my own in the principal cities of Europe, it is not of very valid effect over there. But the Director adopted most of the familiar requirements of the Parisian *règlement*, except the medical examinations, and the registration of those not *en maison*; he required the proprietress to report at police headquarters the presence of new inmates; he forbade them to have minors or male parasites in the houses, and as far as possible he separated the business from the saloon business. Any house which ignored his orders found a policeman posted before it; then it came to time. The result was, as Mr. Mooney could report in the course of a year, that the number of brothels had been reduced from over two hundred, to less than forty, and the number of prostitutes, of whom the police had any knowledge, in an equal proportion. He was very proud when General Bingham complimented his policemen and their policing, as he was at similar compliments from the Government's white slave agents.

Superficially this was a very gratifying report, but only superficially. Nearly three-fourths of the brothels had been closed, but their inmates had to go somewhere, just as Jones said, and the police found that clandestine prostitution had proportionately increased; the women had gone into flats, or hotels, or residences

which on occasion could be made to serve as assignation houses. It may perhaps have improved the life of the prostitute, made it freer and more human, and perhaps it indicates that prostitution in America is showing a decadent tendency toward refinement. But while they had reduced the number of houses of prostitution, the police discovered that they had not reduced prostitution in the least, and when, after a trial of four years, I asked the Director and the Chief of Police what the result of the experiment had been, they said that aside from the fact that it seemed to make for order in the city, and simplified the work of policing, it had done no good.

The experience was like that of Chicago, where after a police order prohibiting the sale of liquor in houses of prostitution, it was found to be—according to the report of the Vice Commission—“undoubtedly true that the result of the order has been to scatter the prostitutes over a wide territory and to transfer the sale of liquor carried on heretofore in houses to the nearby saloon keepers, and to flats and residential sections, but it is an open question whether it has resulted in the lessening of either of the two evils of prostitution and drink.” And a member of the Vice Commission of Atlanta, where the brothels were all closed, told me the other day that there prostitution has been spread all over the town.

The experience, I think, is probably universal. It is not unusual to hear the systems of regulation used in European cities held up as models by the pessimistic as the only practical method of dealing with the problem. Paris used commonly to be considered as the ideal in this respect; latterly it is apt to be Berlin. The fact is that the *réglementation* which for years and years has been in force in Paris is a failure; the experience there was precisely what it was in our little city. In the *réglement* prescribed by the prefecture of police there are the familiar provisions for enrolment, for the exclusion of minors, even as servants or otherwise, and of students, from the *maisons de tolérance*, for medical examinations, etc. And yet, according to the latest figures I have been able to secure, there has been no appreciable effect in diminishing prostitution. There are in the city only thirty *maisons de tolérance*, with four hundred and

twenty inmates. There are five thousand six hundred and seventy-six women registered who do not live *en maison*. But there are in Paris, so it is estimated, nearly sixty thousand women who do not reside *en maison*, and are not registered or subject in any way to the regulations, who nevertheless make their living by prostitution. And furthermore there is no evidence of the diminution of disease, except in the *maisons de tolérance*, and there only because the infected are at once sent to hospitals, so that *réglementation* seems to be as great a failure in Paris as any other method that mankind has tried.

In Paris, to be sure, because of the racial temperament, the attitude toward the whole subject is not at all what it is with us. There the prostitute is not condemned to permanent degradation as the puritans insist she be with us. Prostitution, it seems, is at times but a temporary occupation, resorted to for a variety of reasons; sometimes to obtain a professional or artistic education, sometimes because of economic pressure. But in any event society and the law do not prevent a girl from giving it up, as they do with us.

But if regulations would succeed at all, it would seem that they would do so in Berlin, which the well-known German genius for organization has made the most efficiently governed city in the world. The German law does not prohibit prostitution, but the criminal code severely regulates the practice by bringing it under the supervision of the morals police. And on the day I write these lines the newspapers publish an Associated Press Dispatch from Berlin, which bears its testimony to the failure there.

“Berlin.—The trial of three vice squad policemen this week illuminates the methods of Berlin to regulate the demi-monde, which if it were reported from the United States would immediately be termed ‘typical American police corruption.’ The men accused were Officers Thiede, Bachmann and Seegebarth. Thiede’s wife was accused of permitting her husband and a woman informant to meet at her home. The three policemen are members of a special squad whose sole duty it is to control the demi-monde. They were accused of accepting bribes of money, food and clothing from a



woman. In September, 1911, a Berlin paper published a letter from one of the accused policemen to a demi-mondaine named Ortmayer. An investigation followed, and as result, twelve policemen were suspended. The trial has shown the ridiculous ineffectiveness of Berlin's system of controlling the demi-monde. It is estimated that there are 40,000 such women in Berlin, and only 4,068 are 'under control' of the small army of plain clothes 'morals' policemen who are detailed to look after them."

In England, on the other hand, there is no regulation; any evening along Piccadilly, and elsewhere in London, one may see street walkers whom the police never dream of molesting. The lack of regulation is in part due to the traditional puritanic attitude of our northern race, and partly to the respect for personal liberty that exists in England. There the principle is much more scrupulously respected than with us, with whom individual liberty indeed is hardly a principle at all. With us the phrase "personal liberty" is regarded merely as a shibboleth of brewers and distillers, an evidence on the part of him who employs it that he is a besotted slave to drink and an unscrupulous minion of the rum power. The interferences practised daily by our policemen are unknown there, and if, for instance, it should even be proposed that an enactment like that in Oklahoma limiting the amount of liquor a man may keep in his own house, and providing that agents of the State may enter his domicile at will and make a search, and especially if in the remotest region of the British Isles there should be an instance of what Walt Whitman calls "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," such as is of daily occurrence in that State where these agents enter railway trains and slit open the valises of travellers in their quest of the stuff, the whole of the question hour the next afternoon in the House of Commons would be occupied with indignant interpellations of the Home Secretary and *The Times* could not contain all the letters that would be written.

Other lands have made other experiments, but everywhere and in all times the same failure has been recorded, from the efforts of Greece to regulate the *hetairæ* and *dicteriades* and the

severe regulations of ancient Rome, down to the latest reform administration in an American city. Nothing that mankind has ever tried has been of the slightest avail. And now come the vice commissions with their pornographic reports, and no doubt feeling that they have to propose *something* after all the trouble they have gone to, when they have set forth in tabulated statistics what everybody in the world already knows, they repeat the old ineptitudes. That is, more law, more hounding by the police. The Chicago product is the classic and the model for all of these, and as the latest and loftiest triumph of the puritan mind in the realm of morals and of law, a triumph for which three centuries of innocence of nothing save humor alone could have prepared it, its own great masterpiece in morals is at once forbidden circulation in the mails because of its immorality!

The Chicago report makes nearly a hundred specific recommendations, among them "constant and persistent repression," and eventually by way of a happy and original thought "absolute annihilation of prostitution." All unattended boys and girls must be sent home by the police at nine o'clock at night; there must be no seats in the public parks in the shade, searchlights must be installed in the parks to flash their rays here and there in the summer nights. And of course there must be a "special morals police squad." The Commission estimated that in Chicago, exclusive of the women in flats, rooms, hotels and houses of assignation, there are prostitutes in houses of prostitution that receive visits daily from over 15,000 men, so that the task of the special morals police is to be rather difficult, if in their efforts at "constant repression" and "ultimate annihilation" they are expected to apprehend and conduct to police stations that number of men and their companions every day.

These proposals are no doubt the expressions of despair in the face of so formidable a condition, like the *clichés* of all reformers with specific remedies; in their speeches, after an extensive examination of all the grounds of the subject and a perfectly valid indictment of the evils that are apparent to all, they come to the point where it is necessary to suggest remedies, and then fall back upon their familiar and facile generalities.

The problem of course cannot be solved by a phrase any

more than it can be solved by policemen. It will do no good to call them "morals" police; the word has a reassuring note of course, possibly by some confused with "moral" police, but policemen are policemen still. I have seen the *police des mœurs* in European cities, and they looked quite like other policemen. And all cities in America have had morals police; that is exactly what our policemen have been, and that is exactly what is the matter with them. That is, all cities have had detectives especially detailed to supervise the conduct of the vicious, and they always fail. We had such a squad in Toledo for years, though it was not called morals police. It was composed of men, mere men, because we had nothing else but men to detail to the work. They were honest, decent, self-respecting men for the most part, who on the whole did very well considering the salaries they were paid and the task imposed on them. They regulated vice as well as anybody anywhere could regulate it. But of course they failed to solve the problem, just as the world for thousands of years has failed to solve it, with all the machinery of all the laws of all the lawgivers in history. Solon in Athens tried every known device, including segregation. He established a State monopoly of houses of prostitution, confined the *dicterides* to a certain quarter of the city, and compelled them to wear a distinctive dress, but all his stringent laws had broken down long before Hyperides dramatically bared the breast of Phryne to the Areopagus. In Rome there was the most severe regulation in the ancient world, and yet—it may be read in Gibbon—the successive experiments of the law under Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Valerian, Theodosius and Justinian were all failures, and when the laws were most rigorous and the most rigorously enforced, immorality was at its height. Charlemagne tried and failed, and though the sentiment of the age of chivalry and the rise of Christianity for a while softened the law, under the English Puritans, bawds were whipped, pilloried, branded and imprisoned, and for a second offence put to death. France was not behind; under Louis IX, prostitutes were exiled, and in 1635 an edict in Paris condemned men concerned in the traffic to the galleys for life, while the women and girls were whipped, shaved and banished for life. Charles V in the monastery at Yuste,

trying to make two clocks tick in unison, found his efforts no more vain than his attempts to regulate human conduct, and Philip II tried again to do what his father had been unable to accomplish. Peter the Great was a grim enforcer of the laws, and in Vienna Maria Theresa was most rigorous with prostitutes, putting them in a certain garb, and then in handcuffs; she was almost as remorseless in her treatment of them as was John Calvin in Geneva, which came to have more prostitutes proportionately than any city in Europe. Several modern attempts have been made at annihilation. Saxony tried to abolish its brothels, but they exist in Dresden and other cities of the kingdom. Hamburg claims to have abolished them, but in that Free and Hanseatic City I was told by an American, who was investigating the subject that there were as many there as elsewhere.

It will not do to employ the glib excuse of the off-hand reformer and say that the laws have not been enforced. The rulers I have named, and a long line of others, with wondrous codes and inflexible wills, have tried to enforce them, and their efforts were all without avail. A review of the history of the subject, and indeed of the history of mankind, leads one to agree with Dr. Arthur Shadwell, the learned authority:

"A general view of the whole subject suggests no pleasant or hopeful conclusions. Prostitution appears to be inseparable from human society in large communities. In different countries and ages it has in turn been patronized and prohibited, ignored and recognized, tolerated and condemned, regulated and let alone, flaunted and concealed. Christianity, the greatest moral force in the history of mankind, has repeatedly and systematically attacked it with a scourge in one hand and balm in the other; but the effect has been trifling or transient. Nor have all the social and administrative resources of modern civilization availed to exercise an effective control. The elementary laws on which prostitution rests are stronger than the artificial codes employed by moral teaching, conventional standards or legislatures; and attempts at repression only lead to a change of form, not of substance."

It is the testimony of all the students of the question, Dr. Sanger, Dr. Alfred Blaschko, Mr. Havelock Ellis, and all the rest; it is the judgment of history, and after all this the notion that policemen, or morals squads, or the most dehumanized and relentless prosecutor, rampant in a community, can accomplish anything, is sodden stupidity.

And these laws have not only failed, they have not only stimulated and intensified the evil, but they themselves have created a white slavery worse than that of the preposterous tales and sentimental twaddle that circulate among the neurotic, a white slavery worse than any ever imagined by the most romanticistic of the dime novelists or by the most superheated of the professional reformers. Every one of these laws has been devised, written and enacted in the identical spirit with which the Puritans in Massachusetts branded the red letter on the scarlet woman. Every one of them is an element of that brutal and amazing conspiracy by which society makes of the girl who once "goes wrong," to use the lightest of our animadversions, a pariah more abhorred and shunned than if she were a rotting leper on the cliffs of Molokai. She may be human, alive, with the same feelings that all the other girls in the world have; she may have within her the same possibilities, life may mean exactly the same thing to her; she may have youth with all its vague and beautiful longings, but society thunders at her such final and awful words as "lost," "ruined," "abandoned," thrusts her beyond its pale, and causes her to feel that thereafter, forever and forever, there is literally no chance of redemption for her; home, society, companionship, hope itself, all shut their obdurate doors in her face. In all the world there are just two places she may go, the brothel, or the river, and even if she choose the latter, that choice too is a sin. She is "lost," and the awful and appalling lie is thundered in her astonished ears by the united voices of a prurient and hypocritical society with such indomitable force and persistence that she must believe it herself, and acquiesce in its dread finality. And there is no course open to her but to go on in sin to the end of days whose only mercy is that they are apt to be brief. No off-hand moralist, even by exercising his imagination to the last degree of cruelty, has ever been able to

devise such a prison as that. White slave, indeed, shackled by the heaviest chains the puritan conscience has yet been able to forge for others!

Strange, too, since the attitude is assumed by a civilization which calls itself Christian and preaches that the old law, with its eye for an eye and its tooth for a tooth, was done away and lost in a new and beautiful dispensation. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." If the world is ever to solve this problem, it must first of all apprehend the spirit of this simple and gracious expression, do away with its old laws, its old cruelties, its old brutalities, its old stupidities, and approach the problem in that human spirit which I suspect is so very near the divine. Once in this attitude, in this spirit, society will be in a position to learn something from history and from human experience, something from life itself, and what it will learn first is that puritanical laws, the hounding of the police, and all that sort of thing have never lessened prostitution in the world, but on the contrary have increased it.

"What!" I fancy I hear some one exclaim; "Let them go and not do anything to them!"

Well, yes, if we can't think of anything better to do to them than to hurt them a little more, push them a little farther along the road to that abyss toward which we have been hustling them. Why is it constantly necessary to do something to people? If we can't do anything *for* them, when are we going to learn to let them alone? Or must this incessant interference, this meddling, this mauling and manhandling, go on in the world forever and ever?

"But what are we going to do about it?"

Well, since all that ever has been done about it has been so much worse in its effect than if we had never done anything about it, I suppose I need not feel so very much ashamed of confessing my ignorance and saying that I don't know. If it were left to me I think the first thing I should do would be to repeal all the criminal laws on the subject, beginning with that most savage enactment the puritan conscience ever devised, namely, the law declaring certain children "illegitimate," a piece of stupid brutal-

ity and cruelty that would make a gorilla blush with shame if it were even suggested in the African jungle.

Yes, the first thing to do is to repeal all the criminal laws on the subject. They do no good and, even when it is attempted to enforce them, the result is worse than futile. I myself, with my own eyes, in my own town have seen a magistrate fine a street walker and then suspend the fine so that, as he explained to her in all judicial seriousness, she might go out and "earn" enough money to come back and pay it! And not a person in the court room, so habituated and conventionalized are we all, ever cracked a smile or apparently saw anything out of the way—least of all the street walker!

This is the most trivial of instances. But it would not be enough simply to repeal these laws from the statute books of the State; it will be necessary to accomplish the immensely more difficult task of repealing them from the human heart, where they were written long ago in anger, and hatred, and jealousy and cruelty and fear, that is, in the heat of all the baser passions. What I am trying to say is that the first step in any reasonable and effective reform is an entire change of attitude on the subject, and about the only good to be expected from the agitation about white slavery, with all its preposterous exaggerations and absurd sensationalism, is that it is perhaps making for a changed attitude, a new conception; if it will accomplish nothing more than to get the public mind—if there is a public mind, and not a mere public passion—to view the prostitute as a human being, very much like all the other human beings in the world, it will have been worth all it has cost in energy and emotion and credulity. If this sort of repeal can be made effective, if the prostitute can be assured of some chance in life outside the dead line which society so long ago drew for her, the first step will have been taken.

This of course will mean a much larger task than merely lobbying a bill through the legislature. It will come only by the slowest and most difficult of processes and that hardest of all work in the world, i.e., thinking.

The next step possibly will be the erection of an equal standard of morals. And this cannot be done by passing a law, or by

turning in an alarm for the police. That means thinking too, and education, and evolution, and all the other slow and toilsome processes of which the off-hand reformers are so impatient. This equal standard will have to be raised first in each individual heart; after that it will become the attitude of the general mind.

And then the commerce in vice will have to be stopped. I do not mean prohibited by penal laws. Policemen cannot stop it, and policemen should have no more to do with it than firemen. In fact much of the commerce has proceeded from the fact that its regulation has been intrusted to the police. It would be a subject for the fiscal laws. It is, I assume, known by most persons that the owners of the dilapidated tenements in which for the most part prostitution is carried on, because of the "risk," extort exorbitant rentals for them, and then, on the ground that they can rent them to no one of respectability, they hold them to be so worthless that they pay little if any taxes on them. Our present tax laws of course have the effect of rewarding the slothful, the lazy and the idle, and of punishing the energetic and the enterprising producer in business, and it would be quite possible to revise the tax laws so that tenderloins would be economically impossible, because they would cease to be profitable.

In the next place, or some place in the programme, there should be some sort of competent and judicious sex education. I do not know just who would impart it, since no one as yet knows very much about it, but with the earnest, sincere and devoted work that is being carried on all over the world by the scientific men and women who are studying eugenics and social hygiene, there is hope in this direction, even if it is probable that the world will not be saved by the new race of athletes that are scientifically to be bred, and may still have some use in its affairs for the minds of its cripples who in all times have contributed so much to its advancement.

The marvellous phenomenon known as the feminist movement which the students and historians of the next two hundred years will be busy elucidating will play its part too, for in its vast impulse toward the equality of the sexes it must not only



*Stop*

the single standard of morals, but it should somehow be means of achieving for women their economic independence. Perhaps would be the most important of all the steps to be in the solution of the problem. The economic environment of course is in the lives of many girls a determining factor in this connection the minimum wage indeed has its bearing. Old puritanic laws were conceived in minds intensely pre-occupied with the duty of punishing people for their sins. Prostitutes were prostitutes because they were "bad," and when people were bad they must be punished. But now we see, or begin to see, if vaguely, that, except in metaphysics, there is no such thing in our complex human life as an absolute good or an absolute bad; we begin to discern dimly the causes of some of the

conduct called bad, and to the problem of evil we begin to apply the conceptions of economic influences, social influences, pathological influences, and other influences most of us know little or nothing about.

Thus we begin to see that a girl's wages, for instance, may have something to do with what we call her morals; not everything, but something. The wages of a girl's father have something to do with it too, and the wages of her great-grandfather for the matter of that. So may the dividends on which live the delicate and charming ladies she beholds alighting from their motor cars every morning in the shopping district have something to do with it, though she is as unconscious and as innocent of the relation as they, as ignorant as all of us are. Rents have something to do with it, and so do taxes.

But after the whole economic system has been readjusted and perfected and equalized, after we have the minimum wage, and the single tax, and industrial democracy, and every man gets what he produces, and economic pressure has been as scientifically adjusted as the atmospheres in a submarine torpedo boat, there is always the great law of the contrariety of things to be reckoned with, according to which the more carefully planned the event, the less it resembles the original conception. The human vision is so weak, and the great circle of life so prodigious, that it can behold only the smallest segment of the arc. The solution will come, if it ever comes at all, by slow, patient,

laborious, drudging study, far from the midnight session of the legislature, far from the ear and the pencil of the eager reporter, far from the platform of the sweating revivalist, far from the head office of the police. Our fondly perused pornography might expose the whole of the underworld to the light of day, the general assembly might enact successive revisions of the revised statutes for a hundred years, we might develop the most superb police organization in all history, achieving the apotheosis of the Puritan ideal with a dictagraph in every bedroom and closet in the town, and it all would be of no avail. The study must survey the whole field of social and domestic relations, until the vast mystery of life is understood, and the relation between its vast antitheses established as Tolstoy adumbrates them in his story of the poor mother who took her daughter to the public house in the village, and the rich mother who, at the same time, took her daughter to the Court at St. Petersburg. It will be found perhaps in the long run, for which so few are ever willing to remain, that the eradicable causes of prostitution are due to involuntary poverty, and the awful task is to get involuntary poverty out of the world. It is a task which has all the tremendous difficulties of constructive social labor and it is as deliberate as evolution itself. And even if it is ever accomplished, there will remain a residuum in the problem inhering in the mysteries of sex, concerning which even the wisest and most devoted of our scientists will confess they know very little as yet and have not much to tell us that will do us any good.

## "THE EUGENIC THEATRE"

VICTOR BRANFORD

**A**N example of civic arousal through the dramatization of history is afforded by the Edinburgh Masquers—latest progeny of that Outlook Tower which Professor Geddes has devised in Edinburgh, and which has been widely recognized as (in the words of *The American Journal of Sociology*) "The World's First Sociological Laboratory." The occasion of their birth was a simply festal one, that of celebrating the semi-jubilee of the University Halls of Residence, which with their associated educational and civic activities are in a way the parent of the Outlook Tower itself. In the first six months of their doings, the Edinburgh Masquers, with their vivid sensuous appeal, have probably done more than the parent institution during the previous decade, towards arousing both city and university to the historian's outlook, its interest and meaning for life, its significance for social direction and uplift. They produced a Masque of Learning which after its performances to crowded audiences in one of the largest halls in the city was repeated, to their delight, before ten thousand children from the public schools; and further showed its vitality by internment, growth and scission, the original masque being placed by two, a Masque of Ancient Learning and a Mediæval and Modern Learning. Of these, in two performances were given on an even larger scale, for participating players who appeared on the stage had grown from five or six hundred to nearly a thousand—a scale comparable with that of professional pageantry.

The distinction of the Edinburgh Masque is to have the resources both of historic evocation and of civic arousal towards shaping in some measure the open life alike in the personal growth of the citizen and in the development of his city. Its distinction is to have done this by diminution but rather enhancement of recreational and spectacular effect.

To grasp its principle of design, one must first

sort of historian whose outlook is here dramatized. It is not the too simple historian who, for instance, tells you that the notable events in English history in the years 1665-6 were the Plague and the Great Fire of London. These occurrences are doubtless interesting incidents in the domestic chronicles of the English nation; but they do not look beyond it, and are the subject matters of the annalist or chronicler rather than of the historian properly so-called: the student and interpreter of human evolution. For him, the years 1665-6 are not least made memorable by the fact that a young Cambridge collegian then dreamed a wonderful dream, which came true. There is, indeed, a connection with the Plague. In consequence of its outbreak the students of Trinity College were "sent down" for the summer term. In other words, they were given an opportunity to meditate and dream; and the tranquil beauty of a ripening orchard thus became for one at least of the rusticated students a truer cloister than his college shades.

The local piety which preserved through five generations the apple tree that evoked Newton's dream was sound in psychology if not an exhaustive statement. For every youth has his dreams, and their kind and quality are determined by the personalities who have touched his imagination; by the tradition in which he has been nurtured, and by the accident and circumstance of his life. Given the Greek tradition, then in active revivance, of reading the riddle of the heavens by careful observation of the facts; given the succession of impressive personalities recently engaged on the problem from Copernicus to Galileo; given the central mystery of planetary and solar motion, still but partially solved; given, finally, the mind of a young and ardent mathematician steeped in all this varied heritage—and what more passionate quest could there be for him than that of further insight and accuracy of knowledge? There is but wanting, to a youth so preoccupied and so prepared, the one incalculable spark of appropriate circumstance that shall suddenly light up his mind and let him glimpse the culminating generalization. The falling of an apple may well have suggested to an adolescent, fresh from contact with Descartes' new Geometry (the immediate inspiration of Newton's genius, as he himself tells us), the grand gener-

alization that Galileo's formula of the falling stone was but the special case, the terrestrial manifestation, of all celestial motion. What he saw in his orchard dream was the moon falling to the earth, and the earth to the sun, just as Galileo saw the stone falling to earth from the leaning tower of Pisa. Of the heavenly bodies, Newton's dream was that " they are all falling bodies, but going so far and so fast that they fall quite round to the other side, and so go on for ever." The Law of Gravitation, it would seem, is not so remote and mysterious, either in itself or its origin, as is sometimes thought.

It belongs to the moral discipline of science that what is seen in the ecstasy of vision must be translated into the cold notation of the intellect before the solitary joy of creative imagination can be supplemented by its due social sequels of happiness in communication to others and glory of success in acknowledged achievement. Some twenty-one years of mental labor were required before the *Principia* of the middle-aged professor of mathematics demonstrated to the world the complete Law of Gravitation and realized the dream of the young Newton. The Mission of manhood grew naturally out of the Quest of youth. What is " success in life " ? " A dream of youth realized in riper years." Recalling in later life the early stages by which he reached his first clear ideas of gravitation, Newton wrote " all this was in the two plague years, 1665-6, for in these years I was in the prime of my age for invention."

This instance is typical of that abiding human drama which the evolutionary historian sets forth for our delight and edification. The historian alternates between two moods. In one he sees the procession of generations, each fitting uneasily into the mould which its predecessor filled: each a mould strained and cracked by overwear, yet ever being repaired, reshaped, with the material gathered by the passing generation in its own fleeting struggle for life and love. That is the tale of Man, as conditioned by circumstance and determined by tradition; and this the historian tells in his impersonal mood as institutional history. But without forgetting this view and its limitations, the historian has another mood. In this he sees the succession of great men: those towering personalities who create for their time and place

the conditions of life and progress. The tale of the human race thus told becomes a saga—the tale of giants, with Newton for one. This is the personal, the biographic, the Plutarchian mood of the historian, but it only becomes epic and potentially dramatic as he thinks out around his hero the scheme of parts in the play and tries to decipher the general plot and the hero's place in it. But since the time when the mediæval synthesis of history was dramatized for popular presentation as the miracle play, the dramatic mood of the historian has never again dared to express itself in large and comprehensive sweep. As historians gain in courage and in skill proportionate to their knowledge, they will give us, if not new drama, yet new drama-stuff, from which the theatre will gain immeasurably in power and enrich life anew in literal recreation. Tendencies only latent in the theatre of ancient Greece it may yet express and realize more fully. It is indeed our thesis that these modern masques are expressing the renewal of some vital essentials of Greek drama.

Close to the religious life of the people as in mediæval times, the theatre of the Greeks yet made its appeal in more direct and human way. In its opening ritual of the bull—symbol of strength and creative power—and by dithyrambic song and dance, it started from the organic side of adolescence, frankly expressed, but also idealized. A bull led by young men, guided by the Graces—what combination of symbolism could be at once more subtle and more simple? Acknowledgment of sex as the fundamental force, at once of high personality and of social uplift, was thus its point of origin. To discover its culminating destination, we must do more than observe and estimate the accomplished work of its organizers and dramatists, for the seed they planted never came to full fruition. Its growth was arrested and its culmination frustrated by the social disasters of too imperialistic ambitions. Thus viewing Greek drama as a social process toward a goal foreshadowed but never reached, we may picture something of that goal by selecting certain tendencies of the process and following them to their logical or rather sociological developments.

Greek, like mediæval, drama was played only at periodic religious festivals, but, unlike it, was staged with all the cere-

monious dignity of a high civic function. Thanks to the pens of scholars and the spades of archæologists, we can now picture with considerable fulness the part played by the Attic Theatre in the life of the people. How deeply it penetrated Hellenic life, individual and social, the modern playgoer must find it hard to realize. Its nearest equivalent to-day is perhaps the Welsh National Eisteddfodd, and to think of that helps us to grasp the central and significant fact that in the case of the Greeks we are dealing with what is at once a folk-drama and a culture-drama. Almost every village had (a fact for our rural revivalists of to-day) its theatre, in which were played not only the pieces of rustic festivity, but also the tragedies of the great dramatists.

But here we are concerned with what took place in the great Dionysiac Theatre at Athens. There was a festival each spring at which were presented by the leading dramatic poets a succession of tragedies and comedies continuously succeeding each other throughout the day from morning to evening for about a week. Each play was performed only once, and in the best days of Greek drama was never afterwards repeated.

The price of a seat for a day was about fourpence, and that sum could be had for the asking from the Public Treasury. But this custom of subsidy did not arise till later, when the city became Imperial and proud, and the people became beggarly and humble. Hollowed out from the southern slope of the Acropolis was the vast auditorium, to hold nearly 30,000 spectators accommodated, irrespective of rank and wealth, upon uniform tiers of stone benches, severe, cushionless, backless. A single row of armchair stalls, interposed between these benches and the orchestra, afforded the only places of distinction. In these sat the representatives, neither of the aristocracy, nor the plutocracy, nor (with insignificant exceptions) the bureaucracy, but the priests of the Olympian Gods, and of their lesser fellowship of divine beings, some, like the Graces and Muses, of yet loftier spirituality than the Olympians themselves. Conspicuous in their centre was enthroned the richly-robed priest of the god in whose honor and worship the plays were performed, Dionysus. For he it was, we must remember, who expressed and idealized the organic and spiritual significance of adolescence. The theatre itself was an

adjunct of his temple, and the play an extension of his ritual. The dramatic poet was, in effect if not in name, a lay priest of Dionysus. The ordinary word for a play, and more especially for that ordered sequence of plays which Æschylus initiated and his successors feebly abandoned, was a *teaching*. The commentators inform us this usage arose through the dramatic poets teaching chorus and actors how to perform their plays. Without denying that, we may still suppose the Greeks had wit enough to see that a poet may be a teacher in more senses than the duller ones.

Now Æschylus, the real founder of Greek drama, was no mere poet, still less mere playwright. He was a soldier who had fought at Marathon, at Salamis, and at Plataea. He was a citizen who had doubtless served in office and looked to serve again. But there are many ways of serving your city. Æschylus, it is clear, was that kind of poet who is essentially concerned with the making of citizens, and of poetry and plays as a means to that end. His own plays he described in true and vivid metaphor as "scraps from the banquet of Homer." In other words, they were the dramatization of heroic history, such history as was known to the Greeks and rated by them heroic.

Then as now people could be at once pious and stupid; so it is not surprising to learn that not a few orthodox Greeks were wont to complain that the plays had nothing to do with the god Dionysus. They could not see the connection between the presentation of historic heroism and the awakening of the idealism latent in contemporary youth. But the founders and builders of Greek civilization were psychologists enough to know that "who shapes the dream, decides the deed." And if they were ignorant of the doctrine of descent by natural selection, they at least promoted the practice of ascent by epic selection. Lucian, by a happy anachronism, puts into the mouth of Solon expounding the institutions of Athens the saying that young Athenians were educated by being taken to the theatre to learn types of personality to imitate and to avoid.

But what of the other gods of the Olympic Pantheon, who presided vicariously over the Greek theatre in due subordination to its central divinity—Dionysus? May not these too be inter-



preted as expressions and idealizations of the visions of life that appear in the changing dreams of the human cycle? Though the tide of life and love runs strongest in youth, it is not then only we fashion dreams of perfection out of memory and aspiration. All the other phases of life, from infancy to age, have their visions of an ideal, imagined by self or others. Given the tendency to conceive human life at each of its phases as it might be at its intensest and highest, there emerge as natural sequels the efforts of art and literature to present and symbolize these imaginative creations and the endeavors of religion to realize them. Mr. Edward Carpenter's interpretation of the “ Gods as Race Memories ” (in his *Art of Creation*) is perhaps the best known of several recent attempts to work out the general formula of the process. From another, constructed in the more monographic way of science, we may select an answer in terms of evolutionary biology and psychology to the question—Who were the Olympians?

In a recent number of *The Sociological Review* Professor Geddes said: “ For the Greek there developed what for us is again dawning in our ideals of eugenics and of education; for him vitally expressed in a vision of divinities—beings at once normal and ideal, human, yet superhuman; and far beyond those earlier and simpler idealizations of occupation and place which were foreshadowed in Apollo, the divine shepherd, the musician, the healer; in Athena of the olive and Demeter of the corn. Goddesses and gods thus expressed each the ideal, or supernorm, of a phase of life. This vivid and creative intuition has, since Greek days, too much seemed but a mythological dream, but must none the less reappear in evolutionary thought. Each goddess, each god is the essential and characteristic, the logical and necessary, expression of the corresponding life-phase of woman and man. Man as lover, idealist, poet has ever created the goddesses. He worships each perfection of womanhood; he defers to her bright intuition, bows before her ready spear of woman's wit, and yields his apple to her compelling charms. Each in his turn a Paris has his three-fold vision: Aphrodite, Pallas, Hera are no further to seek than of old. On either side arise other goddesses, of younger and of older phase. There Artemis, the

maid, still unawakened to sex, running free in nature, and Hebe, the winning and willing child; here again Demeter, aging, saddened and grey, patient, helpful and wise.

"So for her part woman creates her types of the gods: first the father, in patriarchal perfection, stands complete, then Eros, the babe of inmost longing. Between these appears Hermes, the boy-messenger, swift and eager, soon giving place to Dionysus, the youth awaking towards manhood, thrilling to woman, wine and song. After Apollo, master of himself, comes Ares, armed and active in the struggle for existence. Later, Hephestos, with his mastery and skill, yet limited thereby. Seated now in their series, the Olympian circle is complete."

How far may the conception of Olympus above set forth help us to discern the educational process of Greek drama? The answer turns perhaps on the vexed question of how personality, which is unique, is related to type, which is general. Minor critics and playwrights are for ever contesting whether the characters of drama can be both personalities and types. But for the student who is neither critic nor playwright, it may be sufficient to accept what Æschylus practised and Diderot preached.

What was it that Æschylus practised? The gods sat immobile in their stalls in constant danger of petrifying into idols. The imagination of the dramatic poet roused them into life and activity on the stage. Dionysus himself was sent forth in every age, at every periodic performance, to recreate the heroes of the race. These, thrilling again to wine, woman, and song, manifested in the sight and hearing of all, the glories and the perils of ambitious dreams and epic deeds. Thus was Dionysus made to fulfil for ever the purpose of his being, in the awakening of youth, in the consoling of age, and in stirring the hearts of maidens and mothers.

In further illustration of the art of Æschylus, take the part of Athena in *The Eumenides*, the culminating play of his great tetralogy. The goddess is made to show the way out of an apparently hopeless social situation—a tangle of successive crimes, with ever complicating resultant of evil reactions. Now, there have ever been among men, from Rhadamanthus to Romilly and onwards, good jurists to secure justice, but it needs a woman's

intuition and wit, combined with woman's sympathy, charm, and tact, to secure justice and also accomplish the higher social task of reconciling the disputants. That is what Athena does in *The Eumenides*. And she does it by saying and doing just those things which a woman can say and do when she is neither Artemis nor Aphrodite, neither Hera nor Demeter, but Athena herself. The part is strangely like and yet unlike that of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare, being neither aided nor limited by a goddess in the stalls, has created a personality which perhaps for most of us is more interesting during the fleeting moments while the play runs. But the impression fades sooner from the memory because, not manifestly type and symbol also, the personality does not so readily relate and attach itself to the permanent images of the mind, to the deepest feelings of the heart, and to the ultimate issues of life.

It is good to have Portia occasionally rescue the rich and generous young citizen from the moneylender. It is better to have the continuing aid of Athena Polias in the abiding war of the city against our hundred-armed giants and our Gorgon Sisters. Against those giants, the modern city father can no more hope to contend successfully than could Father Zeus, unaided by the spear of Athena (whom, by the way, a not unlikely and profoundly significant tradition declares to have been the daughter of one of the giants themselves!) Against Medusa, the knightly citizen of to-day can no more hope to venture successfully than could young Perseus, unequipped with the mirror of Athena. But the modern city having preferred the cult of Mammon and Moloch, of Silenus and Priapus, to say nothing of other strange unholy deities, has thus driven out Athena Polias. How can her resentment be appeased, her just wrath averted, her immanent presence re-invoked? Happily her memory has been kept green by the poets. Her image was vividly present to at least one modern poet:

A wonder enthroned on the hills and the sea,  
A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory,  
That none from the pride of her head may rend;  
Violet and olive leaf, purple and hoary,

Song-wreath and story the fairest of fame,  
Flowers that the winter can blast not nor bend,  
A light upon earth as the Sun's own flame,  
A name as his name,  
Athens, a praise without end.

The university, 'tis true, has maintained her worship as Alma Mater, though with the fitfulness and feebleness of an esoteric cult. Poor and intermittent must needs be academic gifts, while the riches of the city pour lavishly into inimical shrines. Let the arts of the university combine in her service with the crafts of the city; then may we gain the aid of Athena in the holy war which each generation of citizens has to wage for its own salvation against the ever-renewing races of Gorgons and of wicked giants. It may be taken as an augury of that approaching alliance of temporal and spiritual powers against the forces of evil, that the goddess recently reappeared in the concluding scenes of these Edinburgh and London Masques, where university and city are brought together into fraternity and partnership anew.

To return to the Attic Theatre, let us consider a concluding illustration of how the Greek dramatist presented images of personality which, being also symbols of divinity, bore with them the irresistible appeal of all effective idealism, itself our deepest sense of reality. Take the character of Hephæstus in the *Prometheus Bound*, and by way of heightening its lights and shades, again contrast it with similar types in Shakespeare. A palpably human craftsman, obedient to Zeus, his master, but of noble independence in thought and tenderness in sympathy, the divine Hephæstus was instinctively felt by every Greek craftsman, were he freeman or slave, to be an elder brother, a leader, a lodestar for the work of life. Against this attractive personality, put those pitilessly realistic representations of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, or indeed, of almost any other Shakespearean play in which the *voces populi* are allowed to be heard. Bottom, Snout, and Starveling were doubtless types of the derelict craftsmen of Shakespeare's day, but they could not with decency be called personalities. They seem too often an attempt—cynical or accusing, who shall say?—to portray and give characteristic

utterance to a life in which humanity has fallen in upon itself in a gibbering collapse of its qualities.

In staging his debased craftsmen then, Shakespeare may be justified and commended as playwright and psychologist, but hardly honored as poet. It belongs to the high rôle of the latter to recreate in living activity for each passing generation its gods and goddesses. Of these ideal beings, do not the poetic creations we call myths (than which there is nothing deeper and truer) all tell us of divine cycles, punctuated by struggle and death, resurrection and epiphany which they endured? For the mighty work of apotheosis there is needed the architectonic genius of poet and dramatist to concentrate and vitalize the labors of many artificers—even of the scientist who slays by analysis, of the historian who conserves in fragments; of the priest who enthrones in mausoleums, of the artist who too often remakes into idols which the people ignorantly worship. The continuing co-operation of all these and many others there must be if religion is to be maintained as a working faith and not to decay into lifeless formalism.

Hence our example of Newton as a type and culture-hero of our race, and one of its highest personalities. Nothing surely can be more conspicuously unique than the Law of Gravitation, for, as Lagrange in commenting on the laurels of Newton regretfully remarked, there is but one universe. Unveiled mystery there must needs therefore be in the personality of him who revealed its mode of working. But is not the same true, in degree, of every personality—that it contains an unanalyzable residuum of mystery? Without denying the dramatist's right to stress that aspect of personality and make fullest use of it, one may yet plead with him to accept and use the sociologic conception of Newton as avatar of Dionysus and therefore a recurring type of known formula and widest educational applicability. For among the infinitely varied avatars of Dionysus, there is one in which occurs a miraculous transmutation. The heroic quest is achieved by feats which are apparently intellectual only. But the emotional element is subtly interwoven and wonderfully transformed. In heroism of this type, sex is made (as an illuminating French saying puts it) to pass through the brain. Athena takes over and completes the work of Dionysus. In being shown con-

formable to that type, Newton is further revealed as an instance of the link that unites saint and hero. Undeniably, his personality is thereby enhanced and consequently raised to still higher dramatic potential.

Now history, modern, recent and even contemporary history no less than ancient, is compact of similar resources awaiting poetic treatment and dramatic presentation. The practical task is to bridge the transition from the cold analyses of psychology and the lifeless re-syntheses of sociology to the warm and palpitating creations of poet and dramatist; with whom come novelist and musician, artist and sculptor—in fact, all who create or evoke visions of life. There is, however, a preparatory work to be done in forming a human medium and educating an audience. With that intermediate aspect of the task who are those chiefly concerned? Is it not the educationist, and even perhaps before him the eugenist?

From its earliest days, there has always been raised against the current exposition of eugenics the pertinent objection that neither the founder himself, nor his continuators, have formulated with sufficient precision the ideal types they desired to realize. To breed perfect citizens presupposes a concurrence as to ideas of perfection, which is not yet in evidence. To this objection Galton himself was wont to submit the commonsense reply that every organized and accredited group of citizens should be left to formulate its own ideal of perfection. The doctors, the lawyers, the merchants, the craftsmen, for example, should each severally ascertain and declare the best conceivable of their order. So far, good. But this again raises a host of prior questions. Take a single one to illustrate the complexity of the task. Given, let us say, to take contemporary instances, Lister and Browning, as each in his own way, and for his guild, a nearly perfect personality: how generalize his well-combined mental, physical and social qualities into type and present the resultant as visual symbol? Further, how present, dignify, and, in antique phrase, sanctify such types and symbols alike for their own groups and for others? Even to state this question is to show that the central problem of eugenics reaches into the deep issues of art, science and religion. How to

define the ideal types and how to sanctify them afresh in the consciousness of each passing generation—is not that the central problem of eugenics, making it continuous in substance and concerns with morals and religion, whose central problem is perhaps no other? And until they discover some approximate working solution, the eugenists in their doings will too much resemble the wanderings of explorers without map and compass in a trackless desert. They will find nothing and lose themselves.

Let us therefore commend to the eugenist the Olympic Pantheon as a vital and cardinal direction. Let us commend to the educationist the evolutionary conception of the child as heir of all the ages, and that in no vague sense, but in the definite one of a call to succession, probation and achievement in a potential life cycle of determinate human phases. These may ascend as divine avatars, descend as infernal devilries, or oscillate (as for most of us) feebly and indecisively between the base and the noble issues of life. Let us commend to both the eugenist and educationist the path blazed for us by the Greeks in their initiative outset towards a Eugenic Theatre. And since, with them already, it was an educational one also, it should be called a Eupsychic Theatre, if we had that word so much needed as a complement to Eugenic.

It takes the ideal to blow an inch inside  
The dust of the actual; and your Fouriers failed  
Because not poets enough to understand  
That life develops from within.

Assemble then eugenist, educationist, and evolutionary historian, and concentrate them on the problems of social repertory. May they not prepare a banquet that should tempt even those reluctant guests, the poet and dramatist, to come? Think of the illimitable resources available now for the first time in the long record of art and literature. The nineteenth century was the first age which learned to appreciate and tried sincerely to understand all preceding ages. It did not, like the mediæval age and most others, treat with scoffing contempt its immediate predecessor in the succession of epochs. It did not, like the Renaissance, turn back with fascinated gaze to one past epoch

singled out for idolatrous imitation. It did not, like the eighteenth century, imagine that the world was now for the first time fully made up—like a diagram arranged or a piece of mechanism finished and working—and as little did it suppose, with the equally confident malcontents of that age, that it could cut itself adrift from the past and rewrite the present as on a cleaned slate for good and all. It did none of these things, but confronted existence with a temper that was daring, generous, hopeful, and inexhaustibly docile to all truth. Wherefore, surely, the sympathetic knowledge of the past which the learning and science of the nineteenth century painfully amassed or heroically won, it behoves the imagination and the art of the twentieth to use joyfully for a deeper understanding of the present and preparation for a nobler future. For that adventure the creative genius of poet and dramatist is manifestly needed, and nothing else will do.

There is a peculiar and definite relation between the dramatic poet and the scientific specialist, rarely though either sees it. Necessarily synthetic because directly mimetic of life, drama must needs assemble all the ingredients and factors of life in order to attain its purpose of recompounding them into new and maybe higher unities. The dramatist is thus the complement, the counterpart, the corrective of the eternally-dividing specialist. The specialist, if he would not lapse into hopeless isolation, must himself cultivate the dramatic mood. Let him begin his own recovery of the full stature of humanity by laboring towards the materials, the documentation of the dramatizer, whose task is to recompense into visible unity, and show forth to all the living whole which they have first mastered by dismembering. May one submit in passing that the masque is a convenient intermediate form, on which the specialist who is conscious of goodwill "unexercised and unbreathed" may try his 'prentice hand? At any rate, we return to the contention with which this article opened: that each and all the main outlooks on Man and his World must be dramatized, and the people thus be incorporated into contemporary culture.

In the present revival of pageantry there is much preparatory stuff of renewing drama, and the elements of this are independently emerging on all sides in the professional theatre itself.



Amid these manifold initiatives the Masques of Learning are notable because of a more conscious and deliberate reaching out toward a drama of the ascent of man—a drama to be played by the people, but with adequate co-operation and leadership from intellectuals and emotionals, and therefore with full potentiality of finding and making true leaders—and even poets—amongst the people themselves. The age of ascent by epic selection is not finished. It is beginning, and it will advance as we appreciate the social value of the poet as giver of dreams, and thus inspirer of deeds.

# ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

## VI

### *The End of the Road; Moonshine; and an Epilogue*

AUGUST 1, 1912. . Standing up at the Post-office desk, Pueblo, Colorado.

Several times since going over the Colorado border I have had such a cordial reception for the Gospel of Beauty that my faith in this method of propaganda is reawakened. I confess to feeling a new zeal. But there are other things I want to tell in this letter.

I have begged my way from Dodge City on, dead broke, and keeping all the rules of the road. I have been asked dozens of times by frantic farmers to help them at various tasks in western Kansas and eastern Colorado. I have regretfully refused all but half-day jobs, having firmly resolved not to harvest again till I have well started upon a certain spiritual enterprise, namely, the writing of certain new poems that have taken possession of me in this high altitude, despite the physical stupidity that comes with strenuous walking. Thereby hangs a tale that I have not room for here.

Resolutely setting aside all recent wonders, I have still a few impressions of the wheatfield to record. Harvesting time in Kansas is such a distinctive institution! Whole villages that are dead any other season blossom with new rooming signs, fifty cents a room, or when two beds are in a room, twenty-five cents a bed. The eating counters are generally separate from these. The meals are almost uniformly twenty-five cents each. The fact that Kansas has no bar-rooms makes these shabby food-sodden places into near-taverns, the main assembly halls for men wanting to be hired, or those spending their coin. Famous villages where an enormous amount of money changes hands in wages and the sale of wheat-crops are thus nothing but mar-

vellous lines of dirty restaurants. In front of the dingy hotels are endless ancient chairs. Summer after summer fidgety, sun-fevered, sticky harvesters have gossiped from chair to chair or walked toward the dirty band-stand in the public square, sure, as of old, to be encountered by the anxious farmer, making up his crew.

A few harvesters are seen, carrying their own bedding; grasshopper bitten quilts with all their colors flaunting and their cotton gushing out, held together by a shawl-strap or a rope. Almost every harvester has a shabby suit-case of the paste-board variety banging round his ankles. When wages are rising the harvester, as I have said before, holds out for the top price. The poor farmer walks round and round the village half a day before he consents to the three dollars. Stacker's wages may be three to five simoleons and the obdurate farmer may have to consent to the five lest his wheat go to seed on the ground. It is a hard situation for a class that is constitutionally tightwad, often wisely so.

The roundhouses, water tanks, and all other places where men stealing freight rides are apt to pass, have enticing cards tacked on or near them by the agents of the mayors of the various towns, giving average wages, number of men wanted, and urging all harvesters good and true to come to some particular town between certain set dates. The multitude of these little cards keeps the harvester on the alert, and, as the saying is: "Independent as a hog on ice."

To add to the farmer's distractions, still fresher news comes by word of mouth that three hundred men are wanted in a region two counties to the west, at fifty cents more a day. It sweeps through the harvesters' hotels, and there is a great banging of suit-cases, and the whole town is rushing for the train. Then there is indeed a nabbing of men at the station, and sudden surrender on the part of the farmers, before it is too late.

Harvesting season is inevitably placarded and dated too soon in one part of the State, and not soon enough in another. Kansas weather does not produce its results on schedule. This makes not one, but many hurry-calls. It makes the real epic of the muscle-market.

Stand with me at the station. Behold the trains rushing by, hour after hour, freight-cars and palace cars of dishevelled men! The more elegant the equipage the more do they put their feet on the seats. Behold a saturnalia of chewing tobacco and sunburn and hairy chests, disturbing the primness and crispness of the Santa Fé, jostling the tourist and his lovely daughter.

They are a happy-go-lucky set. They have the reverse of the tightwad's vices. The harvester, alas, is harvested. Gamblers lie in wait for him. The scarlet woman has her pit dugged and ready. It is fun for the police to lock him up and fine him. No doubt he often deserves it. I sat half an afternoon in one of these towns and heard the local undertaker tell horrible stories of friendless field hands with no kinsfolk anywhere discoverable, sunstruck and buried in a day or so by the county. One man's story he told in great detail. The fellow had complained of a headache, and left the field. He fell dead by the roadside on the way to the house. He was face downward in an ant hill. He was eaten into an unrecognizable mass before they found him at sunset. The undertaker expatiated on how hard it was to embalm such folks. It was a discourse marshalled with all the wealth of detail one reads in *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*.

The harvester is indeed harvested. He gambles with sunstroke, disease and damnation. In one way or another the money trickles from his loose fingers, and he drifts from the wheat in Oklahoma north to the wheat in Nebraska. He goes to Canada to shock wheat there as the season recedes, and then, perhaps, turns on his tracks and makes for Duluth, Wisconsin, we will say. He takes up lumbering. Or he may make a circuit of the late fruit crops of Colorado and California. He is, pretty largely, so much crude, loose, ungoverned human strength, more useful than wise. Looked at closely, he may be the boy from the machine-shop, impatient for ready money, the farmer failure turned farm-hand, the bank-clerk or machine-shop mechanic tired of slow pay, or the college student on a lark, in more or less incognito. He may be the intermittent criminal, the gay-cat or the travelling religious crank, or the futile tract-distributer.

And I was three times fraternally accosted by harvesters who

thought my oil-cloth package of poems was a kit of burglar's tools. It is a system of breaking in, I will admit.

### FINAL WORD

#### AND A STORY LEFT OUT OF THE LETTERS

This ends the section of my letters home that in themselves make a consecutive story. But to finish with a bit of a nosegay, and show one of the unexpected rewards of troubadouring, let me tell the tale of the Five Little Children Eating Mush.

One should not be so vain as to recount a personal triumph. Still this is a personal triumph. And I shall tell it with all pride and vanity. Let those who dislike a conceited man drop the magazine right here.

I had walked all day straight west from Rocky Ford. It was pitch dark, threatening rain—the rain that never comes. It was nearly ten o'clock. At six I had entered a village, but had later resolved to press on to visit a man to whom I had a letter of introduction from my loyal friend Dr. Barbour of Rocky Ford.

There had been a wash-out. I had to walk around it, and was misdirected by the good villagers and was walking merrily on toward nowhere. Around nine o'clock I had been refused lodging at three different shanties. But from long experience I knew that something would turn up in a minute. And it did.

I walked right into the fat sides of a big country hotel on that interminable plain. It was not surrounded by a village. It was simply a clean hostelry for the transient hands who worked at irrigating in that region.

I asked the looming figure I met in the dark: "Where is the boss of this place?"

"I am the boss." He had a Scandinavian twist to his tongue.

"I want a night's lodging. I will give in exchange an entertainment this evening, or half a day's work to-morrow."

"Come in."

I followed him up the outside stairway to the dining-room in the second story. There was his wife, a woman who greeted

me cheerfully in the Scandinavian accent. She was laughing at her five little children who were laughing at her and eating their mush and milk.

Presumably the boarders had been delayed by their work, and had dined late. The children were at it still later.

They were real Americans, those little birds. And they had memories like parrots, as will appear.

"Wife," said the landlord, "here is a man that will entertain us to-night for his keep, or work for us to-morrow. I think we will take the entertainment to-night. Go ahead, mister. Here are the kids. Now listen, kids."

To come out of the fathomless, friendless dark and, almost in an instant, to look into such expectant fairy faces! They were laughing, laughing, laughing, not in mockery, but companionship. I recited every child-piece I had ever written—(not many).

They kept quite still till the end of each one. Then they pounded the table for more, with their tin spoons and their little red fists.

So, with misgivings, I began to recite some of my fairy-tales for grown-ups. I spoke slowly, to make the externals of each story plain. The audience squealed for more. . . . I decided to recite six jingles about the moon, that I had written long ago: How the Hyæna said the Moon was a Golden Skull and how the Gardener's Daughter contradicted him and said it was a Silver Rose, and how the Shepherd Dog contradicted her and said it was a Candle in the Sky—and all that and all that.

The success of the move was remarkable because I had never pleased either grown folks or children to any extent with those verses. But these children, through the accumulated excitements of a day that I knew nothing about, were in an ecstatic imaginative condition of soul that transmuted everything.

The last of the series recounted what Grandpa Mouse said to the Little Mice on the Moon question. I arranged the ketchup bottle on the edge of the table for Grandpa Mouse. I used the salts and peppers for the little mice in circle round. I used a black hat or so for the swooping, mouse-eating owls that came down from the moon. Having acted out the story first, I recited it, slowly, mind you. Here it is:

## WHAT GRANDPA MOUSE SAID

"The moon's a holy owl-queen:  
She keeps them in a jar  
Under her arm till evening,  
Then sallies forth to war.

She pours the owls upon us:  
They hoot with horrid noise  
And eat the naughty mousie-girls  
And wicked mousie-boys.

So climb the moon-vine every night  
And to the owl-queen pray:  
Leave good green cheese by moonlit trees  
For her to take away.

And never squeak, my children,  
Nor gnaw the smoke-house door.  
The owl-queen then will then love us  
And send her birds no more."

At the end I asked for my room and retired. I slept maybe an hour. I was awakened by those tireless little rascals racing along the dark hall and saying in horrible solemn tones, pretending to scare one another:

"The moon's a holy owl-queen:  
She keeps them in a jar  
Under her arm till night,  
Then 'allies out to war!  
She sicks the owls upon us,  
They 'OOT with 'orrid noise  
And eat . . . the naughty boys,  
And the MOON'S A HOLY OWL-QUEEN!  
SHE KEEPS THEM IN A JAR!"

And so it went on, over and over.

Thereupon I made a mighty and a rash resolve. I renewed that same resolve in the morning when I woke. I said within myself "*I shall write one hundred Poems on the Moon!*"

Of course I did not keep my resolve to write one hundred pieces about the moon. But here are a few of those I did write immediately after.

#### THE FLUTE OF THE LONELY

Faintly the ne'er-do-well  
Breathed through his flute:  
All the tired neighbor-folk,  
Hearing, were mute.  
In their neat doorways sat,  
Labors all done,  
Helpless, relaxed, o'er-wrought,  
Evening begun.

None of them there beguiled  
Work-thoughts away,  
Like to this reckless, wild  
Loafer by day.  
(Weeds in his flowers upgrown!  
Fences awry!  
Rubbish and bottles heaped!  
Yard like a sty!)

There in his lonely door,  
Leering and lean,  
Staggering, liquor-stained,  
Outlawed, obscene——  
Played he his moonlight thought,  
Mastered his flute.  
All the tired neighbor-folk,  
Hearing, were mute.  
None but he, in that block,  
Knew such a tune.  
All loved the strain, and all  
*Looked at the moon!*



## THE SHIELD OF FAITH

The full moon is the Shield of Faith,  
And when it hangs on high  
Another shield seems on my arm  
The hard world to defy.

Yea, when the moon has knighted me,  
Then every poisoned dart  
Of daytime memory turns away  
From my dream-armored heart.

The full moon is the Shield of Faith:  
As long as it shall rise,  
I know that Mystery comes again,  
That Wonder never dies.

I know that Shadow has its place,  
That Noon is not out-goal,  
That Heaven has non-official hours  
To soothe and mend the soul;

That witchcraft can be angel-craft  
And wizard deeds sublime;  
That utmost darkness bears a flower,  
Though long the budding-time.

## THE ROSE OF MIDNIGHT

[What the Gardener's Daughter Said]

The moon is now an opening flower,  
The sky a cliff of blue.  
The moon is now a silver rose;  
Her pollen is the dew.

## THE FORUM

Her pollen is the mist that swings  
 Across her face of dreams:  
 Her pollen is the faint cold light  
 That through the garden streams.

All earth is but a passion-flower  
 With blood upon his crown.  
 And what shall fill his failing veins  
 And lift his head, bowed down?

This cup of peace, this silver rose  
 Bending with fairy breath  
 Shall lift that passion-flower, the earth,  
 A million times from Death!

## THE PATH IN THE SKY

I sailed a little shallop  
 Upon a pretty sea  
 In blue and hazy mountains,  
 Scarce mountains unto me;  
 Their summits lost in wonder,  
 They wrapped the lake around,  
 And when my shallop landed  
 I trod on a vague ground,  
 And climbed and climbed toward heaven,  
 Though scarce before my feet  
 I found one step unveiled there  
 The blue-haze vast, complete,  
 Until I came to Zion  
 The gravel paths of God:  
 My endless trail pierced the thick veil  
 To flaming flowers and sod.  
 I rested, looked behind me  
 And saw where I had been.  
*My little lake. It was the moon.*  
 Sky-mountains closed it in.

## EPILOGUE

*[Written to all young lovers about to set up homes of their own  
—but especially to those of some far-distant day, and those  
of my home-village]*

*Lovers, O lovers, listen to my call.*

*Give me kind thoughts. I woo you on my knees.*

*Lovers, pale lovers, when the wheat grows tall,*

*When willow trees are Eden's incense trees:—*

*I would be welcome as the rose in flower*

*Or busy bird in your most secret fane.*

*I would be read in your transcendent hour*

*When book and rhyme seem for the most part vain.*

*I would be read, the while you kiss and pray.*

*I would be read, ere the betrothal ring*

*Circles the slender finger and you say*

*Words out of Heaven, while your pulses sing.*

*O lovers, be my partisans and build*

*Each home with a great fire-place as is meet.*

*When there you stand, with royal wonder filled,*

*In bridal peace, and comradeship complete,*

*While each dear heart beats like a fairy drum—*

*Then burn a new-ripe wheat-sheaf in my name.*

*Out of the fire my spirit-bread shall come*

*And my lost gospel swirl from that red flame.*

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## ART AND THE MAN

F. M. REYHER

**I**T was after midnight. Through the grey drizzle the poet walked slowly along the empty street. In his brain the inspiration that the keen argument at the house of his friend had aroused was forming itself into a picture of beauty. He recognized it as his masterpiece, and with tremulous eagerness followed his thoughts, memorizing the successive strokes of creation as they surprised him. Gradually he quickened his steps to reach his room and set his stanzas on paper.

For some time he had been vaguely conscious of a staggering limp figure on the pavement in front of him. Once it clutched a small screened tree; then it crashed against a wall and stumbled over steps. But so vivid was the vision within him that he remained only distantly aware of any other presence. He would have passed the reeling object, and a hundred paces further forgotten it entirely.

Suddenly, however, it swung round and slid from one of the slight, screened trees out into the wet street. It slipped in the centre and fell, and remained motionless.

The movements of the object in front had become associated with the night, with the wet, with the trees, with the poet's very thoughts themselves. He had ceased to be even remotely disturbed by them. They exercised some subtle assistance to the creation of the white image within him. The abrupt excursion into the street did not startle his mind from the brilliant picture it was forming in lonely exaltation. But now he became conscious of something lacking in the scene; his senses felt a gap; and where the jerky motions of the other had not disturbed him, their cessation did so. The stillness halted him. He saw the man prone in the centre of the street. He frowned with annoyance. The intrusion of this external thing dimmed the image. He glanced back quickly: far up the street a white blur was diffusing itself upon the mist. He heard the whir of an automobile.

He crossed hastily and dragged the man onto the pave-

ment, and set him against steps; all the while holding desperately to the picture that was still glowing, though fading, within him. He meant to go on when he saw on the other's temple a deep cut. A word of anger came to his lips, and he looked about again: no one. Not even the sound of a footfall came through the night; the automobile was already past. He looked at the fellow in despair; a workman with undoubtedly a crowd of ugly children and a loud vulgar woman in a squalid house dependent on him. It was Sunday morning, and what the drink had left of the necessary wages was probably in his pocket. It was raining harder; perhaps none would come that way for hours; he could not leave him. He stood and balanced values: the stateliness of the fleeting vision, and this hideous soft creature that the ironical Fates had foisted upon him at this of all times. He cursed the fool; sick with a helplessness to escape from the situation, a blind fury shook him, and he wanted to choke the man.

He searched the drunkard's pockets, and took him to where a single letter was addressed. After long ringing an upper window flashed open, and a thin furious woman lashed at him with her tongue. He stumbled home himself through the grey-black streets; the melting glow of the lamps was a bitterness to him, and the thoughts and images of his masterpiece hung in shreds upon the cornices of the houses, while, from the shadowed corners in which the wet mist lurked, came mocking voices, that cried ceaselessly: "Fool! Fool! Fool!" And "Fool! Fool! Fool!" a voice within him echoed as he plunged on through the drizzle.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he cried aloud in his room, as he threw himself from side to side in rage, seeking coolness from the pillow he constantly reversed, and flinging the bedclothes fiercely about.

"Why did you stop? God! Why must we stoop to save that kind? Surely the life of a sot and a swine is not worth the sacrifice of an eternal work of art. Greatness far beyond any you have felt before was intrusted to you this night; a rare something that will never come again; something given you to make fairer, and to return fairer to the world; not yours, but

the world's. What right had you to spend it for another? You have often said, 'With creation, the artist's right over his own work vanishes; he has not the right to destroy his work.' You should have guarded it with your life; and you shattered it for a swine's. You are unworthy of honor. You have kept from humanity that which belongs to it; and that which humanity has sorest need of—Beauty—you gave to save a swine from the night and his folly; to save a sot that were better out of humanity. Surely a drunkard is not worth an eternal thing of beauty."

One night, a month later, the poet was wandering along the stone walk which bounds the river that divides the city's east from its west. Now too it was far after midnight. So intensely clear was the evening that every star dilated upon the sight. An idea possessed him; a singing picture; a vision of art fairer and stronger than any he had ever beheld before. It was grown to such splendor that he began hurrying home to establish it in permanency, fixing in his memory, as he strode, one central thought after another. So keen had his thinking never been; never had he conceived so clearly.

Suddenly he heard a rattling of chains below and the knocking of wooden edges. One of the river fishermen was putting out. He could smell the man's pipe. As he hastened past there came a splash and a cry. In the starlight he saw the boat glance off and the man in the water clutch at the gunwale, and miss, and sink. Further out he came up again, swung away by the current. The poet stopped irresolute; and remembered the drunkard and that other singing picture. Was he to lose this one as well?

It was too beautiful.

He turned and rushed off, looking down once more on the greenish blackness of the tide. A last time into the starlight rose the upturned face, now like the starlight itself; the mouth was distorted. Silently it melted into the smooth gloom again. The other covered his face as he ran; close to his soul he hugged the immortal fairness of the picture of his fancy.

He reached his room and feverishly seized pencil and paper. As he bent over to write, the forms he held in his thoughts vanished, and his mind was blank. He concentrated desperately

all his powers to recall them. A something began to form upon the greenish dark background of his mind: forming in the manner of an imperceptible rising. As it grew distinct he saw the upturned starlit face of the drowning man with the distorted mouth.

## THE ANGEL AND THE NIXIE

RALPH GOODALE

**M**Y lady, there was once an angel flying over the earth, who passed over a great swampy forest. Where he was going or what he was seeking I cannot say, for the ways of angels are beyond my understanding. Perhaps the heavenly lights had grown a little tiresome to him, or he was curious to see what was in this bright world. At any rate, it was an angel, with powerful wings and a soul used to the sights and sounds of heaven, and he was looking down into the forest.

Now in that swamp there lived a nixieman, or some such sort of strange water-monster. He was hairless and naked, with a skin like a frog's, and great staring eyes; such an uncouth being as neither you nor I would care to look at nor touch. He lived in the water about the roots of the great trees, where he fed upon the creeping things of the forest, and made a muddy bed among the water-weeds. There are many places to be found where the sun shines down through the trees upon quiet pools, and where the wind cannot come even enough to scatter the smell of the plants. In such places he would lie when he had eaten himself full, and sun himself, while the flying things kept up a drowsy humming and buzzing about him. He was timid, and would leave the forest only on foggy nights. Then he would swim deep down in the water out into a lake, and would rise among the lily-pads, so far from shore that only the weeds and the black water and the mist upon it could be seen. Here he would listen to the frogs all night long, and try to imitate them, until he could see by the brightening of the fog that morning was coming. He may have been too dull to know happiness, but he was at least contented, and he was one of God's creatures.

But now the angel saw the nixieman and pitied him. He came down into the depths of the forest—where his radiance must have lightened the gloom wonderfully—and he picked up the nixie, and carried him above the trees into the free air. He rose higher and left the forest. Then the nixie wondered to see how broad and fair the earth was, much greater and better



than his home in the morasses. And the two rose more rapidly, until at last the earth was gone, and they were in that silent region where there are only the stars above and below; and the nixie's heart was filled with terror and joy. Finally they left the stars below them, and went even as far as to the gates of Heaven.

But the angel said to himself, "I have done enough for this foul creature. I have shown him the greatness of the earth and the heavens, and I have brought him even as far as to the entrance to Paradise." You must agree, my lady, that the angel spoke rightly, and that he had been very kind to the nixieman. So the angel let go the nixie, and the nixie fell. He fell away from the shining gates of Heaven, down away from the stars, back to his old haunts, where he lay crushed and groaning in the dismal forest.

I have never seen the gates of the heavenly city, and cannot tell of their brightness. But the nixie thought of nothing else. He did not care now to sleep in the sun or to splash through the water. He did not see the birds far above in the branches, nor hear the sounds of the insects and the frogs. The wide swamp, with all its pools and forests and thickets, seemed lonely and forlorn. One would have expected him to wish nothing better. But he dragged his broken body away from the water to the uplands. Here at night he could see the stars shining, though not so brightly as they had for him far above the earth; and he stared at the darkness between them, beyond which, he knew, was the City.

When day came he saw the hills and crawled toward them. But the sun shone hot for a water creature. His body became dry and stiff, as if he had been a frog, and turned black. The sand which stuck to his skin dried fast into it. Great raw sores came upon his knees and arms, where he crawled over the stones. Still he climbed the sides of the hills, and looked for others still higher; for he thought always of the bright City. And as he climbed his way got brighter and harder. His lidless eyes became like coals. Every breath of the dry air was painful, and the blood running through his body was like fire. Yet, no matter how

weak and blinded he was, he would not sleep, but crept toward heights nearer the sky.

At last he could go no further. He had come a wonderful distance, over desert country, and had climbed into the mountains, where the hollows are full of ice, and the rocks in the sunshine are like heated iron. He had not reached the highest peaks. But his body was so parched that his sinews would scarcely move him, and he knew that he could not climb to the heavenly city.

And the angel flew by and saw him again. "He has seen the gates of Heaven," the angel thought, "and is trying to climb to them." So he flew down and picked up the nixieman, and carried him above the earth till they saw nothing but the shining stars. Then they left the stars below them, and came to the gates of Heaven; and the nixie forgot all the pain he had suffered.

But the angel said to himself, "This time he must be satisfied; for he is a being fit for nothing better than mire and darkness, and yet he has looked upon the splendor of the entrance to Paradise." So he let go the nixie, and entered the City. And the nixie fell away from Heaven and the bright stars. But this time, instead of alighting in the swamp, he fell all the way from Heaven to Hell, where not even the angel could go to him.

Is it not odd, my lady, that such a monster should have such an ambition? Perhaps I have wearied you in telling of it. For with you everything is lovely and pleasant, and you are as far removed from the nixie as the angels are. Yet I have thought that it might be interesting to you to learn how this strange being, with eyes made for darkness and a body for living in filth, was so foolish that he dreamed of entering Heaven.

## HER PEOPLE

RUTH KAUFFMAN

“WELL, that's the end of Jenny Muir,” young George Dalsover had exclaimed with an air of proprietary accomplishment once the marriage-service was over. “It's Jenny Dalsover now, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love——”

It had now been Jenny Dalsover for a long time. The space of a generation had passed, and a second Jenny Dalsover had been born, grown and married off. One son had grown up and gone away to seek his fortune, a second son had died, and only the baby, Lucile, a pretty girl of eighteen, still out of the world, was left at home. Yet, through all the years, Jenny Dalsover had not failed in the troth she had pledged to George Dalsover.

She was now a middle-aged woman, but she had retained most of the physical graces that disappear at forty and return, in other forms, at seventy. True, she had no longer the Yorkshire pink and white skin, which she possessed when her parents first brought her from England; her hands were roughened and hardened by the housework that, nevertheless, she preferred to govern; her hair had faded to that nondescript shade which, in some colors of hair, presages grey; and her youthful vivacity had quieted to a certain continuous gentleness and an acceptance of things as they are. The town might buzz in alternating panic and affluence; Lucile might sing and trill, laugh and be merry; George might, as time broadened and fattened him, be boisterous and hearty; but Jenny Dalsover herself almost shrank into her attitude of calmness and her desire to be useful.

Everyone had come to depend on Mrs. Dalsover's usefulness. George Dalsover counted on her co-operation in whatever enterprise he undertook, and she had not failed him as, in the passing of the years, he had gradually moved westward—the dollars drawing him on—until now he had what remained home-abiding of his family installed comfortably in a small

town of Ohio. In each stopping-place through the westward march, Jenny had made her friends, and, when the family moved farther, given these up with regrets but without rancor.

So far as one ever knew, Jenny never wished for anything. Her husband and her children, especially this youngest who was as yet not started on the road of actual life, were very dear to her. Mrs. Dalsover was an excellent cook, and although the family could have afforded a maid, she had never had one except for the casual work of washing and spring-cleaning. Somehow the wife had always managed very well and with an economy of labor that made the housework a pleasure to her. Certainly no one dreamed of Mrs. Dalsover's being a drudge.

It was not a small house, although unpretentious, and Dalsover liked plenty of entertainment in his spare hours. Good-comradeship ran riot in the Dalsover living-rooms; croquet was warm on the little patch of the Dalsover lawn; and music and singing were gay under Lucile's touch and from Lucile's throat at the Dalsover piano.

But deep in Jenny's heart, where Jenny was often a little ashamed of its persistence, lay a wish that, perhaps through lack of expression, grew and grew in potency. "Cleanse Thou me from my secret faults. Keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins," Mrs. Dalsover vainly whispered.

Yet was it a fault? was it a sin? She often wondered. All her habits of submission answered "Yes," all her memories and inherited loyalties answered "No." Her people—Who were her people?—Those dead and gone and the sister still in England, who had practically given her up when they gave her to George years ago, or the husband she had accepted and the children she had borne?

She wanted to go home. She wanted to go back to her people. She wanted to walk in the quiet little churchyard and kneel by the graves that she had never looked upon. She wanted to gather flowers, wild daffodils, or the gorgeous northern roses that grew in their own garden, and mass them with her own hands.—She wanted—she wanted something that would lift the years' old nostalgia from her heart.

When Susie, her spinster sister, wrote the monthly four sheets, Jenny, as she handed the letter to her husband, would sometimes comment:

"Sue seems lonely now the old folks aren't there. It's a bit hard for Susie all alone."

"You bet it is," George would readily agree. "I can't see why she stays in such a hole, anyhow. Now, if she gave the place up——"

"But *they* lived there, dear. And all of them lived there for two hundred years back. She couldn't see strangers in the place, George!"

"Nonsense," George would say. "Why doesn't she come over here and visit her sister and us—pay us a short visit? It's her duty, *I* think. Besides, it'd be the making of her."

"Yes," Lucile would chime in, "and just to think: none of us children has ever seen Aunt Sue."

"I might go over there, may be," Mrs. Dalsover would tremulously suggest.

And they would laugh. Timid little mother! How would she dare? All alone? And what would they do without her?

That was it: what would *they* do? George had, years and years ago, in prosperous moments, spoken of taking her "across" himself some time; but that was during the romance and high hopes of young married life: he had forgotten that beyond reminiscence. Moreover, he was not well-to-do; and, besides, he was a patriotic man and believed in "seeing America first." Not that he had ever seen America first or was ever likely to see much of it at all, but that was the way he felt about it. George, too, could never find the time to leave his business without personal supervision; and Lucile had been, until lately, almost too young to leave.

When Lucile was fifteen, however, Jenny took the initial secret step. She saved, quarter by quarter, dollar by dollar, from the things that she was supposed to buy for herself, and the sum was now nearly complete.

Oh, she had admitted no one into her confidence! When all was ready, when she had three hundred dollars, she would spring it upon them. She would then show George her savings.

She might even buy the steamship-ticket first and show him that. She would assert herself. She would let him and the children understand that she was going back for a while—back to her people. The children would smile sceptically and put up the objection that mother wasn't able to take care of herself; but George—she knew George and relied on him—George would perhaps draw her to his knee, as he used to do so often before he had the rheumatism and somehow got out of the habit; and she thought tears would come into his eyes, and George would feel sorry that he had never really considered such a thing before. George would feel ashamed of his thoughtlessness. She rehearsed the probable scene:

"Why, mother!" he would exclaim. "And you've done all this yourself without letting your old husband on to it all?"

She would nod her assent—somehow her throat would fill, and she wouldn't be able to speak,—and George would chuckle.

"To think of the way she's been fooling us!" he would repeat. "All these years!"

Then, quite seriously, he would ask if she had been grieving secretly, and he would ask her if she were not happy with him, if he didn't treat her right. She would nod vigorously this time, but, gathering together all her courage, she would tell him:

"I want to go—to *my* people— Only a little while. I won't stay long."

Somehow her head would be on his shoulder, and she thought she might cry just a little.

Then he would let her go—and there'd be a big send-off for her. She wouldn't care anything about that. She'd feel sorry when she waved them good-bye—she would hate to wave good-bye to them, even for so short a time. But once all alone, she would be very happy,—going back to her own people.

Meantime, life did not roll itself out at so high a tension as all this. Life had its routine speed and seldom rolled faster. There were the daily tasks with their repetitions and unimportant variations.

Lucile was as yet of little use. But Lucile was busy with her studies for the last year at high school, and Lucile always

helped on Saturdays by making the cake and pastry for "over Sunday." Lucile nearly always helped her mother to dry the dishes, and, if she did not forget because her voice was occupied by the intricacies of a new song—and Lucile's voice was a joy to hear—she took entire charge of keeping her own room in order. George Dalsover, on his side, had his regular business hours and, at his return in the early evening, his lawn to mow and to "tend."

Mrs. Dalsover was kept busy, and her contented, almost merry little face, with its large blue eyes and its crown of heavy, neatly arranged hair, seldom showed even physical fatigue.

"Here, mother," George Dalsover would say, "you'll get a fresh button on this coat before I get back to-night, please. I don't know how I could have cracked it."

"Oh, mother, dear," would call the clear voice of Lucile from downstairs to her mother, who was overturning mattresses and making beds: "I'm going now; good-bye. I'll be back late because I'm going to study with Ethel Taylor. But you won't forget to sponge my blue skirt, will you? I do so want to wear it to-morrow."

And the voice of her mother, muffled by feather-beds and pillows, would come down the stairs cheerfully: "No, dear, I won't forget."

Or, George Dalsover would return from his work and hasten to his little patch of lawn; then, remembering, would come into the house, kiss his wife, and exclaim triumphantly:

"Well, who do you suppose is coming around to-night?"

"Dear, oh, dear!" his wife would reply. "I must hurry through the dinner work and change my dress. Who is it?"

"Oh, clean up to-morrow: no one will see your kitchen. It's the Bradleys. I said you'd be mighty glad."

"I am, of course. You'll want the cards ready, I guess. What are we going to play?"

"Pinochle, they thought. But those cards ought to be looked to. They're all mixed up."

"All right, dear, I'll do it. You're busy with the lawn."

"Thanks— Yes, I'm pretty busy. Say, Jen, and what'll we

have for refreshments? We must have something a bit extra, it's so long since Bradley and his wife've been around."

So it went. Yet Mrs. Dalsover was always willing to meet the recurring emergencies. For herself, she may not have kept up with "the top of the fashion," and this may have troubled Lucile; but she never wavered in keeping, unselfishly and gladly, to the letter of the requirements of her immediate family. With the hope of return to her people in Yorkshire, with the hope of discharging a daughter's duty and love if only by a look at her parents' resting-place, Jenny Dalsover watched the months go by with a singing heart. . . .

There was to be a concert given by the high school, and Lucile was enthusiastically aiding. It was to be a big event for the young generation, and, as it approached, Lucile and her comrades could talk of nothing else. Lucile was to sing a solo. Constantly she practised until the walls of the parlor seemed, even in her absence, to echo the melody, to halt and repeat and halt and repeat again. Mrs. Dalsover was making a new white gown for Lucile for the occasion, and Lucile had even induced her to purchase some new accessories for her own adornment. The high school girls and boys having worked themselves up to a high pitch of enterprise, canvassed the entire town, and sold tickets enough to fill two opera-houses instead of the one.

The night arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Dalsover, smiling a little at their daughter's enthusiasm, yet followed her with the eagerness of renewed youth, dressed in their best, and accepted her words of approval or disapproval with childlike simplicity.

"Well," admitted Mr. Dalsover, "she sure is up to the times in style."

Mrs. Dalsover smiled, and asked if the pin at the back of her neck was quite straight.

Lucile, tall and girlishly slim, surveyed them critically. Side by side she had them stand, a rather clumsy pair, with their hands hanging, somewhat red, at their sides. Both parents seemed to lack something, and Lucile could not make out what.

"I *think* your tie isn't tight enough, Papa."

She reached to his neck and pulled the offending necktie.



"There!" she exclaimed. She gave him a kiss and slipped an arm round her mother's waist. How little her mother seemed! Tenderness overpowered her, and she leaned to kiss her mother's cheek.

"Wish me success, mother dear," she said.

"Aren't you nervous to sing before so many people?" Jenny asked, pressing the girl's hand sympathetically.

"Oh, no!"

"Good for you!" approved the father. "That's what we missed," he added to his wife. "They never taught us self-confidence in our day, did they, mother?"

"I guess not, George," smiled Mrs. Dalsover. Dollar by dollar she had saved until she now had enough—all but three dollars of her sum. She wondered if her self-confidence had been trained enough to goad her to tell them what she meant to do with her savings. Sometimes that confidence was weak.

"A girl can go any distance now," pursued George. He had recently been put on the school-board. "Why, every branch of learning is open to girls nowadays."

To the amazement of her parents, Lucile's singing won the applause of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Dalsover were congratulated until the mother, at least, began to feel ashamed and wanted to hide. But Lucile was in her glory. Radiant, her cheeks and eyes glowing, she could hardly tear herself away from the auditorium.

There had been a large crowd. It happened that, in the crowd, forced by circumstances of courtesy to his hosts to attend, but bored by most of the proceedings, was the head of a New York conservatory of music. He praised Lucile's voice highly, and pronounced in it latent powers of which no one in the town had dreamed. If the girl could have her voice properly trained in New York, he believed she might realize her great possibilities. So much impressed was he that he even ventured to call at the Dalsover home.

Lucile was frantic with joy. The only thing in life now suddenly appeared to her to be the training of her voice. But her father, summoned to meet the caller, remained sceptical.

"I guess I'm old-fashioned," he said, heavily walking about

the narrow parlor between the centre-table that bore the family-Bible and the mantelpiece, which was adorned with dried grasses from Mexico. "I don't know that I believe in girls getting on the stage in low cut dresses and showing off——"

Lucile blushed. Jenny twisted her hands. The musician indifferently shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all one to me," he said. "I'm only speaking of it for your daughter's good. If you think more of your conventions than of her——"

There was a storm of protest. Lucile crept to her mother's side.

"Oh, mother," she whispered. "Just to think! I might be a great singer some day, and oh!——"

But George Dalsover, who had temporized a good deal, finally yielded the truth.

"I know you mean well," he said. He struggled for his customary ease. "The fact is," he finally admitted, "I'm pretty much tied up financially for a year anyhow. I couldn't spare much this year."

There was a brief pause. Then Mrs. Dalsover's voice cut the silence with a strange metallic note.

"How much would it cost?" she asked, through dry lips. She hung on the answer.

The musician took out his note-book and figured:

"Board—let's see—we'll say for a year—(He did some adding)—and tuition—and car-fares. Hum." He paused. "I'll tell you what I'll do:—I'm very much interested in this young lady's voice—I'll see that for the year it will not cost you over four hundred dollars, everything included. That's practically nothing for tuition. At the end of a year we'll know for sure how much chance she has: anyhow, she'll have a good one, and it's no use burying her voice here."

George Dalsover reddened. The eyes of his wife and daughter were fixed on him. He hated to refuse. As for himself, he knew little about voices, and if he could have done this thing for his daughter, he would have been glad to do it for sentimental reasons rather than because he believed Lucile would make a great singer. But to see her face pleading, and

to see the great blue eyes of his wife questioning his resources, was almost more than he could bear.

"I can't," he finally brought out. "I'm awful sorry, but it's no go. I simply can't afford it this year—I can't afford any additional expense this year. There!" He sighed heavily and turned away.

The thin voice of Jenny brought him face forward again.

"How much *could* you spare, George, dear?"

Again there was stillness in the room, this time a tense stillness. The musician had done his best: he hoped that best would succeed; Mrs. Dalsover wanted her daughter to have her heart's desire; Lucile choked back a hopeless sob and was seeking her mother's hand in vain.

"I can't spare *anything*," George said, in a downright way that hid his feelings.

"But Lucile would cost something here, dear," put in Jenny.

Dalsover could not make his wife out. Why her persistence? Where was the co-operation he was used to, and always expected? He made a few helpless burring sounds that meant disapproval. Jenny's voice continued. What in the world had come over her, he asked himself.

"I can't spare a cent," he repeated, now loudly and angrily.

The musician rose to go. Lucile hid her face in her handkerchief: she was too young to do anything else. Mrs. Dalsover spoke sharply.

"Wait," she commanded. "George," she said, "you'd sacrifice something for your daughter, wouldn't you?"

"Do you want me to sell my house?" he cried, almost in a frenzy.

"Oh!" expostulated Lucile.

"Hush," said the mother. "Listen, dear." Her eyes were on George. She was forgetting the musician and her daughter, too, and remembering only that, intimately, heart to heart, she talked to her husband. That she should not reveal her secret plan of the last few years, even to him, meant nothing to her now; if she told it, her project would be thwarted. "Listen, dear," she said. "Lucile's our baby, ours, George. The others are all right, but we must do what we can for Lucile. She *has*

a beautiful voice, dear; you *know* that. I understand: it's the money; but George, you could get together a hundred dollars *somehow*; I know you could."

"One hundred? It's *four* hundred!"

From her own reasoning, she was talking logically. She flushed at his lack of understanding. She had no opportunity now. She could explain later.

"But couldn't you get one hundred, George?"

The musician and Lucile were watching Mrs. Dalsover in amazement. They did not know why, but somehow, they were compelled, for the moment, to watch her. If anything would come of it, they had not time to think: chance moved too swiftly. But Jenny Dalsover had asserted herself.

George was considering:

"One hundred? Yes, I guess I could just about spare one hundred. What good'd *that* do?" He looked from face to face, belligerently.

Jenny trembled.

"You promise?" she asked, in anxiety. "You promise?"

"Sure," he said, his face still red; "but what's the good of that?"

"Wait. Don't move," she ordered.

She ran out of the room. There was silence in the room. She ran up the stairs. They heard her feet above them. She ran down the stairs and re-entered the parlor, breathless.

"Look!" she cried. She laid her savings, two hundred and ninety-seven dollars (they would not notice the lacking three, she told herself), on the table, and panted. "Count!" she commanded.

They stood by, dazed.

"Count!" she repeated.

The musician obeyed. In him, at least, presence of mind obtained.

"Don't you see?" she asked, her eyes full on George. "Don't you *see*? It's enough!"

"But how——?" inquired her bewildered husband.

"Oh, mother!" gasped Lucile.

"I've been saving—ever so long." Her eyes lowered. "It

was for just such an occasion as this—when one of us should need it. She can go. She can be a great singer. George, don't you see? ”

From anger at his powerlessness and bewilderment at the abrupt and unforeseen change in the situation, tenderness swept over Dalsover's face and filled his eyes with tears. That his wife Jenny, the timid little woman who never had a secret from him, should have saved all this from household expenses, and that now she should bring it as her offering when it could give their daughter her opportunity in life, overwhelmed him. He felt ashamed of his petty grievances, and rapidly wondered what accumulating sacrifices she must have made to secure the amount.

“ Why, mother! ” he exclaimed with a choke. “ And you've saved all these pennies without letting your old man know a thing about it? ”

She nodded. The scene was too much like one she had rehearsed for her to be able to say a word.

George chuckled. He turned to the musician and placed a hand on his daughter's shoulder.

“ I guess you've won out, ” he said to the good genius of the conservatory. “ Take care of our little girl: she's our last! And send her home with a fine voice! ”

“ I'll do my best, Mr. Dalsover. ”

The musician bowed himself away. Lucile hurried to her room in an excess of happiness. Jenny was left awkwardly facing her husband. Now that the moment was here, she had no explanation ready.

George drew her to him.

“ To think of the way my own wife's been fooling me! ” he kept repeating. “ And she did it all for *me*. I know. I don't believe I've half appreciated what a treasure I got. ”

She summoned her courage. She smiled.

“ For *my* people. . . . ” she said.

## THE CHAMBERWOMAN

THOMAS MOULT

**H**OW quickly in the morning comes the chill of weariness  
that numbs  
My body as I dust these rooms: were you not numbed  
long since, my heart?

Why have I now forgotten quite the feeling of that old delight  
In this rich bedroom's gold and white? Do memories make us  
wince, my heart?

So gladly then my duster sped along the gold frame of the bed,  
And flicked these fleecy curtains spread—no lighter than your  
song, my heart.

But now I dust this shining glass with heavy, heavy hands,  
alas! . . .

Why have you no song now to pass the lonely hours along, my  
heart?

O, how I hate this knick-knack shelf, these pictures, and this  
dainty Delft,

This bed where mistress rests herself: why do I hate her too,  
my heart?

Dust . . . dust is in my mouth and ears, and dim with dust  
are all the years,

But my old eyes are dimmed with tears: have tears or dust choked  
you, my heart?

I never dreamed of life like this: I glimpsed another, mine and  
his . . .

How could I guess such foolish bliss would end in dust—and  
must, my heart?

Why since he went have we wished so for all the dust-grey days  
to go

As swiftly, heart? Did we not know that dead things too are  
dust, my heart?

## A LONG TIME AGO

### *A Fantasy*

FLOYD DELL

*The courtyard of a palace. To the right, broad steps, and a door, leading to the palace. To the left, steps leading downward. At the back a rose arbor: in front of it a wide seat.*

*On the steps before the door a fool is sitting, plucking at a musical instrument. On the steps to the left stands an old woman, richly dressed.*

THE OLD WOMAN. Why do you sit there, fool, and twang at that harp? There's no occasion for making music. Nobody has been winning any battles. How long has it been since a great fight was heard of?

THE FOOL. If there had been a battle, old woman, they would have had to get some one besides myself to celebrate the winning of it. I do not like fighting.

THE OLD WOMAN. What does a scrawny little weakling like you know of fighting, and why should you have an opinion? You should keep still when it comes to things you know nothing about.

THE FOOL. I know that the days of fighting are over, and a good thing it is, too. Four kingdoms we have about us, that in the bloody old days we would be forever marching against and killing, and they marching against us and killing us, and burning houses and destroying the crops till it would make a quiet man sick to think of it. Twenty years have we been at peace with them, and that's ever since the Queen was born, and I hope it may last as long as she lives.

THE OLD WOMAN. There's no stopping a fool when he starts to talk. But it is right you are that the good old days are gone when we fought four kingdoms at once and beat them to their knees. Those were the days of great heroes, like the father of her that is now Queen, when he killed with his own hand twenty men after he was already wounded to death in

the last great battle of the wars. And they were fine men that stood beside him, and one was my own man. I said to him, 'This is the time when a brave man is sure to get killed. If you come back to me, I'll always think you were a coward.' And sure enough he never came back. He died along with a thousand of the bravest men in the kingdom fighting around the King. That was a great day. Four kingdoms at once we fought, and beat them to their knees. Glad enough they were to come and beg to make peace with the child of that dead King.

THE FOOL. Spare me, woman. I've heard that old story often enough. But what do you suppose all that fighting was for, if it wasn't to put an end to quarrelling for all time? If the old King was alive, do you suppose he'd go about making trouble? No, he'd sit in his palace here and drink his ale and listen to music, and when he saw the young men giving kisses to the young women under the trees, it's glad he'd be that they could stay at home and have their happiness, and not have to go killing and being killed. But now that we've got peace, you still go cawing for blood, like an old crow.

THE OLD WOMAN. I won't talk to such a one. You can see with your own eyes that our enemies are strong and prosperous, for we let them into the kingdom with their silks and their satins and their jewels to sell, and they walk about the city here and laugh to themselves, thinking how they will spoil and destroy everything when they get ready. It may be this year, it may be next year. It's too strong they are getting, I tell you. If the old King were alive he never would have let them get half so strong. He would have kept them in fear of us, and trained up a fine band of heroes, too, by making a raid on them once in a while. There's the city that shoves itself right up against our borders. I can see our men coming home from the spoiling of it, all red with spilt wine and blood . . .

THE FOOL. You're a disgusting old woman. Go away before you make me angry. If I hear any more of that talk, I'm likely to slap the face of you, even if you are the Queen's nurse. Go away before you spoil my afternoon.

THE OLD WOMAN. The Queen—I could speak to the Queen and have you beaten, do you know that?



THE FOOL. Woman, I tell you to go away. I am composing a love song, and I do not want to be bothered.

THE OLD WOMAN. Has anyone ever loved you, I would like to know, that you should write love songs? Now if it were that young prince who is staying with us, he would have some right to make love songs, if what they say is true, that every woman he meets on his long journey from the east to the west falls in love with him. Even our own Queen, I am thinking, would be glad to have him stay here in this kingdom and rule with her. She is a proud one, but you can tell by her eyes as she looks at him what she is thinking. But only three days does he stay in any place, and then he is up and gone on his long journey that nobody understands the reason or the end of, from the east to the west. He is too wise to be held by a woman's love.

THE FOOL. Then he is more a fool than I.

THE OLD WOMAN. But he knows what love is, and I say that if he were minded to make songs about it he would have the right. Who should know about love if not a man who has been loved by many women and by great queens? But you, what do you know about it?

THE FOOL. The trouble with the old is that they forget so many things. I am sorry for you, woman. You think yourself wise, but the fool that sits at the Queen's doorstep and looks at her as she passes, and she never seeing him at all, is wiser than you.

THE OLD WOMAN. I have wasted enough words with you. I will go away and sit in the sun and think of the days when there were heroes. [*She goes*]

THE FOOL. And I will make a song about love. I will make a song about the love that is too high for pride and too deep for shame. [*The door has opened, and the Queen, a figure of passion and mystery, stands looking down at him*]

THE QUEEN. What is that, fool? What are the words you are saying?

THE FOOL. [*Kneeling*] I was speaking of a love that is too high for pride and too deep for shame.

THE QUEEN. And whose love is that, fool?

THE FOOL. It is the love of all who really love, and it is the only love worth making a song about.

THE QUEEN. [*Smiling*] And how do you come to be so wise as to know about such things?

THE FOOL. I know because I am a fool.

THE QUEEN. I am well answered. And you are not the only fool in the world, I am thinking. But tell me, fool, have you seen any of the prince's men here?

THE FOOL. No, but I have heard that the ship is being got ready for sailing.

THE QUEEN. [*Rebukingly*] I did not ask you that. [*She goes, but turns, and gives him a piece of money*] This is for you to buy wine with and get drunken. You are not amusing when you are sober. [*She starts to go, but turns again*] Fool, do you believe in magic?

THE FOOL. I have heard that the old wizard who lives in a cave down by the shore is able to rouse storms and keep vessels from sailing.

THE QUEEN. [*Looking at him for a moment fixedly*] I have a great mind to poison you. Here, take this, and remember that I said to be drunken. [*She gives him another piece of money, and goes off by way of the rose arbor*]

[*A sailor enters from the left*]

THE SAILOR. Fool, where is the prince?

THE FOOL. I do not know, sailor, but I will tell you what I think, if you want me to.

THE SAILOR. What difference does it make what you think? I have a message to deliver to him.

THE FOOL. I think that the Queen has sung him to sleep, and that he has not yet awakened.

THE SAILOR. It is likely enough. But I have been sent by his captain, and I must see him.

THE FOOL. You look hot.

THE SAILOR. I am so hot and thirsty that I could drink a barrelful of wine. It is well enough for the prince to lie about and eat and drink and be sung to by pretty women, but we sailors have work to do. This business of staying only three days in each port disgusts me. If we stayed a week or two, we

might have a little time for some fun on shore. But no sooner do we get in port than we have to get out again. I saw a girl yesterday, a beauty and not afraid of a man. There must be a lot like that here, but an hour or two of them is all we get. I knew I would have to be on the ship all day to-day, so I spent all my money on her, and now I can't even get a drink. It's a shame.

THE FOOL. Would you like a drink?

THE SAILOR. Fool, don't make a mock of my thirst or I'll open a vein in your arm with my sword, and drink from that.

THE FOOL. I can show you where there is something better to drink than that. Look at this! [*Shows him the money*]

THE SAILOR. What a piece of luck! Is it real money? Where did you get it? [*Takes the fool by the arm and pulls him up*]

THE FOOL. Your prince gave it to me, and said I was to treat any of his sailors that I came across.

THE SAILOR. Then it's all right. Come along. Oh, but I am thirsty! [*They go out at the left*]

[*The door opens and the prince comes out. He looks up and down*]

THE PRINCE. And now begins again my long journey from the east to the west.

[*Enter from the left the old woman*]

THE OLD WOMAN. Well, have you waked at last?

THE PRINCE. You are a bitter-tongued old woman. But for all that I think you are my friend. Perhaps you are the only friend I have here.

THE OLD WOMAN. You are right. For all that you sleep, you are a brave man, and I am the only person in this kingdom who thinks well of bravery. The rest want to smother it.

THE PRINCE. I think you understand me. I want to get away from this place, for I feel that I am becoming soft. Never before have I been unwilling to leave a city——

THE OLD WOMAN. Or a woman.

THE PRINCE. I must go on board ship. Is it ready? The captain promised to send word to me by one of the sailors.

THE OLD WOMAN. You are a brave man, but it is time you left this place. They will make a lapdog of you.

THE PRINCE. You speak very freely. Are you not afraid of the Queen?

THE OLD WOMAN. She does not know what she is doing. She has grown up in a base time of peace, and she does not understand that it is not a man's business to drink wine and exchange kisses. She would turn you from your purpose without realizing the wickedness of it.

THE PRINCE. My purpose? What do you know of my purpose?

THE OLD WOMAN. I have not guessed your secret. But I know that you are not merely taking a pleasure journey. I have seen heroes, and you have the eyes of a hero. The end of all this journeying from the east to the west is something great and terrible, and I will not have you turned aside.

THE PRINCE. Something great and terrible . . .

THE OLD WOMAN. You have the look of a hero about you, and one who does not care for rest or peace or the love of a woman for more than a day. But there is a weakness in you, too. You had better leave this place quickly.

THE PRINCE. You are right, old woman. But I wonder why the sailor does not come. It looks like a storm.

THE OLD WOMAN. Would you stop for a storm?

THE PRINCE. Is that what you think of me, old woman? I am not afraid of storms.

THE OLD WOMAN. No, there is something here more dangerous to you than any storm. I hear it approaching now. Now we shall see what stuff you are made of. [*She goes*]

[*The Queen enters*]

THE QUEEN. [*Coming up to him*] When did you wake?  
[*Her voice is soft and tender*]

THE PRINCE. What difference does that make? Did you think that your voice had enough magic in it to keep me asleep till you returned? We have just time to say farewell, for the ship must be almost ready.

THE QUEEN. There is a storm coming up. Do you see how black the sky is? [*The sky has become ominously dark*]

THE PRINCE. I am not afraid of storms.

THE QUEEN. Of course you are not afraid of storms. Did

you think you had to prove your bravery to me by going out in one?

THE PRINCE. I told you that I should stay only three days.

THE QUEEN. Yes.

THE PRINCE. The three days are over.

THE QUEEN. I thought you were a king, and could do whatever you chose?

THE PRINCE. I have chosen to stay only three days.

THE QUEEN. In what way have I offended you?

THE PRINCE. I made my choice long ago.

THE QUEEN. And now you are afraid to change your mind?

THE PRINCE. Do you think a brave man changes his mind?

THE QUEEN. A brave man is surely brave enough to change his mind when he finds that he is wrong.

THE PRINCE. There is no use. I tell you I am going.

THE QUEEN. [*Going up to him*] Forgive me. I shall not try to keep you from going. If it is your happiness to go on, to what end I do not know, I will let you. I love you too much to make you unhappy. But I wish to give you something to take with you, an unfading rose that shall be like a glowing memory of me in your heart always. Will you take it? [*She leads him over to the door, and they enter*]

[*Enter the sailor, who is supported by the fool*]

THE SAILOR. [*Drunken*] Where—where is the prince? I have message for him.

THE FOOL. Come with me. I will take you to him.

THE SAILOR. You are a good fellow. A very good fellow. Sing that little song to me again.

THE FOOL. [*Sets down a flagon of wine he is carrying and chants*]—

In this harsh world and old  
Why must we cherish  
Fires that grow not cold  
In hearts that perish?

With the strong floods of hate  
I cleansed my bosom,

Yet springeth soon and late  
That fiery blossom.

What tho' some lying tale  
The mind dissembles?—  
The scarlet lip turns pale,  
The strong hand trembles.

THE SAILOR. A very pretty song. But I mustn't forget. Show me where the prince is.

THE FOOL. Come with me! [*Leads the sailor off through the rose arbor*]

[*The door of the palace opens, disclosing the Prince and the Queen in a tender embrace*]

THE PRINCE. I shall always remember you. [*They come out*]

THE QUEEN. I suppose that is enough.

THE PRINCE. What is that you say?

THE QUEEN. [*Bitterly*] I say that it is enough that you should think of me sometimes on your long journey from the east to the west—enough that I have given to you what I have given to no other man. It is enough to be remembered. For though I am a Queen, I am a woman, and that is the portion of woman, to be remembered.

THE PRINCE. You are a great Queen, but it is true that you are a woman, and weak. You knew what manner of man I was, and that I would not be detained. Why, if you must have the taste of kisses on your lips always, did you not turn to some man of your own land, who would not stray from your side? Why did you give your love to one you have never seen before, one you shall never see again? I did not ask that you love me. What you gave I took.

THE QUEEN. I do not regret anything that I have given. But I am sorry for you, that you do not know what it is I have given.

THE PRINCE. It may be that I do not understand. But I know that I have set out on a long journey, and that I may not stay longer at this place. Would you ask me to do otherwise?

THE QUEEN. I would not ask you, no. If you understood, you would do it without the asking. If your life is the same now

that it was before, go on with it. If all things in it have not changed color and significance, if your mind has not been swept as by a storm that changes and carries away old landmarks—if I have been to you but as a harlot to one of your sailors, then leave me.

THE PRINCE. It is not true that nothing has changed. My mind is in a turmoil. I am dizzy, I cannot see. I have almost forgotten my errand, and I do not know why I should once have set my heart on this long journey. You have bewitched me, and that is why I fear you. If I stay here with you any longer, I shall forget everything. I must go.

THE QUEEN. [*Coming up and taking him in her arms*] Then it is not true that you do not love me! You have forgotten the meaning of your journey, you no longer wish to go. The world is changed for you, and you see that nothing is worth thinking about except our love for each other. You know what love is. You will not go.

THE PRINCE. I *must* go. [*But he allows himself to be led to the seat*]

THE QUEEN. The moment has come for you. You must surrender to it. Do you not know that the greatest things are not those that we do, but those that unseen powers force upon us? It was ordained that you love me. You must give yourself up utterly. You must think of nothing else.

THE PRINCE. Why have you done this to me? Are you a witch? I am afraid of you! [*Rises*]

THE QUEEN. I will teach you sweet and terrible secrets.

THE PRINCE. I fear you and yet I trust you. What will come of this I do not know. But I care for nothing. Nothing in the world means anything to me now except you. Why is it that I seem to hate you? [*Seizes her and holds her fiercely*]

THE QUEEN. [*Abandoning herself to his ferocity*] That is because you love me at last.

THE PRINCE. [*Dragging her toward the door*] I could kill you.

THE QUEEN. You love me!

[*The sailor staggers in, sees the prince, and stops*]

THE SAILOR. I am bidden to tell you——

THE PRINCE. Be off. What is it you say?

[*The Queen stands still, with her hands over her face*]

THE SAILOR. The ship is ready.

THE PRINCE. Go! [*The sailor staggers out*]

THE QUEEN. [*Watching him*] A word, and you have forgotten me already. A moment ago I thought you loved me. Now I am nothing to you.

THE PRINCE. The ship . . .

THE QUEEN. It is ready to sail. They are waiting for you. Why do you not go? I can give you nothing more.

THE PRINCE. I am sorry. But it is as you say. The ship is ready to sail. They are waiting for me. I must go.

THE QUEEN. Go quickly.

THE PRINCE. You are right. I go.

THE QUEEN. No. Stay! [*Throws herself at his feet, and clasps his knees*] See, I beg you to stay. I have no pride left, and no shame. I beg you. Stay even though you hate me. Stay even though you despise me. I do not care. I will be your slave, your bondwoman. You do not know what love is, and I must teach you. I cannot let you go. [*She puts her head in her hands, and weeps*]

THE PRINCE. [*Looking down at her*] I am sorry. [*After a pause*] Farewell. [*He touches her lightly on the shoulder and looking toward the sea, leaves her. She rises, and watches him with a stony face until he goes*]

[*The fool enters*]

THE QUEEN. Are you drunken, fool, as I bade you be?

THE FOOL. I am drunken, yes, but not with wine. I am drunken with bitterness. With the bitterness of love.

THE QUEEN. Of love, fool?

THE FOOL. With the bitterness of love. It will amuse you, and so I will tell you what I mean. It is you that I love.

THE QUEEN. Life grows almost interesting once more. But how is it that you dare to tell me this? Are you not afraid I will have you whipped?

THE FOOL. You would have had me whipped a week ago if I had told you this. But now you will not. Now you know what it is to love.



THE QUEEN. My secrets are on a fool's tongue. But what does it matter? Go on.

THE FOOL. I have tried to help you. It pleased me to try to keep the man you love from going away. Why did I do it? In the hope that one day I should see you kissing him in the garden, and thus I would be saved the trouble of killing myself. In a word, I am a fool. But I have tried to help you. Why did you not keep him?

THE QUEEN. I have been asking that question of my own heart, fool. I would that I had not come to him a virgin and a Queen, but a light woman skilled in all the ways of love, and then perhaps I could have held him. But now he is gone, and everything is black—black.

THE FOOL. The world is black, but not so black as your heart this moment.

THE QUEEN. I think you understand, fool. I would set fire to this palace which the King my father built, I would burn it down to-night, save that it would not make light enough to take away the blackness from my heart.

*[Enter the sailor, staggering]*

THE QUEEN. What, has the ship not gone?

THE SAILOR. Gone, and left me behind. Gone, and left me.

THE FOOL. I have a flagon of wine here for you. *[Takes up flagon]*

THE SAILOR. Good. Good. Give it to me.

THE QUEEN. First bring it to me. *[Takes off ring and dips it in the wine]* I have spoken lightly of poisoning to-day. Now I think I will try it. I would like to see a man die. It will ease me a little. Come!

*[The sailor comes and takes it from her hands, while the fool stares fascinated]*

THE QUEEN. How does it taste?

THE SAILOR. *[Suddenly straightening up, no longer drunk]* Bitter. What was in it?

THE QUEEN. The bitterness of my heart. It will kill you.

THE SAILOR. I have been poisoned. *[Puts his hand to his side]* I am dying. But first! *[He draws a short sword, and runs at her. The fool starts up, but the Queen motions him]*

*away, and waits. When he is almost upon her, he stops, throws up his hands, drops his sword, and falls in a heap]*

THE QUEEN. [*After a moment, going up, and touching the body with her foot*] Dead. So that is what it is like?

THE FOOL. [*Trembling*] Do you find it so interesting?

THE QUEEN. No, my heart is already aching with its emptiness. What shall I do?

THE FOOL. You might poison *me*. I am sure that I would die in a more amusing manner than that sailor. For one thing, I would seize you in my arms and kiss you before I died.

THE QUEEN. That would be interesting. But it is a pity to waste kisses on a dying man. And besides, you are the only one in my kingdom who understands me. I must have you alive to talk to.

THE FOOL. Your kiss might prove more powerful than the poison, and keep me alive after all. There are strange stories about the kisses of queens.

THE QUEEN. If they are really strange, tell them to me.

THE FOOL. There is the old saying that three kisses bestowed by a queen upon a fool will make a hero of him.

THE QUEEN. That is really amusing. I think I will try it. Come to me, do not be afraid. This day I have given my kisses to a man who thought no more of them than that dead sailor there of the kisses of a harlot. What, must you kneel? Well, then, upon your forehead. [*She kisses him on the forehead as he kneels*]

[*The fool slowly rises, and as he rises he takes on dignity. His fool's cap is dropped aside, he picks up the dead sailor's sword and girds it on him*]

THE QUEEN. Ah, it is true. There is magic in it. You are handsome, too. I am not sorry to have kissed you.

[*Enter the old woman*]

THE QUEEN. Well, what is the news? The ship has sailed, has it not?

THE OLD WOMAN. Straight into the sunset. [*Sees the dead man, and looks at the Queen and at the fool*] Who killed him?

THE QUEEN. I killed him. He was left behind, and I do not like to have strangers about.

THE OLD WOMAN. It is a good omen. I have not seen a dead man for twenty years, save those that died of sickness and old age. When shall we have the good old times when men killed each other with swords? I feel that it is coming. When shall we fall upon the four kingdoms, and tear them to pieces?

THE QUEEN. Ah, that is an idea. That would be something to do.

THE FOOL. Hush your croakings, old woman, and tell us the news that you have come with.

THE OLD WOMAN. How do you know that I come with news? Where is your cap, fool?

THE FOOL. Speak, or begone.

THE QUEEN. Beware how you speak to this man, for I have been making a hero out of him.

THE OLD WOMAN. Are you mad?

THE QUEEN. Yes, I am mad, so beware of us both, and tell your news.

THE OLD WOMAN. [*Tamed*] It is only that a boat has been seen to put out from the ship, and is coming back to shore.

THE QUEEN. It is doubtless a present for me. The prince has bethought himself to pay me for my kindness to him. Go, and give orders that any men who are in the boat are to be brought to me, with their hands tied behind them, that I may decide what punishment to inflict upon them. Let it be understood that we do not like strangers in this kingdom.

THE OLD WOMAN. [*Grimly*] It shall be as you say. [*Goes out*]

THE QUEEN. And now I must finish making a hero of you. It pleases me to be kissing a fool. There is something amusing about it. Come to this garden bench, where he and I sat together this morning, and I will kiss you upon the mouth, as I kissed him. Does it hurt you for me to say that? Good. [*They sit*] You are the only one in the kingdom who understands me. Lift up your head. [*Kisses him. He straightens up, and sits beside her like a king*] You say nothing. Why do you not utter something amusing?

THE FOOL. What I have to say will be with my sword, and your enemies will be the ones to hear it.

THE QUEEN. Ah, I forgot, it is a hero I am making out of you, and all a hero can do is fight. That is a stupid thing. I am sorry now that I have kissed you.

THE FOOL. You will not be sorry when I have destroyed your enemies for you.

THE QUEEN. Now you are beginning to talk like my old nurse. It is well enough to fight, but it should be for the amusement of it, and not with such seriousness. I have only succeeded in making you dull. You were better as a fool.

*[Enter the prince, with his hands tied behind him, conducted by some soldiers]*

THE PRINCE. Why am I treated in this fashion?

THE QUEEN. So it is you. *[Looks at him]*

THE PRINCE. Order that these bonds be taken from my wrists.

THE QUEEN. We do not like strangers in this country. You were tied by my command, and brought here that I might decide what punishment to mete out to you. Look what we have done to one of your men. *[Points to the dead body]* Carry it away.

*[To the soldiers]*

THE PRINCE. Are you mad?

THE QUEEN. Yes, so beware of me. *[The body is carried off]* Now cut his bonds. *[To the fool]*

THE FOOL. He is a brave man, and does not deserve to be treated in this manner. *[Cuts the bonds]*

THE PRINCE. Who are you that you should plead for me? Have I not seen you with a fool's cap?

THE FOOL. And now you see me with a sword.

THE PRINCE. Leave us. I wish to speak with the Queen.

THE QUEEN. No, stay. It is not necessary for you to speak. I know all that you can say. You wish to tell me that the kisses you had from me were so sweet that you would like to buy some more, and are willing to put off your journey for a while.

THE PRINCE. I have given up my journey forever. I have put aside all foolish imaginings. I know that the only thing that is real in all the world is love. You are scornful. But I have neither pride nor shame. I kneel at your feet, and beg you to love me once more. *[Kneels]*

THE QUEEN. It is a pretty speech. But you are too late. I

have forgotten you. While they were tying your hands, I was kissing this man upon the mouth.

THE PRINCE. [*Springing up*] It is a lie!

THE FOOL. Did you say that the Queen lies? [*Draws his sword*]

THE PRINCE. I do not fight with fools. [*To the Queen*] Send him away, and have him beaten.

THE QUEEN. Are you not willing to fight with him for me?

THE PRINCE. What do you mean?

THE QUEEN. I mean that I have a new appetite, the appetite for death. I hold myself lightly, as you know, and will go willingly to the arms of any man that wants me. But first he must kill some one. There must be a little blood to sweeten the kisses.

THE PRINCE. Do you wish me to kill him?

THE QUEEN. Or to be killed by him; it makes no difference. What are my kisses, that I should be careful to whom they go? Yes, I mean my words. Go and kill him.

THE PRINCE. You speak strangely, and I hardly know you. I have come back as a lover and not as a butcher. But whatever you ask, I will do.

THE QUEEN. Go, then, and do it.

THE PRINCE. But I do not understand. Why are you so strange? Tell me, say one word to show that you still love me. Then I shall kill this man like a thought.

THE QUEEN. I have no word to say. Go and fight.

THE PRINCE. Doubt makes heavy my sword.

THE FOOL. And have you nothing to say to *me* before I fight him?

THE QUEEN. You are right. This. [*She kisses him on the mouth*]

THE PRINCE. It is I that am mad. [*Covers his eyes*]

THE FOOL. Come, if you are not afraid.

[*They go out, the prince giving one long look at the Queen, whose face remains hard. It has become a dark twilight*]

THE QUEEN. Oh, what a thing love is! Why did I do this? [*Enter the old woman*]

THE QUEEN. I have sent him out to die.

THE OLD WOMAN. The fool?

THE QUEEN. No, no, no, my lover, my beloved. I tortured him and denied him, and sent him out to die. Oh, why did I do it?

THE OLD WOMAN. It is well. Death is among us again, and the old times have come back.

*[There are sounds of fighting, and the women wait in silence. Then the sounds cease, and slowly the soldiers bear in a dead body, which they lay on the steps. They affix torches to the wall on either side of the door, and go out]*

THE FOOL. *[Going up to the Queen, and holding out his sword to her, hilt-foremost]* I have done your bidding, and slain a brave man. Bid some one take this sword and slay me.

THE OLD WOMAN. What a faintheart you are! The fool's cap is on you still. Put back your sword in your scabbard. You will make a soldier yet.

THE QUEEN. You are a brave man. Put back your sword in its scabbard, and may it destroy all my enemies from this day forth.

THE FOOL. What shall I do?

THE QUEEN. I have created you, and now I must give you something to do. You can only fight. Very well then, fight. I bid you take my soldiers, and lead them to the kingdom that thrusts its chief city so close up against our walls. There should be good fighting, and much spoil inside the city. One thing I charge you: when the soldiers have glutted themselves with wine and women, let the city be set on fire. I shall look every night for a light in the sky, and when it comes I shall know it is my bonfire. Perhaps it will light up my heart for a moment. When that is finished, I shall find you other bloody work, befitting a hero. And now go.

THE FOOL. I understand. You shall have your bonfire. Come, old woman, I want some of your advice.

THE OLD WOMAN. The good old days have come back. Ah, the smell of blood! *[They go out, leaving the Queen with her dead]*

*[The Queen looks over at the dead man lying on the steps between the torches, and gradually her face softens. She goes*

*over slowly, and kneels by his side, gazing on him. She reclines gradually until she lies beside him, still gazing into his face. Then she softly leans herself upon him, and kisses him on the mouth. Gradually she rises again, and stands. She goes slowly to her seat, and sits down. She looks away, and her face assumes again a tragic hardness. A sound of trumpets and shouting, the menacing prelude of war, is heard outside]*

## THE COLLEGE WOMAN THROUGH OPERA GLASSES

MARGARET BALL

SOMEWHERE between the "beauty" of the poet's vision and the "beauty" discussed in the newspaper column which furnishes recipes for face lotions, there lies a kind of beauty that touches everyday life more closely than either of these. Usually it passes among us unnamed. The Greeks, we know, recognized a beauty of attitude, of manner, of the conduct of life in the aspects it presents to the eye and through the eye to the mind; they saw that the grace and charm which may characterize the minor activities of ordinary people deserve intelligent effort. We of modern days have preferred for the most part to accept beauty in common affairs as a fortunate accident, contributing to our pleasure but hardly to be counted among our artistic ambitions.

Women are supposed to conserve by a kind of divine instinct all the good taste in manners that the community requires. And schools are expected to propagate social ideals of a larger scope. Now that women and education have met one another in our colleges, what will they contrive to do with the manners of our society? What are they even now doing? These are perhaps the last questions that American college girls would be prepared to answer. Efficiency and democracy are very familiar terms in their world; the words charm, grace, comeliness, elegance, are all more or less out of date. The Greek idea of the beautiful meets them not in life, but only in the classroom. The students are cheerful under inspection, however, and as they advance gaily toward the world across their campus playground they reveal, in their behavior, expression, costume, a certain record of contemporary taste. That record, however shifting and ill-defined it may seem, furnishes an incisive commentary on the chances of ordered beauty, of the finer harmonies, in the developing American manner of life.

Investigating these college girls in a cool north light, we find that their characteristic actions do not wholly defy analysis.



But we must study the community instead of the individual. College life develops a mood comparable to that dominating the chorus in a musical comedy. Unconscious and instinctive as the impulse is, it nevertheless achieves a more conspicuous result than any other factor in the college training. It offers us, therefore, our best point of attack in our effort to define the tastes of the students, and the only strategic position for a possibly critical public wishing to suggest modifications in the effects produced.

Not the nature of the curriculum, but the character of the community life, gives us the spectacle of five hundred or fifteen hundred people "composing" themselves within their gilded frame. The frame is often really charming; this also has its effect. Upon a green and sun-flecked campus, under great trees and against a background of impressive buildings, is grouped an enormous number of young women ranging in age over only a few years, moulded by very similar experiences in life, and fairly homogeneous in respect to social position and ideals. They like each other, being healthy and happy, and tend to act in harmony. The conventionalities of college life, however mysteriously complicated they may seem to an outsider, to the students themselves are monumentally simple because guided at every point by the impulse toward communal activities and collective moods.

Watch a collegeful of young women: they sidestep at the same moment; they dress in subtly varied harmony; they bow together with the same show of merry teeth or with the same frown, greeting a festival or a bugaboo toward which all, by inner compulsion incomprehensible often to the observer, feel alike. Who that has visited a woman's college at "prom-time" or during examination week can doubt the essential truth of the picture? Instinct serves as the chorus-trainer, and without knowing why she does it the student adapts her demeanor to the community pattern; she succeeds astonishingly in subordinating her appearance to the general scheme. Grey sweaters, white dresses, sailor arrangements so similar that they are known by the name of one tailor—these and the fillets reinforce the speech with its skillfully conventionalized vocabulary and accent, in the achievement of making one college girl so like all others that instructors grow

old before their time in trying to distinguish their pupils and individualize the preceptorial influence.

Non-conformists among the students occasionally vindicate themselves by their success, with everything, so far as one can see, initially against them in the typical college community. The "queer" girls are shifted by an inexorable natural law into solo parts or off into the wings. When it fails to succeed in its mission of being more interesting than the crowd, individuality becomes simply a nuisance. In the crowd the actions of the separate persons gain immensely in effectiveness; a single motion of the hand, one flicker of the eyebrow, would make no impression at all, but five hundred may positively bring the observer's heart into his mouth.

Team-play such as this is a more vital achievement than that learned in the athletic games often recommended for women as a training in co-operation. But though this instinctive group-action expresses the very heart of the community, it needs to be developed and enriched by a wise recognition of its possibilities. The team must work as well as play. The question is not whether we are to regard this chorus instinct cheerfully or otherwise, but whether we are to make the most of its assistance. We cannot tell yet whether the development of a community impulse is reducing the personal competence of our women by eliminating individuality, or whether it is, on the contrary, likely to mass and multiply the power of separate persons, as it undoubtedly accentuates in college the effectiveness, for good or ill, of very unimpressive and ordinary people. While we wait for the verdict which only time can furnish we must sympathize not too sadly with the despair of the instructor who sees his sheep jumping over fences in files that are pictorial rather than reasonable.

Any effort to break up the chorus is certain to be futile. Our problem of beauty in the life of college women is therefore a social problem, a question of attractiveness and dignity in the group. The single students are mastered by the pull of the crowd. No better illustration of the kind of manners developed by the group could be found than the greetings between college girls returning from a vacation. A violent embrace and an

emphatic "My *dear!* So glad to see you! Isn't it *grand* to be back!" ruins the effect of any gentler salutation, and many a girl adopts the general tone as exactly as possible to escape the danger of seeming cold. Even the knowledge that the whole performance savors of caricature is not enough to discredit it, because most people enjoy caricature. Devices which would be amusing enough if they appeared casually and singly have caught the imagination of the crowd and become hardened by undue exposure. The standard of manners is deficient because it has not been consciously socialized.

Self-consciousness of a sort is not lacking. We must count on an intense conviction among the students themselves that they are in some sense picturesque, and on a generous admiration of what they consider the cleverness of their companions. An amiable public has not helped them to develop a sensitive and rigorous taste. College girls have been seen to eat cream puffs on a village street with an air of benevolence, as if they were contributing to the cause of civilization, and all observers appeared delighted. When hordes of young men and women take vociferous possession of railroad trains and stations about holiday time the rest of the travellers conspicuously fail to appear bored. If the vivacity of college girls may, as seems probable, be traced chiefly to their habit of looking expectantly at each other for something to exclaim about, they ought to be stimulated by a discriminating audience; but if outsiders join in the applause and demand nothing better than vivacity, what wonder that the student develops a complacent view of her daily behavior?

A public admiration for picturesqueness may easily be fatal to real charm of action. Just as a company of amateur actors is likely to deteriorate in repeating a successful performance because they fail to understand the really effective points, so the college woman is in danger of stressing the uglier motifs, of emphasizing the least characteristic side of her activity. Attractive though her fresh young energy may seem in a jaded world, she is nevertheless too striking. If we follow into general society a single undergraduate we find her discarding her collegiate idiosyncrasies as quickly as possible and adopting the conventional manners of the community in which she finds herself, and here

for a time she feels herself at a disadvantage because she does not know how to adorn a background. Greater gentleness is the first modification to be effected in the college standard of manners. Force now takes the place of ingenuity. College girls hardly even keep up to date in the matter of slang, because the vigor with which they are "just crazy" or "scared stiff" suffices to galvanize the tiresome expressions to their minds. Their gait is apt to be a stride; in posture they "hustle" or "slouch," with unmitigated thoroughness. Only youth and health make this over-emphasis endurable.

Influences tending to restrain this strong disposition are not altogether lacking. Certain important qualities of mind in these young people hint at the way in which a growing enlightenment may be expected to modify their reactions. First of all we may put the students' common sense, their recoil from what seems to them absurd. This trait accounts for their dislike of many of the conventionalities of life. Though they adopt with enthusiasm certain oddities of dress, these are always justified in their minds by some notion of appropriateness; and toward other fashions they remain laughingly intolerant. Thus they welcome short skirts that allow them to skip freely about the campus and use only unconsidered moments in reaching classes, and they explain the fillets which have loomed larger and brighter during some recent seasons by saying that the sensation of brains firmly bound up helps them to think. But when tested on such matters as ear-rings they seldom follow the vogue, because it seems to them artificial. Formal social affairs at college are an odd mixture of the child's party and the casual meeting of friendly people for talk. Undergraduate good sense seems to outsiders very inconspicuous, but it nevertheless counts for something in the regulation of extreme assertiveness.

A second and perhaps more striking quality which may be invoked is a strongly ethical inclination. On this side the group-standard is fairly high. These young women examine and test their conduct, consciously adopting fine models and realizing the importance of effort. And, though this characteristic has not always increased the charm of daily life, there seems to be no reason why it should not help in so good a cause. Any question

that can be turned or twisted into the sphere of ethics receives the most respectful treatment. Like the policeman who dragged a dead horse from Kosciusko street to Main street so that he might be able to spell his report, the authorities of women's colleges find themselves raising the most ordinary problems to a high moral plane because the students understand the ethical appeal so much better than any other. Students are urged to attend the gymnasium faithfully that they may become strong for their life-work; they would reject as undignified a vocational course in graceful behavior. Yet there seems no reason why they should not adopt the idea that conduct beautiful from every point of view is a matter of moral obligation.

Trained intelligence and intellectual power should certainly play their part in forming the standard of exterior attractiveness, and may serve as the climax in our list of hopeful qualities. The degree of intelligence attained by college students has often been derided, and assuredly it falls far short of the ideal; but if it counts for nothing the faith of the public is pitifully misplaced. The trouble is largely that this quality has too seldom been applied to the most ordinary affairs of life. It will be so applied only when the group-standard demands its help. The strongly democratic spirit in the colleges, which is viewed to-day as a moral quality, has probably tended to depress and keep at an unduly low level the standard of manners. But when education is provided for everybody, an attractive appearance and a thoroughly civilized behavior should be as lavishly arranged for.

If the stare which the public seems ready to devote to women's colleges could be interpreted as a demand for a high standard of beauty, the present standard would tend, imperceptibly perhaps, to rise. No company of young women facing a battalion of opera-glasses ought to be left in doubt of the verdict if tones are shrill, gestures angular, speech monotonous and costumes unlovely. And if ideas also could be expected to reach a level raised and maintained by the pride of the group-on-parade, we might call the college self-consciousness a salutary influence in young lives.

Ideas as a dominating factor in conduct are really the characteristic need. Here lies the solution, at once simple and discouraging, of the whole matter, in ideas—of conversation, of

dress, of posture: of self-expression and self-restraint in every field in which the group has superseded the individual and has thus far failed to develop a sense of æsthetic responsibility. And ideas are not now held in solution in the college atmosphere. The intellectual element is reserved for the classroom and apparently exhausted there. Along with the weaving of the network of social interests which the student lovingly regards as the warp and woof of college life, the academic requirements have in many places been growing much more severe; "snap courses" are being scrutinized so carefully by faculties and students, perhaps for different purposes, as to become dangerously conspicuous. Even while the elective principle seems anxious to enlist in the service of the curriculum every bit of intellectual curiosity to be found in any student, the actual amount of hard work required has increased. This raising of the standard is registered not only by the number of young people who fail to keep up with the academic pace and are dropped from the college lists, but also by the vigor of the rebound when leisure moments allow the students to choose their own occupations. They say simply, if tritely, "We must rest our minds after the strain of study."

One consequence of this situation is the taboo placed on literature as a source of entertainment by the forces that dominate college life. We have hockey clubs, and organized tramping trips, and class "sings,"—tangible enterprises which satisfy the demand, felt subconsciously by the student, for action at once comfortably informal, spectacular, and social. But we no longer have any enthusiastic literary organizations, speaking broadly, except dramatic clubs, which usually devote part of their attention to mere "shows" of the comic opera kind. Such performances only exaggerate the college fondness for ragtime deportment; but the dramatic clubs on their more serious side do attempt, almost alone, the task of refining the exuberance of everyday behavior by the application of mind. Actors and critics and spectators must all respond to the influence of a stage that transports them from their campus commonplaces to the poetry of the Shakespearean scene or the sophistications of contemporary drama. Only when a current of ideas plays about conduct can it hope to escape monotony, not to say stupidity.

The rhythm and action of the chorus in our American life need everywhere to be modulated, varied, developed toward greater effectiveness. That position of leadership which is said to belong to the colleges is conspicuously open to them in this matter. And yet collegians of to-day do not feel themselves set apart from the world by any "call" to special pursuits: a speaker who, in addressing a college, invites attention to the picked quality of his hearers, finds the force of his challenge minimized by the sense of fact or of humor in his audience. Priggishness is rarer than in the days when college men considered themselves chosen instruments of leadership, devoting themselves to special training because destined to positions of prominence. The world has gone to the opposite extreme. Students, like other Americans, try to harmonize with their neighbors instead of introducing new discriminations. May we not hope in some coming day to restore the dignity of the older time, without losing our wholesome sense of reality and our pleasure in practical activities?

Thoughtful people may be found who expect young graduates to show intelligence in the art of living. The student should not be allowed to remain "unfinished" simply because her primary concern is with something more fundamental than the problem of how to enter a drawing-room; she might even gather intellectual power from an effort to acquire the Greek habit of grace and serenity. If the need is forcibly enough presented, undergraduate standards will respond, and we shall see the social impulse enormously assisting in the cultivation of attractive behavior.

## TWO GLIMPSES OF THE NEW ENGLAND POLE

HARRY SHIPMAN BROWN

**T**HREE rooms that compose a dirty shanty; twenty people. Half trampled under foot, the children. It is the wedding of a Polish girl. The guests are singing; wine, liquor, and beer are flowing freely. Animal joy is on a rampage. There is no restraint and it is the thick heat of July. In the centre of a stuffy room that smells of unmentionable things the bride is dancing with one of the guests. Dancing? They whirl around in a dizzy, sensuous monotony to the shrieks and whines of a one-piece orchestra. The partner has given his dollar for the bride's dowry; so has each of the male guests. The bride's father furnishes drink in plenty; the bride must dance with each who has given his dollar. Exhausted at last, the two dancers stop; a new musician begins to play and another couple is on the floor. A few minutes' rest and the bride is recovered and is whirling around again in return for another dollar. The guests stamp their feet in time, shout coarse jokes, and act boorishly. The drink goes to their heads. The bridegroom staggers across the floor, aroused at last by some undue liberty the bride's partner has taken. He reels forward, threatens, is sneered at. The bride is pushed back roughly. A knife, a sharp blade, a bloody gash. With a bellow of rage, the others rush in. . . .

A hot field. Under the full glare of a cruel sun, a Pole and his wife. In a dilapidated baby carriage straight from the junk heap, a tiny baby, crying drearily. In their bare feet and scant clad limbs and bodies, labor the man and woman on their knees, weeding those never-ending rows of onions. Animals, they work under the sun and in the dirt; with stolid, stupid faces. From dawn until sunset's over, they stay out there in the field. At noon they pause long enough to snatch a bite to eat and for the mother to nurse the baby; then back to torturous work. . . .

These are Americans. To-day, a few New England Poles of yesterday are buying old New England homesteads. Tomorrow, the countless Poles of to-day——



## SOCIALISM AND ECONOMICS

RICHARD DANA SKINNER

**T**HE socialist movement, which plays so influential a part in modern politics, should be clearly distinguished from the mere economic theory of socialism. Continual misunderstanding results from the indiscriminate confusion of these distinct entities, a misunderstanding the more lamentable since it concerns the basic laws of society, and leads to endless loose thinking and much sentimental idiocy.

The difficulty which many find in defining socialism, and the wordiness which is annually wasted in talking at cross purposes, must be attributed, not to the haziness of the socialist programme, as many suppose, but to the impossibility of standardizing the scope of the word socialism itself. As an economic theory, socialism holds that humanity would be happier and better off in this world's goods if all the instruments of production, that is, all capital, were to be under social ownership. This is far from implying that the workers in a particular industry should own the plant and financial resources of that industry. That would be anarchy, whereas socialism reaches toward a highly centralized community in which the democratic State, the only one seriously considered, shall own the tools of production. The democratic State being theoretically the people, it is correct to say that under socialism the people will own the means of production from which they must subsist, that the direction of industry will be taken out of private hands and absorbed by the people as a unit. The ideas that socialism is atheistic, that it is progressive, that it stands for free love, and so on, result from the philosophy of life which underlies the economic theory, a philosophy which people interpret differently, according as they may be friends, enemies, or passive examiners of the system.

Many socialist writers wish to confine the meaning and scope of socialism to economics; yet others, and among them, be it noted, many of the moving spirits of the party—I now refer to international socialism—have strenuously objected to this limitation of the field. For example, August Bebel, one of the fore-

most of German socialists, declares that "Christianity is the enemy of liberty and civilization. It has kept mankind in slavery and oppression. The Church and State have always fraternally united to exploit the people. Christianity and socialism are like fire and water." \* Or taking Belfort Bax, a well-known English socialist, we find that he supplements this view by saying that "Socialism has been well described as a new conception of the world, presenting itself in industry as co-operative Communism, in politics as international Republicanism, in religion as atheistic Humanism . . . . The establishment of society on a socialistic basis would imply the definitive abandonment of all theological cults, since the notion of a transcendent god or semi-divine prophet is but the counterpart and analogue of the transcendent governing class. So soon as we are rid of the desire of one section of society to enslave another the dogmas of an effete creed will lose their interest." †

Yet it must be remembered that many socialists refuse to subscribe to the sweeping definitions of men like Marx, Bebel, Bax and others. Whether they are right in so doing, I could not here determine without an extensive excursion into the philosophy of socialism which, although it would be interesting in substance, might prove too long for a general discussion such as this. The interesting point to notice is that not only socialists but many strong opponents of the system differ as to the meaning of socialism. Thus, Hilaire Belloc, a noted individualist, after defining the economic theory of socialism, goes on to state that "All the other wobbly ideas that have been tacked on to it by its enemies or its friends—that it is 'atheistic,' or that it involves sexual 'immorality,' that it is 'progressive,' that it is 'Christian'—have nothing to do with the one proposition which alone distinguishes it from all other policies," ‡ namely, as he has before set forth, the Government ownership of the tools of production.

With this varying testimony from friend and foe, it is plain that the scope of socialism becomes increasingly difficult to de-

\* Essay in *Vorwaerts* (1901).

† *The Religion of Socialism* (p. 81).

‡ *An Examination of Socialism*, p. 1.

termine. On the one hand we have a definite economic theory; on the other side we have hundreds of men, desperately in earnest, some insisting that the economic theory alone has the right to be called socialism, others urging, rightly or wrongly, as you choose, that no theory can be separated from ethics and philosophy since morality and philosophy are in all things, and that socialism must include all departments of human life. The difficulty in definition, therefore, comes, as I have already said, from the impossibility of determining the scope of the word. But whether you prefer to consider socialism as a philosophy of life having its basis in materialistic evolution and economic determinism, or as a uniquely distinct and self-sufficient economic theory, the substantial, and, perhaps, from our point of view, the most important fact remains that the *socialist movement*, a tremendous living force working about us and among us with tireless energy and almost fanatic zeal, is undeniably accompanied by extreme radicalism in political, moral and religious views. To understand socialism as a whole, therefore, these two factors, the movement and the theory, should be kept rigidly distinct.

Yet, although this distinction will aid us admirably, I do not mean to imply that the whole question is reducible, like a problem in arithmetic, to such simple terms. On the contrary, even when they separate the movement from the theory, there are many who see in socialism nothing but a conflicting chaos of opinions. Nor is this surprising, even though, as we have seen, the final ideal is fairly definite; for the point of infinite, amusing, and decidedly bewildering variety occurs in the controversy over the methods by which socialists would arrive at their ultimate goal. Some are opportunists, seeking to gain strength by the ballot; others are revolutionaries, striving to create a class war which shall end in the reduction of society to one class, the wage earners. So much political dust is raised by the internal contests of the socialist movement over the means to be employed, that, to the ever obtuse and as yet uninterested public mind, the unity of the final ideal becomes hopelessly obscured.

This is unfortunate, for the discussion is not, after all, very complex. The doctrine of class war and the survival of the

fittest is the logical outcome of genuine Marxian socialism, a sort of Marxo-Darwinian interpretation of history, and is the principle adhered to by the syndicalists, a body which, to the horror and discomfiture of parlor socialists, is striding daily into greater prominence. Syndicalism is but the physical expression of Marxian theory. But all socialists, I am persuaded, whether opportunists or revolutionaries, are aware of the undoubted advantage of organized labor when it can be brought successfully under socialist control. If the ballot does not succeed in effecting bloodless revolution, the general strike is on hand, like the spear of Odysseus, to annihilate the parasitic suitors of wealth. Perhaps I should say "financially annihilate," for the general strike, like the ballot method, it is hoped will be bloodless. Others advocate, or hint at, still more drastic measures. Ex-Congressman Berger, who has become essentially a mild and "constructive" socialist, expressed himself in no uncertain fashion when he wrote, some four years ago, that "in view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and hope of this country will finally lie in one direction only—that of a violent and bloody revolution.\*" We may only hope that he did not wish his words to be too seriously taken. But in any case, I think I am justified in saying that, whether the revolution is to be peaceful or bloody, the control of the labor forces makes a weapon of offence which few socialists would hesitate to wield for the furtherment of the Cause, their common goal.

In this light, the variety in methods does not appear so confusing. In general they unite in this, that they seek by the use of existing institutions to overturn the present basis of production and distribution of wealth with the avowed and sincere intention of bettering the temporal condition of mankind. Whether inimical or friendly to the idea, we should not take it too lightly, for no force can grow to the magnitude which the socialist movement has reached without some pressing cause. Many of the conditions in our highly organized industrial society are beyond doubt intolerable, and socialism in presenting a programme which, revolutionary though it be, offers to better permanently

\* *Social Democratic Herald*, Milwaukee, 7-31-1909.

the condition of the great mass of mankind, cannot be overlooked without serious danger. But, at the same time, I can see no greater problem before the people to-day than that of finding the direction in which to turn if socialism is not to be the inevitable end of our present difficulties and the commencement of a thousand new and undreamed of complexities. What, then, is the alternative, the real alternative, if indeed there be any, to the ideal of socialism?

The alternative, as it appears to me, lies rather in a point of view than in a precise programme; and this point of view, this social science, if you will, I shall call, for want of a better word, Eunomics.

The science of eunomics is virtually the science of social order and equilibrium, with all that that implies. There can be no doubt of the scope of the term, since its range is as great as that of society itself; but its particular application is far more definite, its point of view far more precise and clear than one would naturally suppose at first glance.

Despite the widespread sophistic tendencies of the times, I think it must be evident to all that certain basic laws of society have their foundation, not in the force of collective opinion, nor, again, in the mere existence of precedent, but in the physical laws of nature itself. It is not necessary for the present purpose to go beyond the range of physical phenomena and demand whence the origin of these laws; for their existence may be scientifically demonstrated even without the vast confirming evidence of metaphysical reasoning and dogmatic theology. They are perpetual and unchanging in their operation, although their particular effect may vary according to the ever changing conditions of human existence, and in agreement with that alteration in the human point of view which results from accumulating experience.

At one time this assertion would not have been questioned, but in the present state of individualism run riot, free thought—a euphonious term for loose-thought—has converted every changing aspect of nature and humanity into a tool to serve the selfish ends of the individual; and it is here precisely that we find the origin of that blatant disregard for solid morality, of that neglect

of eternal law from which the largest part of the present-day abuses spring.

As an example of the heedlessness of modern thought, I can find no better illustration than the popular attitude toward slavery. In the principle underlying slavery, we have a striking instance of the perpetuity of social law; for it is a principle which must last so long as all men are not endowed at birth with equal faculties and powers, hence must last as long as humanity. I am fully aware that to those superficial lovers of the word, to those cherishers of pet fancies who fondly think that the principle of slavery disappeared from the civilized world with the close of the United States' War of Secession, this statement may cause some surprise and not a little pain. Sometimes, it is true, they will sadly refer to our industrial conditions as little better than slavery; but I fear that for them such an expression is a mere figure of speech. They consider slavery a classic example from the unregenerate past, and use it as a dramatic term of reproach. Lest they misunderstand, therefore, I must make it clear that I do not refer to the word slavery, nor to the particular form of slavery which prevailed in the South previous to the war, but to the great social law which underlies slavery, a law which we try in vain to elude.

The earliest demonstration of this principle on a large scale was chattel slavery, a result of the physical domination of one race or tribe over another. In its last glimmer it evinced itself as the domination of the white race over the black; but in Roman times and earlier all prisoners of war were brought home captive and sold as slaves. With the advent of Christianity, the injustice of physical coercion was gradually realized; and by slow degrees a more refined adjustment of society grew into strength. But the necessity for subordination was present none the less, the necessity for director and directed, for master and servant. Thus wages in return for service, and a high respect for personal liberty became the established order. Nature herself demanded that control should reside with those who showed themselves more fit; but intellectual power supplanted physical force in the attainment of economic freedom. The principle of domination, or slavery—call it what you will—remained inevit-

ably fixed; but its outward form changed. In this light our modern "industrial slavery" is an expression of the financial power of one set of individuals over another, an ever changing, ever shifting set of masters and servants, to be sure, but none the less there at any given instant. It would seem, then, as I have said, that we cannot escape the principle, try as we may.

But here I come into direct conflict with Mr. Bax and others of his belief. Mr. Bax, it will be remembered, stated quite clearly that "so soon as we are rid of the desire of one section of society to enslave another the dogmas of an effete creed will lose their interest." Evidently, he sincerely believes that socialism will succeed in avoiding this tenacious principle of domination. Such a claim, it seems to me, deserves careful attention, especially as the whole basis of eunomics depends upon the substantiality and permanence of social law.

In order to facilitate the discussion on this point, let us grant for a moment the impossible, namely, that classes have ceased to exist; and let us also admit that the socialist commonwealth has been established in its theoretically perfect form, leaving out of consideration the human elements of jealousy, envy, dishonesty, and the like, with which all systems must struggle. The first question we ask is, where lies the ownership of capital? Does it lie with society as a whole?

I take it that ownership is the legitimate power to control, and so look to see who controls the capital and instruments of production of the State. I find it in the hands of the Government, the representative, not of all society, but of one social faction only, of "the majority." If the control of the State's resources is satisfactory to that majority they may continue indefinitely to dominate the minority, who, it must be insisted upon, have no actual share for the moment in the instruments of production with which they labor, no more share, in fact, than had an African slave in his master's cotton fields; for they have no control, no voice in the management of the capital. Socialism, therefore, as implying social ownership, the ownership of all society, is found to be a misnomer; and the crude phrase "majority-ism" is the best word we can find to describe the newest,

and yet in some ways the oldest form of slavery, the forceful domination of one body of human society over another.

The socialist friends of the ballot will probably disagree with the phrase "forceful domination." I must hasten, therefore, to remind them that, in fact, the ballot, when it is allowed to direct all departments of human life, is merely a conventional representative of force. Starting with the false premise that the will of a majority constitutes right and wrong, the ballot is but an accepted and unqualified expression of the power of the many. If that majority exceeds the bounds of what the minority considers justice, the ballot is no longer accepted as the criterion of power, and the inevitable recourse is had to physical strife. If rebellion and treason are not resorted to, it is merely a sign that the minority have agreed to accept the ballot at its face value and to acknowledge themselves beaten, enslaved for the time being.

The assumption that socialism is equitable demands a similar assumption that the majority will rightly conceive the ballot and recognize the permanence of moral and social law; but the recognition of these principles involves the rejection of the name socialism, as I have shown, and the acknowledgment that the system which now goes by that name would be nothing more than an equivalent of the old form of slavery, in which the force of numbers, and not intellect, would determine the right of control, not only of government, but of all the means of livelihood.

The basis of eunomics, however, rests, as I have indicated, on an open recognition of the continuity of social principles. As a science, it seeks to state these laws in terms fitting the conditions of the age, and to discover their most humane application. If the principle underlying slavery must persist, what is its highest development? What stage is most in accordance with the laws of right and wrong? This is a question for eunomics to settle, a general question, to be sure, but one of supreme importance.

Eunomics is likewise a moral science which deals with the force of public conscience and with the character of the individual. No mere system can replace public and private conscience and morality, since it is in the abuse of man's free will that the root of a goodly part of our social evils must be sought.



The congested state of capital to-day is no more a necessity of the present system than is drunkenness a necessity of the permission to use alcohol. Commercial gluttony should no more be tolerated by public opinion than excess in eating and drinking. It is to the moral consciousness of the public and of individuals that the appeal should be made, if an effective remedy for social injustice is to be expected; and such an appeal can be made successfully only from the point of view of fixed morality and eternal justice.

But the extreme individualist may ask, where indeed does true morality lie? In the whirlpool of individual opinions as to the essentials of right and wrong, he will ask where the truth is to be found, and how he is to recognize it. In the maze of sophistry which we must constantly face, such a question is not wholly unnatural. But to my mind, the truly scientific, and also religious view is that good lies in conformity with natural physical laws, laws which can be scientifically demonstrated, laws which are the manifestation in physical form of divine Intelligence. Evil, on the other hand, would appear as the violation of these same natural laws, in short, a disorder, a disnomics, which is the inevitable cause of strife.

Eunomics, therefore, does not seek the social ideal in a mere system of human and fallible laws, but in the application of divine, unchanging moral law to the individual and to society. It is, as I said at first, a point of view rather than a precise programme. Understanding that the basis for social classes is permanent, it strives to bring harmony into the relation of these classes by means of applied morality, by combatting dishonesty, commercial gluttony and cheating of the laborer no less than those futile incitations to class hatred and class war which are quite as contrary to nature as the former, and hence as fatal to civilization.

It is quite true that the forms which social classes assume may, and, in fact, frequently do change; but, notwithstanding, the classes themselves persist, whether as factions or as different social orders. There is, however, a point of highest economic and moral efficiency, where true Christian principles are really applied and not merely used in hypocritical fashion as a tool

for individual ends, a point toward which we must climb, and beyond which we cannot go without again sinking lower. Progress may literally lie in reaction at one time and in advance at another, if we think of progress as we should, namely, as a movement upward, and not as a hopeless lateral sliding along a dead level. It is only by applied religion, by the existence of an acute public conscience and a firm standard of morality that slavery, as I have defined it, may be made truly humane; hence it is by these means alone that we may hope to reach the highest point, the truest eunomic ideal. Systems and the ballot will be effective only so long as the law of right is not transgressed by the law of might; and the law of right lies, not in the phantasy of an individual brain, but in the eternal principles, physical and moral, of the universe, in the operation of that Will before Whose laws all must bow, in the mandates of the greatest of all sciences, religion, which fools alone have sought to crush!

## ANITRA'S DANCE

ADDISON LEWIS

*Edvard Grieg*

*Bronislawa Pajitskaja*

**W**ARM light bathed the sands,  
Anitra danced—  
The harp welled through  
Its gamut, and  
The choir  
Of string and shrilling reed,  
Lightly urged, out-burst  
In passionate melody.  
Anitra danced—  
The deep blue of her eyes,  
Her grey-green scarf,  
Her scarlet-slippered feet,  
The tinkling brass  
That fringed her skirt  
Were gay—  
Like the subtle longings  
Of her soul, ran mazed  
In witless rhythm.  
Anitra danced—  
And vibrant chords were struck.  
The choir  
In swift abandon  
Trembled toward its height.  
The maiden leapt—  
Her arms enclasped her head,  
Her sinuous body  
Bent, vied with her feet  
In grace. She flung  
Her arms for joy,  
And kissed at heaven  
With mad, burning lips.  
The cymbals crashed,

And muted strings  
Pined shivering, and shivering,  
Ceased.  
A flute piped silence—  
A horn's low moan was heard.  
Anitra crouched. Her fingers  
Hid her face,  
And the breath of the sea  
Blew soft upon her.  
The sea was cold.

## BLACK BUTTERFLIES

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

**B**LACK butterflies against a gold brocade background. This will serve as a symbol of the art of dancing as well as any other.

It is the image which two Russian dancers (during a rehearsal in a *pas de deux*, both performers dressed in black gymnasium suits) suggested to me by their special choregraphic faculties—a combination of the old and new, richer in actual dance forms than Isadora Duncan's style, yet applying the same wilful method of interpretation.

For what is dancing but a scripture of corporeal forms against space, of blurred ever-changing silhouettes against some unobtrusive scenery, and within these contours a rhythmic display of lines, shapes and colors?

The old ballet was calligraphic, obeying certain set formulæ and canons of beauty: the modern dance resembles individual handwriting, which is wilful and impressionistic. Whether one can be considered more beautiful than the other is a matter of taste. Toe-dancing of the Beauchamp-Noverre tradition (which had so many illustrious exponents), with its *battements*, *Camargo entrechats* and *pirouettes à quatre tours*, is surely more difficult to execute than mere improvisation, and possesses its own charm of grace and artifice, even to silk tights and ballet skirts, in no way less æsthetic than the nude legs of the Russian dancers. The loyal votaries of La Scala, perhaps, depend more on skill than temperament; the modern dancers more on temperament than skill. The latter have invented a new code of natural movements, of steps and alluring sways of limb and body, derived from classic examples, paintings, statuary, Delsartean studies and reminiscences of national, historical and religious dances. Their movements are more plastic, less academic and acrobatic, but deprived of set forms not necessarily more expressive. If at a certain climax the toe dancer, standing on the toes of one leg, spins three times around herself, the modern dancer unable to compete with this skill can produce a

comparative effect only by increased velocity or the introduction of some dramatic expression. The one advantage dancing has gained by the innovation is a greater independence; it is no longer a mere accessory to operas, to Eden and Alhambra shows, but a performance *per se*. To fill an entire evening's entertainment with the terpsichorean endeavors of one dancer is a recital-privilege of the day (if such it is).

And what rules nowadays this excessive agility of the body? How is this confusion of visual appearances governed?

By letting the sounds of music flow through the body and by improvising in action what each bar suggests. Absorb the sounds, and motion will take care of itself. That is the new problem. To dance means to be light of foot, to have complete control over torso and limbs, to express grace and fluency of motion, to portray elemental emotions, to scatter garlands and nosegays of sentiment into space with the gestures of hands and arms, with the swing and thrust of feet and knees, and the undulations of the body. The dance measure sets the body free: the tempo determines the rapidity of motion, the rhythm controls the sway of action, the melody forces out the sentiment, and the accompaniment figures suggest the detail-embellishment. Variety of movements is the soul of this style of interpretation, and to use the same gestures in Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* as in the *Blue Danube Valtz* (as some dancers do) is an incongruity that only an ignorant public can excuse.

The themes of the modern school are rich in artistic association, poetic, scenic, musical, even philosophical. I fear, however, that the modern Taglionis and Elsslers take their art a trifle too seriously.

Vestris, the great dancing master of Louis XV, said that "a dancer must be virtuous." This is true only in so far as all arts are supposed to be above the purely sensual, i. e., they should have nothing in common with the vulgarities and monotonies of life. What an artist in his private life does, or leaves undone, should not influence the public's estimate of his art. Few arts depend so much on experience as dancing, and it is physical experience, or rather the memory of experiences transferred to physical

movement. Herod's erotic acrobatics must necessarily be the result of erotic imagination and adventure.

Dancing is the most fleeting of all arts. It is like perfume, fugitive like the odor of fading roses, unsteady like words of love that youth whispers into willing ears. Nothing remains. It is naught but a flash of color, a sudden movement, the twinkling of limbs, an evanescent attitude—a momentary feast for the eye. For one moment it is all motion, joy, ecstasy, delirium, thereupon merely an intangible souvenir. What do the names of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler mean to our æsthetic consciousness? With what high degree of gratification have I not seen dell' Era and Cornalba dance, and yet my word-art would yield scarcely more than a dozen adjectives and half that number of metaphors to describe those past delights. No other art is so completely dependent on momentary inspiration and influences. And in that sense—and that sense alone—every dance-figure is subtle and complex. Yet it has little to do with sober logic. When once the body has learnt to obey, when the characteristics of a dance are known, it is largely an *improvisatore tour de force*. The glance, the smile, the advance, the retreat, the triumph, make the story of a dance, and it can be told as variously as there are dancers to tell it.

For that reason dancing may easily become too intellectual. We have read of Pylades and Bathyllus, dancing legends and mythological incidents, of Vestris dancing the Cid of Corneille, and of Louis XIV appearing as the Roi Soleil in the Ballet de la Nuit. Goethe has penned for us the classic poses of Lady Hamilton. And some of us have seen Isadora Duncan essaying Omar Kháyyám, endeavoring to carry out in poses the meaning of those wine-stained and rose-scented quatrains.

All these efforts, no matter how well executed, approach pantomime. They deprive dancing of its finest essence.

Pantomime means to show, by more precise attitudes and more pronounced facial expression, human emotions, passions and aspirations in a more realistic manner than dancing. Pantomime tries to prove the superfluity of human speech, and represents the first principles of the dramatic art, for there is at times

no deeper pathos than silence. But it adds a historic element that does not help movement.

Historical and, in particular, national accuracy are desirable if introduced as mere accessories, but a too scrupulous consideration of local color, for instance in a saltarello, fandango, tirolienne or krakoviak, or historical dances like the stately sarabande and courante and the gay gaillarde and farandole, whenever it exceeds the suggestion of a mood of flavor, becomes a hindrance rather than an embellishment. Little is accomplished by reproducing Cardinal Richelieu dancing a minuet in an absurd masquerade costume at the Court of Louis XIII. And to perform an Oriental or Japanese dance accurately is almost impossible, as the Almees of Egypt and the Geishas of Japan are as rigorously trained as the ballerinas of the Paris, Berlin and Vienna opera houses.

The ballet play depicting a plot action, whether tragic, comic or allegoric (Galeotti-Delibes-Stravinsky), even if as important a composition as Beethoven's *Prometheus* and Rubinstein's *Fera-mors*, is closely related to the spectacular play where the effort is made to dazzle the eye by mass effects of motion, gorgeous costume and scenery, color and light effects. To interpret a character in a ballet, may it be Aladdin or Undine or Sardanapalus, is dramatic action and dumbshow and not dancing, although it may offer splendid opportunities for the introduction of solo dances, *pas de deux*, and manœuvres of coryphees in serried ranks.

The *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, with its pictorial wealth of landscape, natural phenomena and buoyant humanity, of sunshine and gentle breezes waving across grass and grain, of the arrival of a pic-nic party bent on making merry, of dark clouds gathering in the sky, of the distress of the villagers amidst a thunderstorm, of the sun coming out again after the shower and the party resuming their festivities, would surely offer a series of fascinating stage pictures, yet only the peasant dances suggested by certain phrases in the score would constitute dancing. The remainder would represent the combined efforts of stage machinist and stage manager, and why these supers and properties, if the picture can be framed by the imaginative mind without special aid at the piano or concert hall?



The true appreciation of a relief of the human figure in motion could dispense with all accessories and scenery. In a way even the solo dancer furnishes a disturbing note. One performer is rarely perfect and entirely well formed, while the various evolutions of a corps de ballet are so blended as to confuse the eye, and in that manner offer a composite impression of beauty in which the individual disappears. The performer is forgotten in the art display.

And no music is more appropriate than those pieces composed in a dance measure. As soon as music becomes purely descriptive as, for instance, in the Prelude to *Rheingold*; touches upon big emotions or elemental conditions of a distinct composite type, as in Tchaikowsky's Symphonic poems; or remains purely structural like a Bach fugue,—the dancer can interpret only the influence of these tone pictures on other minds. A band of dancers can perform with ease a quadrille of Offenbach or Musard, a Brahms valtz, a Chopin mazourka or a Liszt Chromatic Gallop. They may indulge without disaster in idyllic or emotional episodes. A genius may succeed with the *Moonshine Sonata* of Beethoven, and even Saint Saens' *Danse Macabre*. But Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Strauss's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and similar tonal deluges cannot be rendered as harmonious entities. Of course, the impossible can be attempted, but the meaning will remain obscure to the audience. Synopsized dancing would be more intolerable than synopsized music.

One can dance Hamlet as little as one can dance the howling of the wind, the sweep of the rain, the swishing of treetops against old gables, the low roar of the sea against the battlements of some Maeterlinckean castle; but one can express the vague lament over all earthly things, the terror of solitude, the excitement of passions, the irritation of moods. One cannot dance a sunset, but one can salute the parting sun, express weariness of the body, longing and sadness over his departure.

The finest expression of dancing would be without music. To dance with the blades of grass to the vagaries of the wind, to use the incoming breakers as an accompaniment for a stately *pas seul* on the seashore, to gambol in corybantic effusion in the

moonlight, to resemble black butterflies against a gold brocade background, in that lies the quintessence and the highest creative power of motion.

All our thoughts and sentiments are spirals that move upward by some mysterious power, and, transferred into sound and motion, lead us into a dreamland of the soul, where we forget. It sometimes seems to me as if dancing represented the never ending labor of nature, of the circling of the planets around the sun, the whirling of two souls around each other in search of earthly happiness, and the gyration of the soul around itself on to the final solution of atoms in limitless space.

## EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

O. F. THEIS

**I**N the centre of Philadelphia, entirely surrounded by business, is a quiet library where there is an abundance of books. It is one of the old-fashioned libraries in which readers are allowed access to the shelves and where they may handle the books at their will. In it is an alcove of American poets with many hundreds of volumes. Many an hour have I spent in that alcove with some of the eagerness of a discoverer in thumbing over the volumes wondering when a page would turn to disclose a golden line.

It was not often that such came and usually the quest was wholly futile. Much verse there was that was merely pathetic or sadly ludicrous because of its ineffectiveness. Much there was that was more pretentious and facile in technique. It has been well said that the reading of mediocre poetry has its advantages in that it leaves the mind free and induces general reflections, and one impression that would imprint itself on the mind again and again in reading these volumes was that American poetry shows a greater gift of memory than of imagination, that even the better of it is largely a mosaic of familiar phrases and ideas that have done service with greater poets and now have a shop-worn air about them.

In reading genuine poetry such abstractions are impossible; the poet's words carry one along. A damp grey November afternoon when snow was in the air and dusk already falling has always remained distinct in my mind, for on it I came for the first time upon the following stanza:

“There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,  
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.  
Go,—for the winds are tearing them away,—  
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,  
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;  
But go! and if you trust her she will call.  
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal—  
Luke Havergal.”

Here was a poem which had music, in which the lyric accents were individual. It might have been one of those unaccountable accidents by which indifferent writers sometimes achieve happy effects, but it was not, for further reading of the volume disclosed the same fine qualities. The title was *Children of the Night*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson, the author also of *Captain Craig* and *The Town Down the River*, a name then unknown to me, but one which has since come to stand for what to me is one of the most distinctive and original notes in American poetry.

Robinson is indifferent to what the current fashion in versification or mode of poetry may be. He has worked out his own way uncompromisingly. There are none of the pallid echoes heard in so many other poets. There is none of the clamor or noise of those who are, or think they are, creating new social or ethical standards. In the sweat of his brow he has labored to rid his verse of the non-essentials, of borrowed plumes, of the phraseology and diction of conventional poetry. The *clichés*, that have done service so many times that they leave only a blurred and irritating impression, are discarded. The meaty residue that is found in his pages is poetry, poetry pure and simple, and all the author's own.

As a consequence there is freshness and fulness in Robinson's art. The themes of his poetry are usually simple and consist of the common, concrete things of life. He often approaches these from unexpected angles and illumines odd corners of half-forgotten things so that they shine out with a light entirely their own. Because he is a poet and has the "sight within that never will deceive," they become endued with a wider significance; because in addition he has intelligence, they become "divinely shadowed on the walls of thought."

He is not unfamiliar with the windings and complexities of the human soul. On the contrary he is often even rather fond of what are called psychological states, as in the long narrative poem called *The Book of Annandale*. But in the end there is always a beautiful clarification and the fundamentally important motive is touched. In this above all his true artist's vision appears, for, as he has said in one of his *Octaves*,—

"To get at the eternal strength of things,  
And fearlessly to make strong songs of it,  
Is, to my mind, the mission of the man  
The world would call a poet. He may sing  
But roughly, and withal ungraciously;  
But if he touch to life the one right cord  
Wherein God's music slumbers, and awake  
To truth one drowsed ambition, he sings well."

Taking his artistic ideal from this point of view, he has succeeded in introducing an admirable objectivity into his work, which has, however, nothing in common with the somewhat self-conscious *l'art pour l'art*, so often dragged in to justify dealing with erotic and neurasthenic miasmas. The morasses with their iridescences and corruptions may, indeed, be the subjects of art, as Baudelaire and others have adequately shown, but they are only relatively small spots on the face of the earth, and the poet who can enter there and return with treasures is rare. There is room for true *l'art pour l'art* in the highlands and lowlands as well. To wander through them among the emotions, the gestures, the things, that are a common heritage of man; to hold them up palpitating, stripped of inconsequentialities, sincerely real, is also worthy of a poet's achievement.

What theme, for instance, is more commonplace than that of the childless woman with unstilled mother instinct, and more likely to degenerate into mere rhetoric and false sentiment? Yet Robinson has taken it in his *Aunt Imogen*, who has no love save borrowed love during four weeks in a year when she visits her sister's family, and made it eloquent with poignancy by the simplest effects. Through her little nephew's words, spoken with the unconscious cruelty of childhood, the realization is brought home to her that:

"They were not hers, not even one of them:  
She was not born to be so much as that,  
For she was born to be Aunt Imogen."

The hard sting of grief is told in splendidly simple lines, but she is not afraid to see the truth and she gains "the largess of a woman who could smile." When the little boy who had fallen asleep in her arms woke up again;

"She took hold of him and held him close,  
Close to herself, and crushed him till he laughed."

*Captain Craig*, Robinson's longest poem, contains the same simple and great humanity. Captain Craig is a tramp, a waggles, a dead beat, but he is also a philosopher who has read Sophocles and made the thought of others of the wise men of this earth his own. So pretences have fallen away from him, and in the narrative pretences are shuffled off some half dozen characters and they become clearly outlined in their true stature. It is a poem somewhat intricate in structure and packed with thought so closely that the meaning is not always apparent at first glance; but surely this is a lesser fault than to have too many words and little thought. The rich kernel is always there, and it is that Captain Craig has "learned to laugh with God." In this phrase lies much of Robinson's attitude toward life, but his laughter is a mellow laughter that is often close to tears. It will be worth while to reproduce a longer excerpt from *Captain Craig* not only because this thought occurs in it, but to show what admirable blank verse Robinson can write.

"I made a mild allusion to the Fates,  
Not knowing then that ever I should have  
Dream-visions of them, painted on the air,—  
Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos. Faint-hued  
They seem, but with a faintness never fading,  
Unblurred by gloom, unshattered by the sun,  
Still with eternal color, colorless,  
They move and they remain. The while I write  
These very words I see them,—Atropos,  
Lachesis, Clotho; and the last is laughing:  
When Clotho laughs, Atropos rattles her shears;  
But Clotho keeps on laughing just the same.  
Some time when I have dreamed that Atropos  
Has laughed, I'll tell you how the colors change—  
The colors that are changeless, colorless."

Nowhere, perhaps, has Robinson's art found finer expression than in his shorter poems, especially certain sonnets that bear as titles oddish proper names like *Reuben Bright*, *Aaron Stark*, *Cliff Klingenhagen*, that cling in the memory. In *Aaron Stark* it is a miser who has "eyes like little dollars in the dark"; in

*Reuben Bright* it is a grief-stricken butcher who cries like a "great baby" and "made the women cry to see him cry." Similar verbal felicities can be found in nearly all his sonnets. They are marvellously complete portraits of types that on the surface seem utterly unadapted to poetic treatment. They appear almost haphazard and colloquial in expression, but this is only due to the fine art of concealing art. On each re-reading they grow on one and the appropriateness of the graphic epithets appears more perfect.

There is one sonnet in particular which, had I to make choice of a dozen English sonnets, I would include. It is called *The Clerks*.

"I did not think that I should find them there  
When I came back again; but there they stood,  
As in the days they dreamed of when young blood  
Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.  
Be sure they met me with an ancient air,—  
And yes, there was a shop-worn brotherhood  
About them; but the men were just as good,  
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,  
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,  
What comes of all your visions and your fears?  
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,  
Tying the same dull webs of discontent,  
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years."

This is great as the paintings of Millet and certain of the works of Meunier are great. If there must be a social function in art, as some insist, a single poem like this with its honesty and sincerity is of more value than thousands of versified tracts filled with bitterness and accusation.

There are other sides to Robinson's work. Often he is purely lyrical, and his lyricism is adequate in technique and individuality. He does not fashion "In a shrewd, mechanic way, songs without souls"; he knows how to make haunting melody, as in his *Luke Havergal*, a stanza from which has been quoted at the beginning of this article. It is a poem as unique as Dowson's

*Cynara*. He knows how to suggest much in a few deft, unobtrusive lines, as in his *James Wetherell*:

"We never half believed the stuff  
They told about James Wetherell;  
We always liked him well enough,  
And always tried to use him well;  
But now some things have come to light,  
And James has vanished from our view,—  
There isn't very much to write,  
There isn't very much to do."

This is all we are told about James Wetherell. Probably he is one of the little great contemporaries, a governor, perhaps, or a congressman, or an alderman; but hasn't nearly all that is worth while saying about him poetically been said in these lines?

But Robinson is also adequate in more ambitious themes. *The Chorus of Old Men in Ægeus* is noble poetry and one of the finest expressions of the Greek spirit in English. It is sung after the king has leaped from the cliff into the sea. It is the Hellas of Sophocles that lies in choral lines like these—

"Better his end had been  
To die as an old man dies,—  
But the fates are ever the fates, and a crown  
is ever a crown."

There is a progressive growth in Robinson's separate volumes and in the last one, *The Town Down the River*, slim though it is, there are passages that for sheer poetic inspiration surpass anything in the earlier books. Here is found the sonorous and magnificent *An Island*. It is a monologue of the sick Napoleon on St. Helena in 1821. The emperor is agonizing under the pain of incurable disease, plagued with rats and a busying physician.

"There are too many islands in this world,  
There are too many rats, and there is too much rain.  
So three things are made plain  
Between the sea and sky:  
Three separate parts of one thing, which is Pain . . .  
Bah, what a way to die!"



He is querulous and grim, a tragic, caged, sardonic figure, in the poem, but he is imperial withal, still the emperor for whom thousands were eager to rush into the mouth of death.

In the best sense of the word Robinson is an eclectic, and as the true eclectic tests all values himself, there must always be an undercurrent of sadness that there are so few. This wistfulness is found in much of Robinson's work, but there is no bitterness or complaint in it. Somewhere he says to his friends who reproach him for wearing half his life away for bubble work that only fools pursue:

"So, friends (dear friends), remember, if you will,  
The shame I win for singing is all mine,  
The gold I miss for dreaming is all yours."

He has paid tribute to Erasmus in a sonnet and something of the spirit of that fine old humanist is in the warp and woof of Robinson's work. He is unafraid and uncompromising, he does not evade the hard facts of life, he never becomes flaccid with the radiant lies of romantic illusion, but he does not protest too solemnly. This is how the world looks to him.

"Some are the brothers of all humankind,  
And own them, whatsoever their estate;  
And some, for sorrow and self-scorn, are blind  
With enmity for man's unguarded fate.

"For some there is a music all day long  
Like flutes in Paradise, they are so glad;  
And there is hell's eternal under-song  
Of curses and the cries of men gone mad.

"Some say the Scheme with love stands luminous,  
Some say 'twere better back to chaos hurled;  
And so 'tis what we are that makes for us  
The measure and the meaning of the world."

Those who burn flaringly and with a single idea and are fanatic dogmatizers are no doubt necessary. At close range they seem to loom large, but the distance of a little time shows that as artists there is little permanence in them.

When Tolstoy complains of Shakespeare that he is immoral and irreligious because he presents good and evil deeds, noble and ignoble passions, without ever taking personal position as to what he deems good or bad, he pays the finest compliment to true art. When Robinson refuses to take position in regard to the so-called "burning questions" of the day, he is the greater artist for that. The poet has to do with unchanging moods and essentials, with the generic man; not with a mass of external phenomena, not with costume or dress.

Some one once said: "The Japanese paint a flowering twig and it is all of spring. Among us, painters paint all of spring and it is hardly a flowering twig." If the total volume of Robinson's poetry is not large, what there is of it has the qualities of real poetry. Even among the great voluminous poets much is only poor verse, and most of us must confess that what we would choose for ourselves would usually fill only a small space. The yard-stick is not the thing by which to measure poetry.

A better gauge is to be found in certain words of Leonardo da Vinci:

"O artist, let your manifoldness be as infinite as the phenomena of nature. In that you continue what God has begun, do not strive to multiply the works of the hand of man, but the eternal creations of God. Imitate no one. Let each of your works be a new phenomenon of nature."

Measured by this standard, Robinson's work is everywhere shown to be true poetry.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Horace Traubel*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just read Mr. Paul Hanna's interesting article on "Horace Traubel" in the November *Forum*, but, if you will allow me to say it, I doubt if he got his account of Mr. Traubel's "quitting forever" the Philadelphia Ethical Society from Mr. Traubel himself. I was the Lecturer of the Society at that time (some twenty years ago), and, as nearly as I can remember, the facts were essentially like this:—

Mr. Traubel, who was our Secretary and one of our most active and valued members, published a paper called *The Conservator*, in which he gave much space to reports of our various meetings and earnestly sought to serve and set forth the movement, still young and needing all the help and helpful light it could command to counteract popular prejudice. I frequently announced the paper from the Sunday platform, urging it on the attention of our members and others present. But just at this time, and in connection with I have forgotten what occasion, the very individual theory of freedom and democracy which Mr. Traubel held came to a culminating and, to me, startling expression. In substance, he urged that the Society could not be for or against special ethical attitudes or opinions, even comparatively elementary ones, that it could not, for instance, be against anarchistic violence in social reform or against "free love," that all views must have equal rights. To my mind, a position like this compromised and misrepresented the movement, which had always and everywhere stood (whether in so many words or no) for positive ethical principles—and I could not in conscience continue to announce the paper, without warning against its position, and so chose the simpler course of saying nothing about it from the platform, though making no objection to its usual place on our publication table.

Mr. Traubel felt aggrieved at my attitude, and sought to have the Board of Trustees instruct me to announce the paper. Failing in this he appealed to the Society to do the same—this at an annual meeting. Only some twenty-five or thirty, however, voted for the resolution which he (or a supporter) brought in—a little over a quarter of those present; in consequence he and his supporters afterwards sent in their resignations.

It was hardly, then, a question of "a muzzle for Traubel," as Mr. Hanna puts it, but rather of whether or not a compulsion should be put on me. Mr. Traubel was as free afterwards as before to hold his ideas, and make propaganda for them, in the Society; if any proposal had been made to exclude or muzzle him, I venture to say that not one member would have favored it. In his position, he did not represent the Society—

that was all. And yet, I never questioned that he was as conscientious in his attitude as I in mine; I respected him at the time, and have ever since—he is of the stuff of which heroes are made. The question at bottom was not of personalities or of muzzling or compulsion, but of ideas, of interpretations. He thought I had offended against equal freedom and wanted to bring me to time; I held that the Ethical Society's object and reason for being was to favor some things and oppose others, to take sides, that it could not be non-committal, or "stand indifferent" à la Walt Whitman. Sometimes the course of events cannot be helped; and the truer men are, the more inevitable the tragic issue. All the same, to misrepresent events (however unconsciously) is *not* necessary, and, as I read Mr. Hanna's picturesque details—for all of them, the reader must go back to his article, p. 712—I could only think of what Matthew Arnold used to say of some of the early Christian stories, "Behold a legend growing under our eyes!"

WM. M. SALTER.

MUNICH.

### *Vivisection*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—As an admirer of your fearless policy of discussing evils as they are without regard to the feelings of those who profit thereby, thus showing your independence of any subsidizing or restraining influence, I am tempted to request that you publish an article against vivisection, its inhumanity and cruelty, if you will, but at all events, its resultant train of serums, antitoxins and vaccines, which pecuniarily interested physicians and health officers are more and more forcing upon school children, soldiers and sailors, other government employees and the whole population in general. Accredited science is practising charlatanism as much as ever the patent medicine quacks did, and beneath it all is the same unscrupulous motive of commercial gain, plus an element of desire for personal distinction, as in the case of some of the Rockefeller Institute celebrities. Some newspapers and periodicals which are commonly supposed to be owned by the Standard Oil or allied interests are stout defenders of the Rockefeller Institute, and feature everything claimed by Drs. Flexner and Carel without waiting for the slightest proof of the validity of the claim. Is it past belief that the Standard Oil crowd, branching out as they are in the salmon canneries of Alaska; the manufacture of Karo syrup and other corn products; the ownership of the chain of "Childs'" restaurants; the making of candy as charged in *Hampton's Magazine* a couple of years or so ago in Cleveland Moffett's article which caused the ruin of *Hampton's*; the control of various railroads, iron mines, etc.—I say is it past belief that some of the crowd are interested in the vaccine plants of the country in which we are told \$30,000,000 has been invested, and for the products of which the Rocke-

feller Institute is always fostering an increased demand in quantity and variety?

Mr. Edward Carpenter was a vice-president of the International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress which just closed its sessions in this city; so were Edwin Markham, Maurice Maeterlinck, Jerome K. Jerome, and scores of authors and other persons of prominence.

In June, *The Cosmopolitan* published an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox against vivisection. I wrote her a note of appreciation, and in reply her secretary, under date of August 25, 1913, advised me that Mrs. Wilcox was preparing a second article on the same subject for the same magazine. The editor requested the second article because he had received such a large number of commendatory letters on the first one.

JAMES P. BRIGGS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *The School-master at Home*

**W**ITH the Tariff Bill and the Currency Bill out of the way, with interlocked directorates gracefully untwining themselves in response to a hint, and with the whole country becoming accustomed to a national administration instead of a national maladministration, it is possible to appreciate in its entirety the first lesson taught by the mere "school-master" whom Mr. William Randolph Hearst and his associates so grievously doubted. It has been a wholesome, fruitful lesson, and it should prove conclusively that a mastery of theory is not necessarily a hindrance to effective practice. Yet many gloomy prophets, reasoning delightfully from their conviction that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, announced that greater knowledge must inevitably be disastrous. Their attitude was expressed in the contemptuous query: "Cometh there any good thing out of education?" The answer has been printed in large type on several pages of national history.

### *The New York Police Department*

COMMISSIONER WALDO has departed, ungraciously, and Commissioner McKay reigns in his stead.

It is not necessary to refer more explicitly to the outgoing Commissioner. All good citizens have united in speeding the parting guest—regretting only that the speeding could not have been accelerated. But his legacy remains: for it can scarcely be disputed that, whether with or without clear design, Mr. Waldo made the appointment of Commissioner McKay inevitable.

But the new Commissioner will be judged by his actions, not by his antecedents. Whether his tenure of office be brief or prolonged, he can render inestimable service to the city by merely doing his duty and displaying normal common sense, initiative, and foresight. After the ineptitude of the last régime, these qualities will seem almost astounding; but there is no reason why a Police Commissioner should not possess and use them.

Commissioner McKay has started bravely in issuing warning that the city is no longer to be the happy hunting ground of all the rascaldom that Tammany fosters, feeds, and protects. The impotence of some former Commissioners to deal with the organized gangs of criminals has been pathetic. Wherever two or three were gathered together in the name of vice, a clear field was courteously assigned to them—apparently on the theory that a vulture which has gorged to repletion may be temporarily less aggressive than one which is still lean and unsatisfied. Hence the amazing spectacle of the underworld patrolling its precincts, for pleasure or profit, in automobiles, while the average long-suffering citizen continues to justify his destiny as a strap-hanger.

Yet, though it is easy for an energetic Commissioner like Mr. McKay to see that the "crooks" stand not upon the order of their going, but go, it is not quite so easy to settle the question of where they are to go, and when they are to come back. A mere temporary sojourn at a fashionable watering-place, and a gradual return to the homes for which they have preyed so long, will scarcely solve the problem of "What to do with our criminals." Perhaps the best thing to do would be to stop manufacturing them; but, until civilization advances beyond the ostrich stage, and the Churches and society come a little nearer to the spirit of Christianity and progress a little beyond the letter of the law, the greatest industry of modern times will continue to flourish, with every tenement a factory and every millionaire a valued expert.

In the meantime, more primitive measures must suffice for primitive conditions. If Commissioner McKay can clear New York of its criminals, he will be gratefully commended for proving that the Police Department really exists to discourage, and not exploit, criminality. But the "crooks" will go somewhere else; and, though somewhere else is a trifle vague, its views with regard to its new inhabitants may be very definite.

### *Tammany Protégés*

WHILE Commissioner McKay is removing superfluous criminals from the streets of the city, many other Tammany pro-

tégés continue to adorn public offices, vitiate public life, and even shed lustre on the bench.

The election of John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor shows that the people are beginning to realize their responsibility and their power. It will be Mr. Mitchel's special privilege and pleasure to prove to Tammany that a scandalous organization cannot expect to be treated as a reputable political machine. The first lesson—and it cannot be made too clear—should be that association with Tammany is an absolute disqualification for any and every form of public office. No man can serve Murphy and preserve decency.

### *Vice-Admirals*

THERE seems to be a curious idea that the creation of the rank of vice-admiral in the navy would be fundamentally opposed to all the principles and ideals of democracy, impolite to the constitution, and, no doubt, ultimately fatal to the country and the nation. It is difficult to discover who was primarily responsible for this nonsense. The navy imperatively needs four vice-admirals, and, if the greater efficiency of our fleets and naval operations is incompatible with democratic principles, it is time that democratic principles were brought a little into line with common sense.

### *Kikuyu*

THE controversy now raging in the Anglican Church may seem incredible to those who have begun to think in terms of modern life.

Distressed by the steady growth of Mohammedanism in East Africa, about sixty Christian missionaries met in conference at the little town of Kikuyu. Although they represented various religious denominations, they were more concerned with the points of agreement than with those of disagreement, and the fraternal spirit was emphasized by a united communion, the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa officiating. This violation of the rubric defining the eligibility of communicants was at once denounced by the Bishop of Zanzibar, and the denunciation has been repeated and emphasized in England until a very pretty wrangle has resulted.



How far the traditional jealousy between the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is responsible, is not quite clear; but it may safely be assumed that these bodies will throw nothing but oil on the flames. A complete reorganization of the societies would do some good; but their total abolition would do much more, if the funds that they control could be placed in the hands of wiser administrators.

With regard to the technical point at issue, criticism, though easy, is undesirable. So long as the Churches are guided mainly by the letter of the law there will be found well-meaning and sincere men who attach more importance to the interpretation of a rubric than to the remoulding of mediævalism so that it may be less hopelessly out of touch with modern conditions, modern ideals, and the growing modern impatience with provincialism.

### *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*

THE trial of John Jasper, in King's Hall, Covent Garden, for the murder of his nephew, Edwin Drood, afforded the usual opportunity for George Bernard Shaw to amuse himself, and, incidentally, his audience.

Mr. Shaw was on his feet immediately after counsel for the prosecution sat down.

"Do I understand," he asked, "that the learned counsel is going to call evidence?"

"Certainly," replied counsel.

"Then all I can say is," rejoined Mr. Shaw, "that if the learned gentleman thinks the convictions of a British jury are going to be influenced by evidence, he little knows its functions."

American juries, of course, are immune from such satire.

The final verdict may be perplexing to the layman, but it will seem the sweetest reasonableness to the trained lawyer, whose sense of humor has been nourished on an unbroken chain of precedents:

"Following distinguished precedent, we considered our verdict in the luncheon interval, and are inclined to a verdict of not guilty, since there is no proof of the crime; but the British spirit of compromise and moderation afterwards seized us, and our

verdict is one of manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy; but at the same time we plead with your lordship not to show any weakness, but to vindicate the full majesty of the law."

Excellent fooling, i' faith—and entirely worthy of a regular court of justice.

### *[Fanny Burney and Proof-reading]*

WHEN *Camilla* was published, the author presented early copies, beautifully bound, to her old mistress, the Queen, and to the King. During her reception in the Queen's dressing-room, the King entered, and, as usual, flustered round with his irritating "what? what?" and with impulsive and characteristically foolish questions. But one remark was pertinent. He inquired who had corrected the proofs of the book, the author timidly answering, "Only myself." "Why," cried the King, genuinely delighted at last to have something sensible to say, "some authors have told me they are the last to do that work for themselves. They know so well what ought to be that they run on without knowing what is. They have told me, besides, that a mere plodding head is best and surest for that work and that the livelier the imagination the less it should be trusted to."

Sir Henry Lucy, who tells the story, amongst many others, in a recent issue of *The Cornhill Magazine*, adds: "This remark is so shrewd and far-seeing that one is disposed to doubt whether King George actually hit upon it, or whether Fanny Burney, out of her great possessions, did not generously, perhaps unwittingly, attribute it to him."

Many professional proof-readers of the present day have evidently taken the remark too seriously. They have often a thankless task, but a little imagination would not be fatal. Especially deplorable is the type which is convinced that its main function is to correct the punctuation of competent writers and restore it to its pristine elementary school rigidity. To surround conjunctions with commas is not always essential, and an author who prefers to be abstemious in such cases may be allowed a little latitude in depositing one of the commas he has saved in a place that seems to him entirely suitable.

# THE FORUM

FOR MARCH 1914

## THE PROFESSORIAL QUINTAIN

F. B. R. HELLEMS



"I SAY, Bill, 'ere's a quiet lookin' cove, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im." These moving words, so mellifluous but so direct, are placed by one of Mr. Punch's young men on the lips of an idly bellicose navvy, and I have borrowed them to indicate a very common attitude toward the college professor.

Æons ago, when you and I were young, we used to hear him eulogized as "that gifted scholar, at once the custodian of culture and pioneer of progress," or "that noble transmitter of the torch of truth and learning," or "that self-forgetting advocate of humanity and the aspiring heart of democracy." Most frequently of all, perhaps, we heard him blessed as "youth's guide, philosopher, and friend." It may be that now and then we felt somewhat of an intolerable overmuchness in these laudatory references; but soon we learnt that "Fortune is fickle and even professors fall." Each decade has seen the quondam idol shrinking and slipping, until to-day he lies full low and none so poor to do him reverence. At his best he is a crime, at his worst a mistake. He is agnostic and atheistic, unless he happens to be blindly and mediævally orthodox. He is the cringing parasite of wealth; but he is also the ruthless rampant champion of socialism, heartlessly overthrowing the most hallowed institutions of God and man. He is a contemptibly cribbed and cabined specialist, or he is a man whose intellectual sympathies are so wide that by broad spreading they disperse to naught. When he is not an inordinate traveller, spending on European art gal-

leries what he should be saving to avoid starvation on the downward slope of life, he is a cloistered stay-at-home, with home-keeping wits. In short, he is simply everything that can be described by sharp-fanged adjectives or charged by keen-toothed verbs. And so many lances, sharply abusive, gently humorous, or sarcastically bitter, have been couched at his temptingly defenceless figure, that he might well break out with the quotation, learned in his impressionable freshman days, from the green-wood pages of *As You Like It*:

" My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

And now comes Mr. Cook, wielding the most merciless lance of all, and describes our once honored body as a third American sex.\* The epigram is as cruel as it is clever; nor is the sting softened by the age and Teutonic origin of the witticism. It is true that Mr. Cook's bristling article might reveal an undertone of appreciation and sympathy; for his attack is directed primarily against the American system of university administration. He seems to be rattling our chains that we may be roused to shake them off. But his terrible phrase will stick, while his kindly intent will either pass unnoticed or be quickly forgotten. Verily we are naught; and no human creature can possibly be a professor.

This being established, there remains only the obvious proposal that professorial teaching should be replaced by that incredible triumph of genius, the kinetophone. It would be very easy to establish a great central bureau, where the most eminent men could lecture on their special subjects. Then the synchronized vocal and photographic records could be multiplied indefinitely for the widest distribution. In this way the humblest and most remote college would be placed on a par with the richest and most metropolitan university. Moreover, the professor's personality, with all its weakness, and deformity, and danger, would be eliminated. Professors either would not exist, or, if a handful must be retained at the central supply office, would

\* See *The Third American Sex*, by George Cram Cook, in *THE FORUM* for last October.

never come into baneful contact with the student. We should need only a high salaried president, a number of mechanics to manipulate the reproductions, a few proctors to keep sacred the divine institution of compulsory attendance, and a staff of under-paid assistants to grade examination papers. Who can doubt that with this glorious substitution would be ushered in the educational millennium?

## II

Now it is perfectly obvious that most of our assailants are men of the finest character and kindest intentions. Even the fiercest of them mean well toward educational progress and democratic aspiration. Where then is the weakness of the attack? The answer is, that even the best informed miss many fundamental factors and appear to see only parts of the field.

Take, for instance, the stock charge that American scholars "are under the thumb of business men and capitalists." Let us grant for the sake of argument that it might be true of Columbia, or Chicago, or Stanford. Yet it would be absurd to apply the words to Michigan, or Minnesota, or Colorado. But the State universities are beginning to control the educational destinies of this country much more directly and effectively than the privately endowed institutions; and it is merely ridiculous to generalize from the latter alone. I am not maintaining that this shift of leadership is desirable; I am simply pointing out the fact, and insisting that any discussion of American professors and higher education must dwell upon the State universities if it wishes to be taken seriously.

Another favorite line of attack is to draw a lurid contrast between the universities of the United States and those of Germany or France. But the contrast takes on a very different aspect when one is thoroughly familiar with the difference of the problems on the two sides of the Atlantic.

In this country, for good or for ill, we give a college education to hundreds of thousands of young men and young women who would have remained floundering in the hapless and hopeless proletariat, if they had been born in Prussia or Provence. I would beg the laudator of alien institutions to read a few

hundred pathetically labored and misspelled letters from anxious parents, or to visit a few score struggling homes, as some of us have done; and I venture to believe that he will bow his head for very shame, and crave forgiveness because he had not understood. Naturally, we have developed a different type of institution, with different students, different ideals, and different professors. I need not point out that certain foundation aims remain unchanged; science is science and truth is truth, wherever taught. But the European universities aim at a hundred, while we aim at a million. Inevitably we fail; but our failure may be finer and brighter with promise than their success.

Any thoughtful American who has ever worked beside German students or under German professors will have many grounds for love and admiration; but even in the friendliest of us there must arise the choking query, How can these men acquiesce in an autocracy that still prattles the immemorial rot about the God-given dominion and power and glory of the Hohenzollerns? It would be unfair to argue from sixty-five years ago to the present; but when one recalls what happened to those German students who ventured to breathe the heavenly spirit of liberty in the fateful years of forty-eight and forty-nine, one is not reassured about the *akademische Freiheit* so loudly vaunted to-day. It is delightful to remember that Haeckel was allowed to battle for evolution against spiteful scientists and a persecuting clergy; it is bitter to reflect what would be the lot of the most distinguished professor in Berlin, if he should vigorously propagate the doctrine that Germany would be better with a republican form of government.

The superb scholarship, the transcendent ability, of many German professors could not be called in question even by the crassest ignorance or the blindest partisanship; but the final test of an educational system is the way it works out in the largest spheres of life, and in the matter of free government Germany, next to Russia, is the most benighted failure among the great states of Europe. And the depth of her failure is only emphasized by the sterling character of her citizens, by her incredible material progress, and by her perfectly machined education.

Moreover, even in the realm of scholarship, I will hazard

the opinion that in most departments the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard is distinctly better than the same degree from almost any German university. In fact, if we were to compare the six leading graduate schools in the United States with the six leading German universities, the average requirements for a doctorate in the former would stand perceptibly above the average in the latter. I know that many readers will be startled by such an ambitious statement, and will attribute the apparent boastfulness to national pride; but as a matter of fact the writer is a Canadian of German descent, and the conclusion expressed above, whether it be right or wrong, is merely the result of years of careful observation. In any event, it need not affect our judgment of German universities in their relation to free government; and my primary concern is to point out the difference between them and us in this all-important sphere.

Perhaps these two typical and widely-famed lines of attack may suffice for the present, although I should like to consider some others. It is well that our colleges and universities should be assailed from every side. If they are strongholds of wisdom, they will only stand the firmer; if they are merely forts of folly, the sooner they fall the better. But in either case the attack should be based upon sound information and directed against points that are really vulnerable.

### III

If we turn now to the vexed question of administration, I think we shall find that again the confident generalizer sees only a part of his field. The boundless variety of privately supported institutions really ranges from universities with an international standing and a productive endowment of twenty-five or thirty millions to tiny denominational or "real estate" schools with no funds and less prestige. Then the State universities are still to be considered; and here the diversity is not quite so great, although it sweeps from such a colossus as Wisconsin, with an established position and a yearly budget of a million and a half, to the infant scarcely out of swaddling clothes. But even if one could abolish the pseudo-universities and masquerading colleges,

would one be quite sure that it is desirable to have the same type of administration in all those that remain?

It requires no Œdipus to decide that a self-perpetuating board of trustees must prove a baneful anachronism, or that many universities ought to have a more democratic government. But it is simply idle to maintain that faculty control would be a prompt and permanent panacea for our various academic ills. Indeed, it were well to reflect that uninterrupted faculty control implies its own self-perpetuating board; and while it would be in many cases the substitution of a better for a worse, there is still a problem. If it is of the very essence of life that it should be both conserved and changed, who would be quite confident that with faculty control these two essentials would have exactly their proper weight in the scale?

Furthermore, in the State universities such a policy would completely lose sight of the glorious ideal from which they spring. It is a profound and extreme homage to democracy to maintain that the mass of citizens should control the universities; but that is what many States have chosen, and with that choice comes the inevitable conclusion that the governing body should be responsible to the people. Obviously, then, the direct election of a board of regents is the simplest form of control; and, in my own opinion, it is not only the best ideally but also the most helpful in practice. One of the most hopeful and inspiring features of democratic government, at a moment when all lovers of democracy must be desperately anxious, may be found in the unstinted support of some of the State universities, such as California and Illinois. Nor is there less hope and inspiration in the genuine service returned by the universities to their respective commonwealths.

As to the subjection or "slavery" of the faculty, I agree most eagerly that more independence is desirable. Galton has pointed out that gregarious and slavish instincts are a result of the conditions of man's primeval barbarism; and, of course, the faster we can emancipate ourselves the better.

But the situation is by no means so terrible as the demolishing extremists would have us believe. As a matter of fact, most professors are not unduly afraid of their presidents. Occasion-



ally a president is afraid of his professors. Dismissals are comparatively rare in proportion to the vast number of chairs. It would be a safe assertion that many more ought to be relieved of their duties than is the case at present. If faculty control would mean greater stability of tenure than is in vogue, then surely mediocrity would be enhaloed and enthroned. Naturally, I do not believe a man should be removed because he holds advanced views on eugenics or matrimony, nor because he happens to be an agnostic, or atheist, or socialist, or even an anarchist. But assuredly he ought to be discharged when he fails in the efficient performance of his duties; and it would take a cheery optimist to maintain that this would be easy to achieve under faculty control.

Under present conditions the president is generally chosen by trustees or regents from the professorial ranks of some university or other. Now I do not believe that the individual thus chosen becomes suddenly endowed with divine wisdom, nor that he is worth three times his former salary. But no more do I see why a man who was a kindly, reasonable, scholarly professor should necessarily suffer a monstrous transformation into a ruthless tyrant and rank materialist by his elevation or degradation to the presidency. In fact, is he not rather chosen from the herd to be a fore-ox, if I may use Galton again, and does he not retain his bovine character, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be? Of course it has been noted that an animal with a rather independent disposition makes the best leader of the toiling team, and the analogy may still hold in the great university trek; but there is no final proof that the qualities essential for progressive leadership would be chosen unfailingly by a faculty empowered to elect its own head.

Naturally, the general position of the faculty is much better in the State universities than in those under private endowment, a fact one might leave to be inferred from the intrinsic probabilities without adducing the classic example of Professor E. A. Ross, or indicating others who have been welcomed in these public homes of learning after being forced out of less enlightened halls. But the demolishers insist on including the administrative system of *all* universities in their curdling and creepy de-

nunciations. Now I am very far from holding that faculty control, through the right to choose a president, might not work admirably in some instances; but I do respectfully insist that the advocates of the plan mark out intelligently and painstakingly the limits of its application. In this workaday age, even where colleges are concerned, we demand that flowing and glowing generalities be replaced by rational and definite recommendations. And whatever is done elsewhere, the State universities must be left under a board directly responsible to the people.

#### IV

However, no difference of opinion on problems of administration need make it impossible to agree that our professors and their institutions should be utterly destroyed, if certain of the extreme charges brought against them are based on facts. For instance, why should they be allowed to cumber the earth, if the five following counts of a general indictment could be carried home?

1. They do not teach even the kind of thinking that leads to understanding.
2. They turn out slavish followers of convention and routine.
3. They stifle interest in social and industrial problems.
4. They do not inspire a respect for truth and freedom.
5. They repress any passion for ideals.

Attack is facile, defence is dull; and I simply plead to each count, Is it true?

It would be easy to support my case by an appeal to statistics of achievement and leadership; but I have little patience with such a method. Instead I turn to some juniors and seniors I know intimately and well. To them I hand these five charges and ask for a full and frank opinion. Do you know what they will answer? Do I?

It is not easy to reach the real heart of a student, but inasmuch as I have an unusual wealth of frailties and a goodly accumulation of ignorance, I manage it rather frequently, and I declare unreservedly that most of them would try to voice their experience about as follows:

"Heaven knows, I am a pretty poor creature; but I shudder to think what I might have been. I came into the university, a plaything of time and chance; and the university discovered me to myself and brought me to the fight in the soul. Here I have seen something of the gains of science and a little of the gifts of art. I have grown soul-thirsty to know and understand. For my petty and selfish complaining I have substituted a large and liberal discontent; and I have developed a sense of oneness with my kind. Above all, in a few of the highest moments, I have dimly descried what it may mean for man's happiness when each human creature can do the day's work in the spirit of the dream."

Working with young people many years, I have been unutterably saddened at the number of those who sink to defeat, even to sin and shame; but in all honesty I do not believe that their downfall can often be laid at the door of the college or the professor. And on the other hand I have seen thousands of them fight the fight in the soul and win.

I wonder how many of my readers realize just how deeply and cruelly that struggle may pierce the heart and rend the very being of a student. To those who do not know, may I say that the throes are very real and very terrible? If a man is to be worth anything, the battle must be fought some time; in a sense, every individual must in some bitter hour be a lonely antagonist of destiny. But this saddening of youth is what makes it great to live. When "the old words die out on the tongue, new melodies break forth from the heart"; and where old trails are lost, a higher path is revealed that may lead beyond the stars. The struggle itself is always hard, always merciless and pitiless. Yet it is infinitely worth while; for it may mean the birth of a new soul, and often the bitter suffering breaks out petal by petal and pang by pang into the flower of a larger life.

And from the beings thus renewed come the choice spirits who stand humbly but fearlessly before the door of to-morrow. Beyond its threshold they see a new day dawning on a temple of humanity; and whether they lead or follow, they will pass the portals as champions of the ideals that are struggling to remould the ancient order and raise the aspirations of mankind.

If, then, this world is simply a great vale for the making of souls, as Keats declared, our professors may not unfairly be regarded as special workers therein. And surely this fact has some bearing on the impertinently seasonable question, raised by friend and foe alike, whether it would not be better for them to organize permanently to procure larger salaries, wider recognition, and complete academic freedom.

It is immediately clear that some selfish and material gains might accrue from such a union; but in order to impart a fine democratic color thereto, and a large humanitarian aspect, our advisers argue that organized solidarity among professors must prove the only way of getting the intellectual class into right relations with the working class, and so the only way of preserving the science and culture of the world. To this lofty consideration I would merely reply that if the science and culture of the world depend for their preservation on a professorial guild system, then they are pretty tawdry stuff and the sooner they perish the better. But in reality one sees a thousand agencies co-operating to bridge the gulf between the intellectual and working classes, not the least potent among them being the deliberate efforts of many universities. Even in Oxford, of all places, I saw last summer the completed buildings of a "Central Labor College"; while in America we may take Wisconsin as merely the most striking example of this reaching out toward practical popular service. But far more important than even such significant externals is the spirit animating the teachers and workers throughout our institutions of higher learning, and I believe it to be a spirit of helpfulness and humanity. Accordingly, I can hardly conclude that a professorial union is essential to the noble purpose held out as a sort of golden lure.

It is true that such an inspiring advocate as Mr. Cook suggests that the ideas "professor" and "union" clash, "because professors are somewhat ridiculous," and men "are not accustomed to look to them for anything requiring so much guts as the foundation of a union." (Someway that *dolce stil nuovo* devoted to emancipating the poor professor insists on recalling a glorious line from the *Battle of Bays*: "O my comrades! I have no delicatessen as a diplomat, but I go blind on

Libertad!") Unfortunately, I cannot retort in English at once so winsome and so vigorous; but I honestly wonder whether Mr. Cook and others really believe that the professor's disinclination toward forming a union is due primarily to a lack of courage, of persistence, or of business ability. Among the thousands of college and university teachers in the country are men of the most divergent types, from ex-professor Woodrow Wilson to the veriest pygmy; but among them one would certainly not find less organizing power than among any other class of employees. The fact is, simply, that they are not interested in organizing themselves for their own profit.

At the same time I would promptly concede that there is one difficulty in the way of their making good subjects for a walking delegate,—they are too individualistic and too accustomed to reasoning why. They have been in contact with truth; and your truth-touched man is a poor follower, save toward the heights.

However, omitting many other considerations, I think the two main factors militating against professorial unionism are these: In the first place, the average professor has found the one well-spring of real happiness in this life, namely a laudable and enjoyable object for his energies. And in the second place many of them have a more than religious respect for their calling. Believing with Carducci that the highway of the ages is built upon thought, and realizing that truth is of the depths, they search and build and give the fruits of their toil to their fellow men. So far from feeling themselves "somewhat ridiculous," they are too nobly and generously proud to fight over pennies, or contend about the trappings of place and power. For others the pomp and pelf; for them the spray of wild olive.

## V

Herewith we are brought to our professor no longer as a spiritless block, but as a very living creature with traces of human pride. And for myself I pray that his self-respect and combativeness may grow. Even some of the old quintains were equipped with a bag of sand on a long arm that would whirl round and smite the awkward tilter; and the professor's baiters, doing their vengeful worst, would respect him more, if he fought

them less deferentially. If he is strong, let him show his strength; if he is weak, let him vehemently contend that the weakness that preserves is better than the strength that destroys. In dealing with certain types there is no profit in trying to be "ominously-mild and terrifically-soft."

I am only too well aware that in some academic circles it is still regarded as professorlike to don a garb of indifference and cloak enthusiasm under a jesting smile or even a chilling sneer,— "nothing new, nothing true, and no matter." But many of us are so unsophisticated that we dare to be frankly proud of our calling and heartily zealous in our evangel. What have we to do with the slothful, the mawkish, or the unmanly?

I would even add that he who does not regard his professorship as something high and sacred, ought to turn forthwith to some less momentous calling, wherein he does not run the risk of sinning against the dearest and most beautiful thing in the world, which is youth. The millstone and the depths of the sea are a trifling punishment for the teacher whose sneer or sin has blighted a burgeoning soul.

It may be presumptuous to lay claim to that sadly uncommon gift, the vision that enables one to see the infinite mystery of life, the tremendous greatness of humanity, in a humble individual; but the mystery and greatness are there and must be seen clearly and constantly by all teachers who aspire to guide students up the strength-giving steep and fit them for the service of mankind. In any high calling pride is no mean factor, and in our own a sense of greatness may help to keep us great. We must do our daily stint a little better if we believe that after all the day's work is the world's work.

Howbeit, this very self-respect, this consciousness of lofty endeavor and endless striving, will make us our own severest judges and impart unspeakable bitterness to our frequent failures. Yet even in this we may find strength and comfort; for with such chastening we can welcome fearlessly the sharpest and cruelest criticism, knowing that it may help and cannot wound. When a man has writhed under the pitilessly searching scourge of his own soul, he cannot suffer greatly from the rod in the hands of another.

## THE IRISH HOME RULE BILL

### *A Humbug*

JAMES DAVID KENNY

**S**OME time in the year 1781, the East India Company applied to the Nabob of Arcot for payment of a debt due by him to them, in respect of expenses incurred on his account, arising from the war in resistance of the invasion of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali. The Nabob was unable to pay the sum demanded. But he proposed to give, and the governor of Fort Saint George in the Carnatic, on behalf of the Company, consented to accept an assignment of the revenues accruing to the Nabob, as Lord Paramount of the Carnatic, as a security for the demand.

In pursuance of this proposal and acceptance an instrument in writing was prepared and executed, purporting to be an agreement between the Nabob and the then governor, dated 2nd December, 1781, whereby, in consequence of his assigning to the governor the revenues accruing to him as Nabob, the governor and council were to account to him for the same. In pursuance of this agreement the governor did collect and receive those revenues from December, 1781, until June, 1785.

On the latter date the Nabob was restored to the possession of his territories and to the receipt of the revenue, and by another agreement, entered into on June 21, 1785, he agreed to pay his proportion of the current charges, as stipulated by the Company, to be finally settled by a future treaty, which was entered into in 1787; and, until the exact proportion could be ascertained, he consented to consider it at 4 lakhs of pagodas a year; and also to pay 12 lakhs of pagodas annually upon account of the debt due the Company and to private creditors, till it should be discharged, and another sum for other occasions. Those "other occasions" were never disclosed either by him or by the Company.

In 1791 the Nabob filed a bill in the Court of Chancery, in England, which stated the above facts, alleged the payment of

the above sums, charged that the Company had received more than their demand could amount to, and that upon a fair account a considerable balance would appear in his favor; and prayed for a discovery and account of the rents and profits of his territories while in possession of the Company, and that if a balance appeared in his favor it should be paid to him, submitting to pay the balance to the Company, if it should be found due to them.

The Company had plainly made up their minds to cheat him, for they pleaded in bar, alleging, among other things, that by divers charters, letters patent, deeds and acts of Parliament confirming the same, they had been given power to continue or make war or peace with any prince or power of the natives, not being Christians, in any places of their trade; and also to recompense themselves upon the goods, estate or people of those parts, by whom they should sustain any injury or interruption of their trade; that the Nabob was a sovereign prince within the places of their trade, not a Christian; that all the dealings mentioned in the bill related to matters transacted between them with regard to war and peace, and the security and defence of the territorial possessions belonging to them respectively in the Carnatic; and that they were advised, and therefore submitted that such instruments, dealings and transactions, being so entered into and done, or anything relating thereto, were not subject to any municipal jurisdiction, nor cognizable in the High Court of Chancery, nor in any court of justice whatsoever.

The matter of the bill and the plea was argued before Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who overruled the plea, holding that a fictitious body of subjects, formed by a charter, is as mere a subject as natural bodies in a state of subjection to the sovereign authority of the country, refused further time to amend the plea, and compelled the Company to answer immediately.

The answer came up for argument before the Commissioners of the Great Seal, in 1793, who kicked the Nabob out of court, stating that they had considered the matter independent of the opinion of Lord Thurlow, as their determination went on the facts as described by the Company's last answer, by which it appeared that the whole was a political transaction, and there-



fore not cognizable in any municipal court of justice. (Nabob of Arcot v. The East India Company, 3 Brown's Ch. 292, 4 Id. 180; 1 Vesey jr. 371, 2 Id. 56.)

The substance of the ruling of the Commissioners was that political treaties between a foreign state and subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, acting as an independent state under powers granted by charter and act of Parliament, are not a subject of municipal jurisdiction, and a bill founded on such treaties will be dismissed.

There may have been some practical foundation for this ruling, outside of granted powers, in the fact that the "trade" of the Company was not merely the buying or selling of goods, or the transportation of commodities, but mainly rapine—one of the prerogatives of sovereigns, as long as they can make it good by force. But whether the particular set of facts can sustain the rule laid down, or whether it is really the established rule of English law or not, seems yet to be open to question, because the Nabob appealed to the House of Lords; but on the day the appeal stood for hearing, the directors of the East India Company received an account of his death, which put an end to the suit.

It has been assumed to be the law, however, by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the case of *The Cherokee Nation v. The State of Georgia*, 5 Peters, U. S. I, Justice Johnson, referring in his opinion to this decision of the English court, says:—"There is a good deal of good sense in the rule laid down in the Nabob of Arcot's case, to wit, that as between sovereigns, breaches of treaty were not breaches of contract cognizable in a court of justice."

And Chief Justice Marshall, in the same case, says: "The bill requires us to control the legislature of Georgia, and to restrain the exertion of its physical force. The propriety of such an interposition by the court may be well questioned. It savors too much of the exercise of political power to be within the province of the judicial department. But the opinion on the question of parties makes it unnecessary to decide this question. If it be true that the Cherokee nation have rights, this is not the tribunal in which those rights are to be asserted. If it be

true that wrongs have been inflicted, and that still greater are to be apprehended, this is not the tribunal which can redress the past or prevent the future."

While not expressly decided by the court of last resort, either in England or America, it thus appears to be taken for granted that, even where one of the parties agrees to submit to the jurisdiction, municipal courts anywhere will not take cognizance of questions involving the exercise of political power. But the Cherokees were ruled out of court upon another point.

Under the third article of the Federal Constitution the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States extends to all cases in which a State shall be a party, and further to "controversies between a State or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects."

The Cherokees, claiming to be a "foreign state," brought suit as such against the State of Georgia. Among other things, the court ruled, as by the head-note, that: "The Cherokees are a state. They have been uniformly treated as a state since the settlement of our country. The numerous treaties made with them by the United States recognize them as a people capable of maintaining the relations of war and peace; of being responsible in their political character for any violations of their engagements, or of any aggression committed on the citizens of the United States by any individual of their community. Laws have been enacted in the spirit of those treaties. The acts of our Government plainly recognize the Cherokee nation as a state; and the courts are bound by those acts."

How a "state," each individual member of which was an alien, could be, collectively, anything other than a "foreign state," and entitled, as such, to bring suit in the Supreme Court of the United States, may not be easy to see; but the majority of the court could see it. They found that the Cherokees were a "domestic dependent nation," and were, therefore, without any legal status before the court, and not entitled to sue. At a later time the same court, but with a different body of judges, ruled that "a black man has no rights that a white man is bound to respect." The legal mind is the most crooked and dishonest thing in this whole world, and can see anything at any time to

suit itself. This ruling against the Cherokees is a memorable one, and goes to show that a people who rely upon law alone for their protection are leaning not merely on a crutch but upon a rotten stick.

The bill filed by them sets out in detail the methods by which the State of Georgia sought to destroy their territorial, legal, and political existence, their whole organization as a state, and to rob them of their land and drive them out of it, possibly even to reduce them to slavery, although their right to that land, and to political independence, had been recognized by a series of solemn treaties with the United States, which were then part of the law.

Among other instances of invasion, rapine, and doing to death, a supplemental bill filed by them, referring to the original bill, gives this: "The individual, called in that bill Corn Tassel, and mentioned as having been arrested in the Cherokee territory under process issued under the laws of Georgia, has been actually hung, in defiance of a writ of error allowed by the Chief Justice of this Court to the final sentence of the Court of Georgia in his case. That writ of error having been received by the governor of the State was, as the complainants are informed and believe, immediately communicated by him to the legislature of the State, then in session; who promptly resolved, in substance, that the Supreme Court of the United States had no jurisdiction over the subject, and advised the immediate execution of the prisoner, under the sentence of the State court; which immediately took place."

This execution of Corn Tassel was nothing less than cold-blooded murder in the name of the law. But, more than that, it was done in contempt of the authority and in defiance of the power of the Supreme Court of the United States.

There are some who think that the American Supreme Court is not merely the final judicial but the ultimate legislative authority as well, under the constitution and laws of the United States. But while this may be true to a certain extent, beyond a certain point it does not hold good in either one case or the other. Let a State make up its mind to use its physical force, or a piratical corporation, like the East India Company, train a couple of

guns on anyone it thinks itself able to plunder; and if the victim of that force, or that rapine, applies to the court for relief, the judges walk out of the back door, and leave him in the lurch: so that unless he has the sword in his hand to fight for his own life he is doomed.

In contemplation of these two far-reaching decisions of the great courts of England and America, what will Ireland be if the Irish Home Rule Bill becomes an Act of Parliament?

I have read curiously through that bill to find out what Ireland would be, or what status it would have in an ordinary municipal court, or under the law of nations, if that bill becomes a law. And I am not able to see that it would have any status whatsoever, or that it would be anything at all. It would be no more than a bastard, a felon, or a fool among the nations. What sane, above all, what national purpose does it subserve to have its incapacity pelted in its face in an elaborate document of somewhere from 39 to 53 pages, and be branded before the whole world—Nothing?

If a fleet of fishermen, sailing across the ocean, from New Bedford or Gloucester, Massachusetts, or from Norfolk, Virginia, should pirate bait, and trawl the bottom along the shores of Ireland so as to devastate the spawning beds, within lines prohibited by Ireland itself, or by the law of nations, would the Supreme Court of the United States take jurisdiction of a suit brought by Ireland to restrain the spoliation of its seas by American fishermen?

I submit not.

Would Ireland or the Irish have any redress anywhere, or could they do anything about it?

They could not.

Further, if a fleet of pirates were to rob the shores, and sack the unprotected towns and cities lying on navigable waters along the Irish coasts, would there be any legal redress?

There would be none.

Still further, if foreign invaders were to descend upon Irish soil, and seek to acquire power over it by armed force, regularly organized, and any Irishman, for himself, or by the authority of Ireland, should cut down any of that force, for robbing

his house, or violating his wife or daughter, he would be instantly put to death for murder, by order of any officer of that invading force. And this is what they call Home Rule!

Can a more utter humbug be imagined? It would be difficult to conceive of a more pitiable imposition endeavoring to pawn itself off upon the world as a bill for the government of Ireland by the Irish. It is nothing of the kind.

What is an Irishman under it? Is he any more than Corn Tassel, who was murdered with impunity, in cold blood, in the name of the law? The bill does not recognize that there is such a thing in existence as an Irishman. I have searched anxiously through it in order to find out what I should be myself; and I am not able to see that I would have any status as an Irishman anywhere in the world. Is such an imposition as this to be accepted as giving existence or expression to any form of national life, even the lowest and basest? Surely not. It is an express disclaimer and prohibition of anything and everything of the kind.

It reads like a grotesque and profane parody of the Decalogue.

"There shall be in Ireland an Irish Parliament," says this bill; but "notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish Parliament or anything contained in this act, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of "the Crown, or the succession to the Crown, or a regency, or the property of the Crown."

"The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make any laws" in respect to "the making of peace or war or matters arising from a state of war; or the regulation of the conduct of any portion of his Majesty's subjects during the existence of hostilities between foreign states with which his Majesty is at peace, in relation to those hostilities; or the navy, the army, the territorial force, or the defence of the realm, or any other naval or military matter."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws

in respect of "trade with any place out of Ireland—; the granting of bounties on the export of goods; quarantine; or navigation, including merchant shipping—; or any postal services and the rates of charge therefor—; or designs for stamps—; or lighthouses, buoys, or beacons—; or coinage; legal tender; or any change in the standard of weights and measures; or trade marks, copyright, or patent rights."

The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect to "the collection of taxes."

"In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, or drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

In one of the foregoing clauses, which is the third section of the bill, religion and the law of Eminent Domain are balled up together in a most extraordinary and incongruous manner, if it is not by design with some ulterior object. It is on the face of it an absurdity that a country with a State religion, to which the mass pay toll whether they like or not, should lay it down dogmatically that this, that, or the other should, or should not, be done in the name of religious equality. Better begin religious equality by disestablishing its own Church, and by removing the stigma of disqualification now enacted by law against the members of certain religious bodies. A prescription of religious equality where a Catholic cannot be King as matter of law, any more than he can become President of the United States as a

matter of fact, is a humbug on its face. Besides, if one man has no right to bind the conscience of another, what right has one country to lay down a rule for another as to what it shall decree in regard to the public worship of God? The ancient, apostolic Church brought into Ireland by St. Patrick, under divine guidance, and established by Columba in Iona, has a higher historic right than any Christian establishment now existing to call itself national. It might extend that claim even outside of Ireland as a matter of history and of fact.

Why should matters of conscience, of faith, of morals, or of worship be confused in the same clause with questions that affect the ownership of land? If the disposition by Ireland of its own land is not a purely Irish question, what can be? There can be none. This section, of itself alone, in saying that Ireland a nation shall not be free to make laws affecting its own body, or its own soul, takes away the very fundamental essentials of self-government, and makes national existence an impossibility.

Then, according to this proposed law, Ireland must not raise its hand against domestic traitors, or foreign enemies. The door must be left wide open for the spy, the informer, and the invader. Three hundred years ago old O'Neil couldn't carouse a cup of sack without some scoundrel at his elbow, or behind his back, to report what he said and did to the English Government. Under this bill the whole atmosphere of Ireland must be kept perpetually saturated with the same snaky treachery as in times gone by.

Nor can the country collect its own taxes, any more than the Nabob of Arcot could collect his own revenues under the agreement forced upon him by the East India Company, at the point of the bayonet. It is a rule of international law that if a country has reason to believe that funds belonging to another will be used against it, it has a right to appropriate them to its own use, if it can get them within its clutches. Is it for this reason that Ireland is deprived of the right to handle its own money, a right denied, at the ordinary municipal law, only to those who are mentally defective?

Again, Ireland is not to have power to make laws in regard to trade, commerce, or navigation. In the face of a prohibition

such as this what hope or possibility is there that the legend—*Ó Éanna n-Éirinn*—can prevail, or hold its own even in Ireland itself, against the fact and the statement, printed in plain English,—“Made in Germany.” While the whole civilized world hums with the buzz and throb of engines, and the roar and rattle of machinery, by which man adds more than ten thousand fold to the labor of his hands, Ireland cannot lift a finger to promote its own industries, to protect itself, or to create employment for its own people inside of its own lines. It is to be kept down to the level of grass forever. Outside of a few favored places, all the real money it is to receive must come from grazing cattle, milking cows, and forking hay. It is thus to be forced down, and kept down permanently, by law, at a stage of civilization and development only one step above that of savagery; a stock farm for the accommodation of England. Is this Home Rule?

If one of the States of the Union were to be deprived of all these powers, or to surrender them voluntarily, would it any longer be a Sovereign Commonwealth? Would it even be a State? Would it be anything at all? It wouldn't have the status even of the Cherokees. For they had, at least, the right to bear arms, solemnly recognized by treaty, and to die sword in hand in defence of their lives, their homes, and their territory.

Perhaps in the history of the whole human race there has never yet been written down, in cold blood, as coming from men only, anything to equal the almost inconceivable, and wholly unconscious, insolence of the provisions here quoted from this Irish Home Rule Bill.

After pride there comes a fall. And if Great Britain ever bites the dust, and it is within the limit of possibility that it may, the British House of Parliament that propounded this document will be the cause of it. It isn't in the mind or in the heart of man to accept such words, coming from one people to another, as anything other than an invasion of human right, a flying in the face of Divine Providence. And we Irish must have sunk very low when some of us can accept them as a beneficence and a gratuity. That the same submission which is voluntarily tendered to God should, under any circumstances, be demanded



by, or rendered to man, makes the mind revolt at the thought of it. It makes us turn instinctively to the insulted Deity and pray that, through His interposition, the day may come when we shall have a country of our own, fully equipped in all the departments of war and peace, and when we can say, with all reverence and humility but with confidence of heart, that we Irish bow down to and fear God and nothing else in this world.

Looking at this Irish Home Rule Bill from a purely practical point of view—whether it be a contract, a treaty, a law, or a concession is immaterial—after all these powers are withheld or surrendered, what is there for this proposed Irish Parliament to do? What can 164 representatives and 40 senators be needed for if three men can do the work without making speeches, or if they are prohibited by law from making speeches? Some idea of the probable occupation of the new representatives may be secured by looking back to see how members of the old Parliament in College Green passed their time, or entertained the audience, more than 100 years ago. The idea of doing anything definite for the welfare of the country never seemed to get into any of their heads.

Henry Grattan, after assailing Bully Egan with an unsparing tongue, said: "He has talked much of French principles and of insurrection, and, I believe, amongst other things, said something of cutting off my head, and this in a manner so peculiarly his own that, though I did not actually see the *guillotine* of which he spoke, I certainly thought I saw the *executioner*."

Egan retorted by saying: "I will teach him that no *little duodecimo volume of abuse* shall discharge its rancorous contents against my person or my character without meeting the treatment it deserves."

Grattan then called him a vulgar ruffian, a blockhead, a black soul, which the buffoons of the day turned into sole, and whatever else came first to his tongue. And this was at a time, in the interval between 1782 and 1800, when that old Parliament actually had power, but when its very existence was in jeopardy.

O'Flanagan, in his history of the Irish Bar, says: "It is truly pitiable to find educated gentlemen, elected to discuss affairs of grave importance, the interests of constituents and coun-

try, fling aside all thought of duty and indulge in recriminations and personalities such as I here set down. Among those who should combine together for the common weal were Grattan and Egan, both decidedly hostile to the projected Union, and here they were abusing each other in the most scurrilous terms."

If this is all that the best men in that old Parliament could do for Ireland when the assembly of which they were members still had power, and had both physical force and the force of public opinion behind it, although neither really Irish, nor representing the aims and aspirations of the majority of the Irish of that day, what are we to expect from a legislature that is so far gagged and bound that it has nothing left to do, by way of business or pleasure, but to bespatter itself with the rotten eggs, mud, and filth of the English language?

That old Parliament was composed of two classes of people, ranters and rogues, and the rogues got the best of it. They were such debased rascals, or the ethical standards were at that time so low, that they didn't even think or believe that they were traitors to their country. The ranters exhausted themselves in vituperation, and the rogues thanked God that they had a country to sell, and sold it for all that they could get, money, titles, place, each for himself. A recrudescence of the same classes of people may be looked for, if this Home Rule Bill is made law; but of a different, and, if possible, even of a meaner type. On the one hand, or both, a band of vituperators among whom the most expert mud-slinger shall be deemed the greatest orator. On the other, or both, a body of self-seeking schemers, ready to sell themselves, or their country, for anything they can get: small grafters looking for small jobs, representing a multitude of small rogues looking for small farms. Deprived, as it is, of every vital function that goes to make up the representative power of a nation, under such a law it isn't possible that there could be anything national about such an assembly.

One of the reasons assigned by some of the Anglo-Irish in 1800 for supporting the Act of Union was that the result would be to raise Ireland from the condition of a small, half-independent state to that of a governing member of the greatest empire in the world. It is entirely intelligible that an Irishman

of English descent might honestly take this view. It is entirely intelligible that this would be a rational, and, leaving out trade and economic considerations, even a wise policy, if all Irishmen were one people, and of English descent. Ireland was, as a matter of fact, a governing member of the Empire under Mr. Parnell.

But that was a purely personal achievement, and, although borne along by Irish agrarianism and American dollars, had nothing to do with the national aims and purposes of us Irish of the ancient race, who find our country under the dominion of aliens, and who want to recover it back from them. The Empire is no affair of ours. And this is especially true in view of the fact that this Home Rule Bill is expressly designed to make it impossible for Ireland ever again to have any weight in its councils.

Looked at as a work of British policy, the bill has a manifest double purpose. One of these is to thrust the country back more than 400 years in its national development by creating such an impotent local Parliament as existed under Poyning's Law, a law enacted to suit the purposes of those who received the pay and did the work, in Ireland, of the English Government of that day. The Irish of that time had nothing to do with the Statute of Drogheda. Not one in ten thousand of them could have understood a word of it. They lived under their own laws, and paid no attention to Poyning's or his parliament. Under a powerless body of mere talkers, such as this Home Rule Bill proposes to create, there can be no chance for a military leader, like Brian Boru, to arise who might cut to pieces marauders landing on Ireland's shores, or drive them into the sea, or for a Hugh O'Neil to fight organized governments that might assail it into bankruptcy: and not a ghost of a possibility of Irish independence forever.

The other is to make sure that no political genius springing up in Ireland, like Mr. Parnell, should ever again acquire a commanding position in the British House of Commons. This is done very neatly by cutting the representation of Ireland in the House from what it is now down to 42. And of these forty-two, fifteen are from Ulster, more than a third of the representa-

tion of the whole country, leaving, perhaps, a score who might have some special regard for Ireland. And if this small band should put itself forward at all as a national representation, it would either be browbeaten or bullied, bought or laughed at by the Government for the time being.

The whole plan is a lawyer's crooked scheme which makes a nominal concession to Ireland, inside of its own lines, but which withholds from it everything that would give it real power as a state or a nation; and which, at the same time, reduces it to impotence in the British Parliament by decapitating its representation there. If it were a humbug only it might be handed back with a smile to those who offer it, saying that the Irish are credited with a sense of humor; but it is not merely a humbug, it is a fraud; and, as such, it ought to be flung into the fire and burned.

## ASPECTS OF THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

SOME future historian will describe the twentieth century as the Age of the Discovery of Woman. The feminist movement is indeed the most significant phenomenon of our time and, strangely enough, it is the English woman—that favorite child of Mrs. Grundy—who is the chief protagonist of the emancipation of her sex: and England, of all lands the most insular, has become the battlefield whereon the destiny of half the human race will be decided. Even the Socialist propaganda, so powerful elsewhere, is eclipsed in that country by Woman Suffrage, which has drawn to itself the reforming energies of the rising generation. For this, there are several explanations. In the first place, universal manhood suffrage is not now and never has been either the accepted theory or the prevalent practice in Great Britain. There, property not man has the right to vote; and the expansion of the franchise has been brought about solely through the contraction of the property qualification. Even now, although there exists what is virtually manhood suffrage, a British subject must have an independent domicile of a rental value of at least £10 a year in order to be entitled to vote. The Englishman doesn't have to acknowledge woman as an equal, but he must admit that she is a property owner; and for one to have property and not the ballot is to the average British mind a thing inconceivable. He hasn't even the American's answer that voting is a man's job and so seeks refuge from Woman Suffrage arguments in stubborn silence. His very respect for the rights of property has been the Briton's undoing, for the suffragists have turned this conservative sentiment to radical uses by demanding the equal treatment of property. Of course this is mere logic, of which Englishmen are proverbially contemptuous. But not so the Englishwomen. They are keenly aware of the fact that if political privileges are not granted to property, taxation becomes virtually confiscation; and the heroic virtues that can be generated by the property instinct are familiar to all students of his-

tory. The average Englishman, naturally disposed to be fair, desires in his way to do what is right; but his way of doing right is to do it by instalments. It is now fairly well understood that if the Conservative party is triumphant in the next general election, the property-owning women will be given the ballot. And so the Liberals will be "dished" again.

In recent years, women have been crowding the English colleges and universities. Unlike her American sister, the Englishwoman is not encouraged to exercise her abilities in any useful way. The "gentle" tradition of doing nothing is still binding in England, particularly in regard to women, who are the tradition bearers of the race. They are barred from entering the higher professions, and even school teaching is largely a man's affair. Marriage as a career becomes impossible for many because, owing to constant emigration, there are now over a million more women than men in Great Britain. A new type has therefore appeared, a highly educated woman, economically independent, with nothing to do. And what is more natural than that she should turn to the feminist movement as an expression of discontent with a world that first grudgingly grants her opportunities for self-improvement, and then coolly denies her the rewards of talent and ambition? Let it be understood that the Woman Suffrage movement is largely a middle-class affair, and for that reason very likely to succeed. Economic independence backed by intelligence forms a combination too dangerous to oppose even if found in the physically weaker sex.

For generations Englishwomen have been in politics. They have often exerted a powerful influence in electoral battles by their political activity as organizers and speakers. The men accepted these labors as a matter of course, for wasn't woman's greatest virtue self-sacrifice! It slowly began to dawn on the minds of many Englishwomen that the game of politics could be played to the advantage of themselves as a sex. This seemed perfectly natural to them, but quite unnatural to the men who now began to see in the political activity of women something "unwomanly." What had once been considered a virtue had now become a vice.

Any race, class or sex, driven into a corner by society, will

develop peculiar virtues and vices, generally the latter. Underlying the feminist movement there is discernible a passionate yearning to exchange old virtues for new. The women deeply resent the monopoly of those virtues by *mankind* that properly belong to *humankind*. Tenderness and affection are no more peculiarly feminine than loyalty and strength of character are masculine. If there is any one thing that the militant suffragettes have shown, it is that they possess the so-called masculine virtues in superabundance. Young girls, barely out of their teens, have faced rough London crowds with a coolness and daring that would have won them the Victoria Cross, had they been British soldiers on the field of battle. What is distinctly characteristic of the militants is not their hysteria, but their calmness, foresight and planfulness. Every act is coldly considered, its effects nicely calculated, and then deliberately carried out. Nevertheless, common opinion holds them hysterical for the reason that the average person cannot imagine how it is possible for a woman to become intensely interested in anything save in a man or a child. Hence, fighting for an idea, praised as a sublime enthusiasm in men, is denounced as a form of "hysteria" in women.

The feminist movement has been instrumental in effecting a psychological revolution among large numbers of women who, until now, had accepted uncomplainingly their lot as a part of the divine and natural order of things. For once they, as a sex, have become socially subjective. They want to know about themselves, how they lived in days gone by,—their place in social evolution,—their present status in the different countries,—the real attitude of men toward them,—why they are given certain privileges and denied certain rights. History, which for so long had been mere gossip chronicling the doings of kings and courts, was singularly silent about the doings of the common people, until the working classes made their presence felt. And now it is being rewritten from the economic point of view. The women, too, are beginning to wonder why history is so reticent about them. Can it be that they, like the working class, have been outside of humanity? Have women been mere mind-

less bodies, roaming aimlessly throughout the ages, a disinherited sex that had gotten only the crumbs of civilization!

For the first time women are experiencing the emotion of comradeship because for the first time in history they now have a common cause. Fighting and suffering for a common ideal has given them a sense of sex solidarity never before known. The petty vices of vanity and jealousy so frequently observed in women are scarcely found among the suffragists, who are distinguished by loyalty to each other and faith in their leaders. In one of the London riots, a policeman was about to strike a woman with his stick when another was seen to rush forward and receive the blow. Mrs. Pankhurst and other leaders are always gallantly defended by bodyguards of women whose courage and devotion are the admiration of the police themselves. Anyone who has attended the famous Monday afternoon meetings at the Pavilion Theatre in London must have marvelled at the way women ceased to be a bevy and became a crowd. The applause, the cheering, the telling interruptions, the vibration of many individuals to a common idea, in other words, the spirit of the crowd was as manifest in them as in an assembly of men. In battling for emancipation there has also been aroused in women the totally new feeling of sex-pride. They glory in being feminine and distinctly repudiate mannishness of any kind. To be a new woman means to them that one is filled with the new desire to lift the curse that has lain on womanhood ever since Adam delved and Eve span.

Any class struggling for emancipation will appeal to the sentiments of humanity. They will declare that it isn't for themselves that they are fighting, but for humanity as a whole. In this way did the middle classes in the Nineteenth Century and now the working-men appeal to the sympathy of the world. But all too frequently has humanity been overlooked when victory was finally won. The middle classes who triumphed in 1832 deliberately betrayed the working-men without whose assistance the Reform Bill could not have been wrested from the intrenched aristocracy. The aristocrats of labor, the Trade Unionists, now politically powerful, look with calm indifference on the fate of the vast mass of submerged humanity whose po-



litical wills are broken by economic helplessness. Genuine all-embracing democracy has been singularly absent in the democratic advance of the Nineteenth Century. It is present now in the Woman Suffrage movement. In spite of the fact that the women engaged in it are almost exclusively from the comfortable middle classes; in spite of the fact that many of them are conservative by temperament, the logic of the situation, in which an entire sex, rich or poor, is discriminated against, has forced them to realize that women are indeed all sisters even if men are not all brothers. In their speeches, books and pamphlets the Suffragists are continually sounding the note of Social Reform. We want the ballot, they say, in order to better the condition of women in industry, abolish child labor, cure prostitution, in short to reform a system of society in which the weak and helpless are the especial game of the profiteering exploiter. "We have always pitied the hooligans who have assaulted us," recently declared Mrs. Pankhurst, "because we have known why they existed. We have known that they existed because of evil conditions, because of bad laws. When we have looked into the faces of the undersized abortions who have insulted us, seeing their young faces distorted with vice and disease, it has given us courage to fight in this movement, to bear what we have borne, and to go on with our weary struggle."

Should the property-owning women get the vote, they will immediately continue to fight for their sisters in the working-class with whom they are now in active sympathy. Women of title, imprisoned with factory girls for acts of militancy, have insisted on equal treatment in spite of the well-known tenderness of the English authorities to prisoners of social position. A storm of indignation once swept a suffrage meeting when it was announced that Lady Sybil Smith, daughter of an earl, who had been given a jail sentence, was set free, presumably on account of her rank. This act was bitterly denounced as typical of a "snob Government" which was now discriminating between classes, just as it had for so long discriminated between sexes. If ever there was a bourgeois movement that was possessed by the soul of complete democracy it is that of Woman Suffrage.

To the average Englishman, all this is dreadfully upsetting and confusing. He cannot understand what it is that has turned this patient Griselda into a defiant fury bent on flying into the face of everything that is traditionally womanly and "English." To be content with that station in life in which it has pleased God to call one, as that most English of books, the Book of Common Prayer, phrases it, might even more fitly apply to women than to the lower classes. Under the present social order a woman is really a station in life from which there is seemingly no escape, for nature as well as God has apparently put her there. And the Englishman, thoughtful of God and mindful of nature, simply and prayerfully acquiesces in this arrangement. But the modern woman will not have it so and has openly dared to flout Britain's supreme vice masquerading as her supreme virtue,—respectability,—by speaking on all subjects that concern her own welfare, by becoming an outlaw rather than recognize a Government that persists in treating her as a minor. If this be hysteria, let her enemies make the most of it.

If the enfranchisement of the working classes was a "leap in the dark," the enfranchisement of women would be a dash for the unknown. In one way or another, be it through Parliamentary weakness as in Germany, the caste system as in England, military idealism as in France or Supreme Court decisions as in America, the fangs of universal suffrage have been drawn.

It is really doubtful at times whether the capitalists are as seriously concerned over the advance of Socialism as they pretend to be. The man who has, has taken the measure of the man who hasn't, and feels sure of his ability to prevent any harm that the latter might be meditating against the present social order. But woman is an unknown quantity. Who knows what she will do once she becomes captain of her own soul? From the vasty deep of his ignorance of her, man has conjured up the spirit of fear, doubt and mistrust. Some oppose equal suffrage because they fear women will be too radical; others, curiously enough, for exactly the opposite reason. The truth of the matter is that men are afraid that women, once they share in the direction of the State, will modify Society to suit their inter-

est as a sex, and this may be disadvantageous to the hitherto dominant male.

In the past, civilization has only too often meant civilization for the few and barbarism for the many. During the Golden Age of Pericles, when the Greek intellect had reached its most fruitful development, the mass of people in Athens,—the workers and the women,—were sunk in ignorance and superstition. This was likewise true of Rome in the Age of Augustus, of Italy during the Renaissance and of France in the Age of Louis XIV. It is a warped civilization streaked all over with the barbarism of the disinherited that we are now trying to perfect. Man has paid for excluding women from the full benefits of progress by himself remaining semi-barbaric. The feminist movement in its deepest sense means that women shall be permitted to grow to their full stature, spiritually, intellectually and socially; perhaps she will then prove an aid instead of a hindrance in the work of the world. To reverse the epigram of George Meredith, Man will be the first thing civilized by Woman.

## MAKING GOVERNMENT EFFICIENT

VERNICE EARLE DANNER

**F**OR several generations the legislative system of our States has been the acme of inefficiency. It has been the promoter of graft, the harbinger of corruption, the creator of legal blunders, the mother of high taxes, and a barrier to every effort toward progress. Whole libraries have been written about the weakness of the system, but only a few remedies have ever been suggested, and usually these have been inadequate. Reformers have pleaded for the election of better legislators, forgetting that we already get the best that the system calls for. They have clamored for the amendment of rules, ignoring the fact that experience has already taught us that in legislative matters one rule is hardly ever any better than another. The crux of the whole matter is that our legislative system is an old worn-out machine, as it were, and must be consigned to the scrap-heap before any effectual relief can be obtained.

Our legislative system is the relic of conditions a century or more old, when the people were divided into Lords and Commons and it was thought each must have a legislative body to keep the other from oppressing it. But there are no longer any Lords and Commons. Now it is the sovereign people who rule, and as far as governmental matters are concerned, in theory at least, one man is as good as another. Even that old antiquated idea that the people were not competent to elect their United States Senators has finally been broken down, and the last excuse for a dual legislative system based upon a division of sovereignty has passed away.

Political scientists have defended the dual legislative system for ages on the ground that a unicameral legislature is likely to act too hastily in legislative matters, and that therefore there must be two bodies, one to hold the other in check. But what appears to be a very pretty theory here has not worked out in practice. One of the worst troubles with our present dual system is the hasty action it encourages. The time that should be spent in careful and deliberate consideration of business is often

spent in petty political quarrels. This has resulted, not in giving us an efficient governing body, but the most inefficient sort of one possible; not in providing a legal system to take any pride in, but one so crude, so complicated, so unscientific that we have to maintain a judiciary almost a dozen times as large as that of any other nation in the world to protect our citizenship from the unjust application of laws, while at the same time it permits more criminals to escape just punishment than are punished!

Let us examine some concrete examples of the inefficiency of our legislative system. Take Oklahoma for illustration. Her system of government but a few years ago was heralded as the acme of radicalism. Many precedents in government were smashed all to pieces when Oklahoma's constitution was made. But her legislative system was left as antiquated as that of all the other States!

The Oklahoma legislature consists of forty-four senators and ninety-nine representatives. Her senators serve four years or two legislative sessions of sixty days each, and receive six dollars a day, plus their mileage, for their services. The mileage doesn't amount to much, especially if the senator lives anywhere near the capital. Her representatives serve two years, or one legislative session of sixty days, and receive six dollars a day, or three hundred and sixty dollars plus their mileage.

The campaign at which these legislators are elected usually lasts about five months—two before the primary at which they are nominated, and three after the primary. They must pay their own expenses before the primary, and most of them afterwards. They must also contribute to the party campaign fund, both before and after the primary. If a candidate has any opposition at all he will spend the larger part of his salary before he ever gets it, and he is usually very lucky if he doesn't spend it all, or more.

This being the inducement for a man to run for the legislature, what kind of men usually get into the race? They may be divided roughly into five classes, as follows: First, some young, ambitious fellow, generally a "budding" lawyer, who knows little or nothing about the science of government, and who expects to use the position, if he wins it, as a stepping-stone

to some higher political office; second, some broken-down politician who has failed at everything else he has ever tried and seeks the place because he can find nothing else to do; third, some one who just wants the experience—some one who thinks he has a patriotic feeling and cannot get rid of it in any other way—who seeks the place out of idle curiosity much in the same way that a giddy girl wants to “shoot-the-shoots” at a county fair or a street carnival; fourth, the really competent man who seeks the place with an ulterior motive,—that is, as the tool of some special interest or to sell his influence to some special interest as soon as he gets into office; and fifth, the man who seeks the place with a patriotic motive, to represent some good cause, but who either succumbs to the temptations to “graft” that come his way, or in the hurly-burly of legislative action gets lost in the madding throng, so that the purity of his intentions is left to bloom unseen!

When a legislature convenes there is always a lot of time wasted in organizing, and in passing out patronage to satisfy party workers who have helped in the campaign. As a matter of fact, the actual business of the average legislature takes up comparatively little of the time of the session. The following computation made of the last Illinois legislature is a good sample of the average: Three weeks were spent in electing a Speaker, followed by a week of idleness; five weeks were then consumed in electing two United States Senators; two more weeks went in attending the President's inauguration; then the body got back to business and spent two more weeks in completing the organization; the next four weeks were given over to the reading of bills and committee hearings; during the next four weeks twenty-five per cent. of the bills of the session were passed; and then during the remaining two weeks of the session the other seventy-five per cent. of the bills were passed! A total of twenty-three weeks was spent, or one hundred and thirty-eight working days, which cost the tax-payers of the State four thousand dollars a day in salaries and expenses!

But the worst evil that comes out of our present system is not the time wasted. In the organization fights which every legislature has there is much bitter feeling developed, and when

the fight is over there is nearly always a divided legislature. It is not infrequently that we hear legislators complaining that they could not get this or that bit of good legislation through because they did not belong to the crowd which was in control. The side which wins almost invariably gets vaunted up over its victory. And often the side which loses spends the rest of the session embarrassing the side in control. Thus there is a continual see-saw, until the session is nearly over, and then the bills are rushed through haphazardly and every other way.

The last Kansas legislature was in session forty-nine days. During that time seventeen hundred bills and three hundred and sixty resolutions were introduced. Just think of it! That was over forty-two bills and resolutions to be passed upon each day! No one man, with no possible chance for a difference of opinion, could have done justice to the work. But in the Kansas legislature there were one hundred and sixty-five men to consider these bills, with the possibility of one hundred and sixty-five differences of opinion!

The cumbersomeness of our present legislative system is one of its greatest faults. Out of necessity most of the legislation enacted has to be considered first in committees. This is an open confession that the work cannot be done in the way we would expect a body of men to do it. The reason is that either there would be so many opinions as to what ought to be done, or no one would know anything about the subject and would have no way to find out. So the matter is assigned to a committee to look it up. In most cases the committee's report is accepted. Now, if we are going to have our laws made by committees, why not get an expert one, and discard the dead timber?

Under our present system many of the bills which are introduced in our legislatures are purely local in character. Each member represents a small locality to the exclusion of the rest of the State. Each member thinks he has to get something for his county in order to make good. So he sets his heart on this something, and then in order to get it he trades votes with every other member, so that each one gets just what he wants, whether it is good for the whole State or not, and—Oh well, no matter

about the tax-payer! He's only a small thing in government. If he doesn't like it, he simply elects another legislator to do the same thing over!

Very seldom do more than one twenty-fifth of the bills introduced in the average legislature concern the State as a whole. Now the pity of it is that our legislators are elected to look after these local bills, so the tax-payer hasn't really anything to grumble over if the serious business of the State suffers for lack of consideration. Our legislators haven't time for that! The science of government is no trivial matter. It requires deep study and expert knowledge. The special interests have learned this long ago, and they have employed experts to look after their work before the legislatures. The people haven't learned this lesson yet, but they will in time. As a result of our present system the special interests make most of our important laws. A good example of this is the amending of the Oklahoma bank deposit guaranty law by the last legislature. None of the legislators felt competent to tackle this job. They all had too many little local matters to look after. So the bankers of the State were asked to frame a bill to suit them, inasmuch as they had done most of the complaining about the old law, and submit it to the committee on banking. The bankers did this, and the law was enacted with only a few unimportant changes. The legislators did a lot of wrangling about the bill to make the people believe that they were really interested in the guaranty law, but as a matter of fact they were just killing time, and didn't care a snap whether the bill was passed or not. It should be said to the credit of the bankers that the new law is an improvement over the old one in many ways, but they also succeeded in getting a joker into the law which, unless it is changed, will ultimately mean the abandonment of the guaranty system. That is what the bankers really wanted, but they didn't dare to ask for it all at once. So they arranged to get it gradually.

In the average legislature there are about forty committees at work. A great part of the session is taken up, after the organization is completed, in committee hearings. These committees kill a lot of time, and often all forty of them have reports



to make during the very closing hours of the session. They will dabble along until their time is about up, and then to avoid working overtime without pay they will rush things through, sometimes with no consideration at all. Then they will hie themselves away to their farms to sit on the fence and gossip about their careers as Solons of their great sovereign State, or to some clientless law office to dream of the next step in the political game! As an example of how haphazardly laws are thus rushed through sometimes, one State legislature not long ago passed a law making it a misdemeanor "to discharge a fire-arm upon any public road, except for the purpose of killing a noxious animal or an officer in pursuit of his duty." Another legislature enacted a law prohibiting owners of live-stock from running at large!

Our present legislative system is extremely costly. The printing bill of every legislature in Oklahoma since statehood has run at about two hundred dollars a day. Most of this is sheer extravagance as far as obtaining results is concerned. Oklahoma has had seven sessions of her legislature since statehood, which have cost the State in per diem expenses and mileage of members alone \$862,930, or an average of \$1,560.45 per day for each day actually in session! In each one of these sessions a small band of members practically controlled all legislation. In the final analysis this means that the State paid a few men over fifteen hundred dollars a day to enact a few laws for it, to say nothing of the other extravagant expenses that the system entails. With that money the State could have employed the best experts in the country and would have come out ahead on expenses, and with a really wise code of laws in the place of the jumble that it did get!

If we would apply the same principle to State governments as we have to city governments in many places, most of the evils of our dual legislative system would vanish. Here is the remedy: Abolish our dual legislative system, create a small commission of experts to make our laws, clothe them with power and responsibility, make their term of office at least six years, pay them a salary commensurate with the service to be expected,

keep them continually in session, and make them subject to the recall.

It is a rather revolutionary remedy. But it is the only one which will bring the relief we ought to have. Some will say that it is unrepblican, or undemocratic. But the people no longer pay any attention to those old stock arguments. The primary was unrepblican, but it has come and has driven the old political boss from his velvet seat of ease. The initiative and referendum were unrepblican, but they have enthroned the people with sovereign power. The direct election of United States Senators was unrepblican, but it has transformed the upper house of Congress into a power for reform. Just so, commission government for States may be undemocratic or unrepblican in form, but it has the elements which will put efficiency into legislative affairs, rout graft and corruption from their favorite haunts, reduce taxes, and give us a legal system which will respond to the demands of common sense and justice. Anything to-day is repblican or democratic in essence which gives us justice and efficiency. That is the backbone of democracy in its true sense. It is the thing which gave democracy its birth, and it is the thing which the people have been clamoring for all down through the ages ever since Magna Charta!

The coming age is going to be one governed by experts. The best governed countries in the world to-day are those which invite experts to aid them in the making of their laws. We are going to get away from that antiquated idea that true democracy consists in everybody having a hand in government. The people in the future are not going to be the framers of our laws, but the judges of them. They are going to run their government just as they run their business, just as a farmer runs his farm. He does not invent all his machinery. He leaves that to the expert, the inventor. He buys the product of this expert, and if it is not good he discards it. So in the future we are going to have experts to invent the machinery of our government, and by means of the initiative and referendum we are going to keep the good and discard the bad; and through the recall we are going to discharge the poor inventor. We have to-day expert foremen to run our factories. Why shouldn't we have

expert foremen to run our government? We train expert school teachers to run our schools, and we have expert physicians to look after our health, and expert lawyers to get us in and out of trouble. Why shouldn't we have expert legislators or managers to run our government? The trouble with us so far is that we haven't made government a serious business.

Prussia has the best tax system in the world. Experts devised it. Wisconsin is the best governed State in the United States. Experts run it. Kansas, until recently, had eighteen different commissions looking after the State's business. She has now consolidated them into three and the people are happy, because taxes are less, and the government's business is being better looked after, because these commissioners make the State's business their first concern, instead of their own business their first concern as they used to. Nearly forty States have tax commissions, many have corporation commissions, and everywhere in fact the tide of commission government is sweeping everything before it—everywhere except in our State legislatures; to that old, antiquated system we are still clinging blindly, like barnacles to the hull of an old rotten ship!

Most of the bills enacted by our legislatures are faulty in some respect. Some of them are unconstitutional, others have no enacting clauses, and still others are so worded that the courts interpret them to mean just the opposite to what the framers intended them to mean. As a result of this mess of things each State has to maintain in its attorney-general's office several assistants who do little else except render opinions as to the meaning of this or that law.

Contrast now if you will this condition with that which prevails in commission-governed cities. The legislative body there usually consists of about five commissioners, one of whom is the presiding officer of the city. These commissioners give all their time to their work, and hold regular sessions, at which are brought up matters for legislative action, either by the commissioners themselves, or by outsiders. When a condition arises which demands the enactment of a new law, the commission studies the matter out and instructs the city counsellor to draw up an ordinance covering that subject. The counsellor is a

man skilled in legal procedure, and knows how to get up a law that will stand the test of the courts, and at the same time meet the exigencies of the times. He draws up the ordinance, submits typewritten copies to the commissioners, who look it over carefully and order it amended or passed. Everything is done in a business-like way, and the ordinance goes into effect a sound legal instrument. The cost to the tax-payers has been a mere pittance compared to what it would have cost to get a law of no more importance through the average State legislature. Efficient government takes the place of tomfoolery!

Suppose we had a commission of twelve expert lawmakers—men skilled in the science of government—in place of a typical legislature of one hundred and fifty members. Then suppose that some law on the statute books needed amending. This commission could call in representatives of all lines of business and consult them relative to the needed changes. They could study the subject, scientifically, themselves. Then when they had arrived at an agreement as to what should be done with the statute, they could instruct the attorney-general to draw up amendments embodying the agreed-upon changes. The law, when amended, would be a sound legal instrument, and there would be little likelihood of its being overthrown in the courts, as is done with many laws now. In fact, much time of the average legislature is absolutely wasted owing to the fact that so many laws are declared null and void by the courts. It is folly to attack the courts for this. The inefficient legislative system is to blame, not the courts.

A good example of how efficiency in government must give way to inefficiency under our present legislative system occurred in the last Oklahoma legislature. The attorney-general had studied out the tax problem in Oklahoma very thoroughly. To begin with, he had acquainted himself with the fundamental principles of the science of taxation. He had attended several national conferences on taxation problems. He had had experience with the Oklahoma system as it was and he knew its defects. He drew up a system of taxation which would have been a credit to the State. In many ways it was a model system. He submitted it to the legislature. There a hundred and forty-

three men all had different ideas about the attorney-general's proposals. They didn't want to admit their ignorance on tax matters in the open so they thought that they would have to tear the plan to pieces a little. They did considerable tearing before they got through. In fact they eliminated entirely the best parts of the law, and enacted what was left. It was such a mess that the author was ashamed of it. Under any plan of efficient government Oklahoma would have one of the best tax systems in the world to-day; instead she has one of the worst!

Numerous suggestions have been offered as to how an expert legislative commission should be composed. Governor Hodges, who suggested the proposition to the legislature of his State last winter, thinks it should be composed of about twelve men, one elected from each of eight congressional districts and four elected at large. He thinks, too, that the governor of the State should be an "ex-officio" member of the body. He would have the twelve commissioners represent all the varied interests of the State, would pay them a good salary, have them elected for from four to six years, and make them subject to the recall. He would abolish the office of lieutenant-governor, and would make all the officers of the State appointive except the commissioners, the governor, the attorney-general, and the secretary of state. This is in keeping with the short-ballot reform idea.

John R. Commons, of Wisconsin, would make each member of the legislative commission an administrative officer of some department of the State, much in the same way commissioners in commission-governed cities work.

Others have suggested that the reform should be carried as far even as having the governor elected by the commissioners from their own number, and having no other elective officers of the State aside from the commissioners. They would have the commissioners perform all the duties of the State, even to constituting the various boards, such as the board of agriculture, the board of prison control, the board of education, and so on. This would be a commission of wide responsibilities and enormous powers. But if large enough salaries were paid, and the qualifications for membership on the commission made high enough, men could be found equal to the task. Then, with the

initiative and the referendum and the recall to fall back upon, the people would be insured justice and efficiency in government, neither of which they have to any degree at present.

The suggestions above given are matters of detail, and can be tested out by experience. It is fundamentals that we are mostly concerned with. The signal advantage of commission government for States would be that it would fix responsibility, lessen the cost of government, make it less complicated, less cumbersome, and at the same time make it more efficient, more simple, more representative of the will of the people, and more responsive to the demands of modern thought.

## THE FIRST STONE

JOSEPHINE M. BURNHAM

**T**HE world is beginning to look with a new tenderness on those women whom we term "frail." The old way was a stolid acceptance of their existence, as an inevitable blemish of this disappointing world—acceptance rendered complacent by a sense of moral remoteness, yet tempered by half-confessed yielding to the fascination exerted by the woman of brilliant wickedness. Of late we have begun to ask concerning the wayward girl, even concerning the woman of the street, "How came she here? Who is to blame?" But as soon as our findings suggest palliation of the woman's offence, suggest lifting some of the blame to put it on other and presumably stronger shoulders, the folk-instinct, always most sensitive in matters pertaining to sexual and family relations, recoils. The folk-instinct, I said, and yet it is among the graver and more thoughtful part of the community—the part educated away from merely instinctive standards; that part which, as the old order changes, is the treasury of what is best in the old order—that the recoil is deepest and most sincere. The old folk-instinct that led us so long to pass by with averted gaze, speaks out now to rebuke the facile sentimentality of the new, half-formed folk-instinct, its apparent readiness to condone the unpardonable. A recent essay on this theme, by one of the most gifted of American women, only voices the disapproval I have heard expressed again and again by those who fear a relaxing of our hard-won standards, a relaxing of standards the most vital to social well-being. The position of these observers is a two-fold one. First, they say, it is an error to say that poverty is often a cause of prostitution, or is even so regarded by girls who go astray; second, even where poverty has led to crime, it is a fatal error to condone the sin in view of the temptation.

As I once heard a woman say—a woman of kindly nature—"If a girl has to choose between starvation and an evil life—let her starve." It is further pointed out that a girl's craving for pleasure may be her undoing, either because it leads her

among doubtful companions, or because she deliberately gains through evil practices money to spend for finery or other dross. Censure and reprobation are meted out to the girl whose virtue is not proof against either physical hunger or hunger for pleasure, and to those good easy moralists whose impulse is not to blame but to protect. Above all, when it is proposed to pay a girl wages sufficient to buy daily bread and even a bit of fun, that she may not be tempted to get these things by dishonoring herself, we are told that to forestall temptation is to remove the very props and bulwarks of virtue, to relieve a woman of individual responsibility.

This criticism comes largely from the professional class\*—the class which takes a more or less thoughtful interest in the general welfare, which largely recruits the ranks of social workers, and which feels itself able to pronounce an impartial and sympathetic judgment. For the professional class knows the pinch of deprivation, even of anxiety. The recent inflation of prices has cost it many a sleepless night. It longs for travel, leisure, better facilities for work, a chance to give the community the best of its powers. With tastes cultivated to capacity for the keenest and richest enjoyment, it often lacks means for all but the simpler gratifications of those tastes. So we of the professional class think ourselves peculiarly sympathetic, and peculiarly justified in our condemnation of the erring.

As a member of this class, I set myself the other day, not to judge conditions of wages and recreation for mill-girls and shop-girls, but to consider the background of my judgments on such questions. I take myself simply as a type of my class. I have a lively conception—like other professional workers—of the meaning of those grim metaphors, "the rainy day," and the "wolf at the door." I know weariness. I know monotony. I know, too, the intellectual and spiritual wolves that prowl around the doors of my class—the dangers of intellectual leanness, of pedantry, of stultification. But in common honesty I have to admit that this is not a quarter of the truth. If I should rebuke girls whom poverty, weariness, monotony seem to have dragged

\* Not for a moment do I mean that there is any such consensus in this class. Its members hold the most diverse opinions.



from virtuous ways, they might with perfect justice retort that, in their sense, I know nothing whatever of weariness, monotony, and poverty. I might point out the wisdom of fleeing temptation; I might recommend that city girls, instead of wasting their evenings in a restless search for distraction, read, go to an evening school, help their overburdened mothers, or repair their own clothing. But if I deal honestly with myself, I know that I am chiding others for seeking what, in large measure, I possess without seeking.

Who am I, as I go through my sedate and pleasant routine, to condemn a girl of twenty or less, with youth singing in her brain and tingling in her blood, if, like me, she longs for joys she cannot have? Who am I—at home, body and spirit, in the pleasant study where I spend my evenings and some of my days, with its restful mellow tones, with the unfailing friendship of its few cherished pictures—to reprove a girl lured into the streets by the intoxication of city lights, by the throbbing life of the city? I have seen the houses of some tenement-dwellers; I know a little of others I have not seen. If a girl is living (as girls do) one of a family of half a dozen crowded into two rooms, or sharing a dingy lodging-house room with one, two, or more girls, what refuge has she from fetid air indoors, the wailing of babies, the reek of steaming clothing, from the sight sometimes of ugly quarrels, except the street, the settlement *perhaps*, or the moving-picture shows and dance-halls? Where is a girl so housed to have privacy for reflection, for entertaining friends, even for quiet reading? She can, no doubt, find household tasks to do, or necessary mending for herself. In fact, she often does—sometimes, after a day spent on her feet, or at a heavy machine, sewing or washing and ironing till late at night. But some one else does my mending; my theory has been that when my professional stint is finished I have neither eyesight nor nervous force to spare for sewing. There are other things for which the factory-girl or the salesgirl might, if she knew the way of contentment, envy me. I breathe pure air, compared with the air of factories and tenement districts. The only noises to afflict me are the railroad shrieks and belchings a few blocks away. I can test the sanity of my impulses by the unfailing

touchstone of a walk in wind or sunshine. The whole pageant of the year is mine. As I look up from my writing, it is to see how the autumn has curtained us about with the rich hues of old tapestry—green and russet and faded gold. As I walk wearily home at the end of a weary day, in the mysterious half-dusk maple and oak and birch seem to wrap me in heatless flames, and I catch glimpses of a beauty not of this earth. Furthermore, despite the tribute levied by butcher, baker, dentist, and oculist, I have never actually gone hungry. If a girl without a quarter my resources, caught up in the fever of city life; perhaps ill-nourished through poverty or ignorance, or both, and with will-power correspondingly impaired; perhaps set to earn her living at the making or selling of rich stuffs she can never possess—if she strays into forbidden paths, who am I to cast the first stone?

Thus have I tried to project the background of the judgments pronounced by my own social group; and in the very effort I have found those judgments convicted of shallowness. To go back to the charge that not her poverty, but want of character leads a poor girl to wrong-doing. No one denies now that the wage of some girls is insufficient for their livelihood. The contention is rather that a girl of genuine character will, if unable to better her wage, quietly deny herself recreation, personal adornment, even necessary rest, warm clothing, or nourishing food, sooner than yield her self-respect. God knows how many brave young women are holding themselves to this standard. But let us examine this demand for "character" on the part of society. It means that a self-supporting girl whose wage is, say, eight dollars a week, and who lives in a city in which the minimum cost of healthful living is eight dollars a week, must either go without all money-bought pleasure (including the supreme pleasure of occasional giving to others) or must somewhere sacrifice healthful clothing or dwelling, or else wholesome food. It means that the girl who earns six dollars where the cost of suitable living is eight dollars must forgo *both* pleasure and healthful living. The first girl's "character" is to stand to her in place of all indulgence. The second girl's "character" is to stand to her in place of the two dollars more a week that she

requires to remain a healthy human being. As for the "rainy day," it will very likely be a case of tuberculosis, traceable to a meagre diet; and then, perhaps, one of the free sanitariums will care for her. Clearly, one strong element in character under normal conditions, providence regarding the future, is precluded from such a girl's life. With this exception, however, there are girls who maintain the heroic standard of virtue we demand of them. Now, if a girl so circumstanced surrenders, by what right do we say that her poverty was not a cause? It is her poverty that has said to her, "If you wish trinkets (or food for yourself and your ailing sister) this is the price." A terrible price to pay. But those in the class who censure *never have to consider this price*. It is not their superior rectitude that elevates them above the very thought of such choices, but their superior hold on wealth. This superior hold on wealth we of the professional class have, not only through our higher earning power, but also through our acquaintance with the most various channels of information about work to be had, and sometimes through an acquaintance with those able and willing to lend money to a friend in straits.

To separate those whose downfall is due to poverty from those whose downfall is due to lack of stamina is not so easy as it seems. The Salvation Army has long recognized that below a certain physical level moral and religious appeals are well-nigh futile. A girl may herself believe that poverty has nothing to do with her plight, and yet may be mistaken. She may have been so reared in "the warrens of the poor" that she has simply never known the privacy and reserve which we think essential to decent living. She may be an incompetent workwoman, not because of native indolence or dulness, but because of premature and misfit entrance into some trade for which she had no capacity. (Let us test the situation by ourselves once more. Many a successful teacher or writer, had she been taken from school at fourteen, apprenticed to a dressmaker, and left to survive or perish, must have starved long ago.) A girl may be half-hysterical from the strain of "speeding up." Her resolves may be written in water; and she herself may not know—being

ignorant of both mental and physical hygiene—that it is because her body is underfed.

Let the cause be want, let it be proneness to self-indulgence, is the woman who sells herself the only one to barter her soul for a mess of pottage? In the literal sense, members of the middle class never, as I have said, have to consider the last desperate choice. In principle, however, they meet the same temptation. There are times for almost every one in the professional-salaried class when to speak out boldly against abuses that should be spoken against, to refuse compromise on some matter of principle, is to invite disaster. The journalist, for example, or the teacher, who refuses to surrender himself, may meet the fate of the flower of the field; the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. He may submit, because he and his "must live." Others, ministers, cartoonists, government employees, submit because their families must live. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I do not see the necessity." But most of us do see the necessity, if not for ourselves, at least for our families. And seeing it, we can hardly pick up stones to throw at those whom the same temptation, in a more overwhelming form, has shipwrecked.

These, perhaps, are subtle points of conscience. There is a prostitution of the intellect more blatant and indubitable. No other word names rightly the production of cheap humor, cheap sentiment, cheap vulgarity, cheap moral advice, cheap yellow news, cheap contradictions of yesterday's news, cheap plots, cheap treatment of high and sacred themes, by which, through novel and newspaper, men clever enough for better things coin their cleverness into money. Indeed, I am ashamed of the distinction I have been harping upon, of "our class" and "their class." There are prostitutes in both classes. What marks the professional class is not a nature of finer grain, but the habit of criticism (an excellent quality if rightly directed) and infinite good fortune in its opportunities for education and work.

There is another group who obviously have no stones to cast. If a girl who drifts into prostitution has let go her moral rudder, what of the men whose pleasure she serves? The girl *may* have something to gain, or may think she has, in money to spend for

her own pleasure, or, indeed, for her widowed mother, who may be a sorrowful fact, and not a sentimental hypothesis. Meanwhile, the man—each of the many men concerned with one such woman—is serving no end but his own ends of the moment. He has reached that depth of self-indulgence, in which he voluntarily makes of a fellow human being not what Kant said and what we all know he ought to be, an end in himself, but a means to the ends of another. If all women took the desperate measures of Lucretia, or if all women, like Isabella, would be whipped to death before purchasing with their own shame advantage either for themselves or others, we should, no doubt, be living in a purer and wiser world. But to demand in women the virtue of Lucretia and of Isabella is just only if we demand of men a like spiritual victory.

To brace the moral fibre, to harden spiritual nerve, is well. Then, if discipline, hardship, even privation, are such priceless medicaments, why not pass them all around? If they minister to sturdy character, who needs them so much as the very rich? For this reason, it may be, the rich young man whom Jesus loved was bidden to sell what he had and give to the poor. At any rate, for the wealthy employer of labor, the way of self-conquest and of Spartan upbringing for his children is open. Think of the moral bracing to be achieved through a matter-of-fact announcement in the family circle, "No, we shall not build the new house this year; for father is going to pay every girl in the factory enough so that she can have one room to herself." The smaller capitalist has a pretty hard time in these days, and his family is not always free from anxiety. But the way of self-denial is not altogether closed to him. One might try this plan: "We have decided, John and Mary, to send you to the city high school instead of to Saint Peter's and Saint Clara's. I am going to pay my workmen more, enough more so that every one may keep his children in school, if he will, at least until they complete the grammar grades." Wherever the profits of the employer and the wages of the employed are convertible one into the other, the same way is open. Of course no one is going to take that way, unless it be a new Saint Francis. Yet until we elect such discipline for ourselves, it is with a sorry grace that

we enjoin austerity on half-taught, sometimes half-fed working girls.

No doubt this is all quixotic dreaming—moonshine. But let me stay a moment longer in Utopia. Ruling out for the present the feeble-minded, who constitute a special dependent group, the vicious by nature, and those who are deceived and entrapped, there remain the girls who do have to choose between degradation and want, or the next thing to want. As for the incompetent among them who are yet teachable, the only economical policy is to train them to be competent. As for girls (or their fathers and brothers) who are fairly competent and yet are in straits,—when it is proposed to pay them enough to maintain a comfortable standard of living, the crushing answer is always ready: employees are worth just what they are getting, no more. But suppose we reckoned the worth of laborers not by the profits of their employer, the outward and visible sign of which is to be luxurious living, but by the social sum of health, education, culture, good will?

Coming back from Utopia to the world we know, and granting that a girl should choose hunger and virtue instead of dishonor,—what sort of Christian civilization is this that forces her to such a choice? Though martyrdom be glorious, to drive anyone to the choice between capitulation and martyrdom is deemed to-day the act of a barbarous age. So the world has inclined to censure, not Galileo, who prostituted his soul, if you will, by denying what he knew was true, but the Inquisition, which thrust the dilemma upon him. Is it not a very shabby, down-at-the-heels, thriftless, shiftless civilization that exposes some of the younger and weaker members of society to a choice of perditions? Through conditions of work and wages, through lack of right play, through squalid surroundings, the temptation arises. In making or allowing such conditions, society has made the temptation. One would like to hear this civilization appraised by the Man who gave as his judgment, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

## GREATER THAN DANTE

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON

**T**HERE was a knock at my studio door; and I shouted an oblivious "*Avanti!*"

For my soul had escaped from New York for some ecstatic moments,—escaped into the painty background of my "*Anima d'Italia*" where it basked in the caress of the Tuscan sun and the glow of Tuscan color. Ah! the slopes of the grey-green olive, the ilex and the vine!

No one entered——

Then Miss Winthrop, kneeling in factitious prayer on the model-throne, spoke a characteristic word. Miss Winthrop is a refugee from Boston.

"Perhaps, sir," she hinted, "if you should popularize your invitation"—And the voice of New York, entering the window with clangings and ringings and honkings unspeakable, seemed to complete her suggestion.

Disentangling my soul from its blessed dream, I roared an impatient "Come in!"

This time the permission sufficed and James Bliss entered.

"Why, Jimmy, old man," I cried, "I haven't seen you for an æon!"

Jimmy made no immediate reply. He placed a straw hat, girt by a fiery ribbon, on my bust of Dante, acknowledged the presence of Miss Winthrop by a vague salute and sat down.

"A cigar?" I asked, "the brand I keep for long lost friends?"

He accepted wordlessly, clipped and lighted it with barbaric engines of chased gold, put his thumbs in the pocket of a crocus waistcoat and stared at me like an owlet.

"Whisky?" I hinted, "the brand I keep for those possessed of a dumb devil?"

"Not on your life!" he cried, waving hands of glittering negation (Jimmy's rings and waistcoats are the despair of the many that love him). "I'm on the water-wagon for keeps."

"Since when, Jimmy?"

"Since what I've come to tell you about."

Knowing the tortuous ways of James Bliss, I began to clean my brushes.

"Say!" he observed at last.

I assured him of my close attention.

"I want to talk to some chap that's way up on art and literature."

"I am committed," I answered, "to those pursuits. Several dealers of repute have bought my pictures. Several publishers of sound mind have printed my books. Dealers and publishers alike have found their profit in me."

"I'm no book reader," remarked Jimmy, "but I like your pictures. In fact"—he hesitated a moment—"I bought one of them—I didn't tell you before—from a dealer—a dirty old Italian washerwoman."

"My *Lavandaia toscana*."

"Likely," said Jimmy with a grin. "I—well—I used her in the South."

"James Bliss!" I cried, "did you make use of that little masterpiece to advertise your infernal soap?"

"Only in the South, Billy," he answered unabashed; "and it wasn't exactly *little* as I used it. Bully reproduction it made by the three-color process, with my trade motto printed in yellow on the purple hills behind the washerwoman."

"O the bliss of Bliss soap," I groaned.

"O the bliss of Bliss soap," he echoed, in the tone of a devotee responding to the Litany. "I've built up the business on that motto."

"And none can escape your bliss. You have pointed the immaculate way to universal salvation."

"Escape? I should hope not! Let me see,"—he ran to the window, twenty stories above the street, and began to count on his jewelled fingers— "Six! in full sight, right against the sky, yellow letters (soap color, you know) on a purple ground, O the bliss of Bliss soap. Escape? you'd have to get off the earth for that!"

I assented and Jimmy came back to his chair.

"But," he said, when he was comfortable again, "this isn't



what I came to tell you—I want you to put me wise—it's the queerest thing that ever happened to any man—maybe it was just whisky—maybe not—I don't know—and I don't know how to tell it—where to begin."

"Miss Winthrop," said I, "we will stop the sitting and you may copy those marked passages in Dante."

Miss Winthrop understood. Miss Winthrop always understands everything. The phrase meant that she should take down the golden words that fell from Jimmy's lips. One gets life in that way, life sharp from the mint, bright with modernity. Miss Winthrop is an expert stenographer.

"Jimmy," I said, "my real business is literature. I paint advertisements for soap as a *passatempo*, a pastime. Tell your tale! and if it is vendible I shall get jolly well even with you for your treatment of my *Lavandaia toscana*."

Jimmy stammered, waved coruscating fingers and began.

"You see, I wanted them to let me scrub old What's-his-name's tower in Florence with Bliss soap, and——"

"Wait, Jimmy! Let us show some regard for literary form. When did the thing happen that you are trying to tell me?"

"Three weeks ago last Sunday and I haven't told a soul. That old tower in Florence needs a scrubbing——"

"Are you the principal actor in your story?"

"No; I guess I was acted on."

"Who or what ventured to act on the Bliss of Bliss soap?"

"Tod Livvins."

"Is Tod Livvins the principal actor?"

"He acted on *me*."

Something in Jimmy's voice bade me wait.

"But what acted on Tod Livvins?" he said at last.

"What acted on him?" I asked.

"You may search me!" he answered moodily and was silent.

"Jimmy," I observed at the end of several minutes, "my knowledge of literary form suggests that you might describe Tod Livvins, giving a brief and realistic account of his birth, parentage, personal appearance and history."

"Tod," said Jimmy, brightening up a little, "was born in Chicago. He's about forty-five. His father was an artist, a

sculptor,—carved on grave-stones,—cherubs and skulls and things. He taught Tod the business, but Tod had no use for it. Tod is a husky chap, six foot, a hundred and eighty stripped. He went into the ring—but he had an accident."

"What sort of an accident?" I asked.

"Landed a hook on a chap's jaw and he croaked. That was in a scrap though, not in the ring——"

"Do you mean that he killed an antagonist in a brawl by a single blow?"

"Yes—and he had to beat it. Went West. Made his little pile— Then there was another accident."

"Describe the accident. You are doing very well."

"Why, he shot Blood Hapworthy for cheating at cards and he had to beat it again."

"Whither?"

"Europe. But, though you'd never think it to look at him, his nerve was all gone. I don't mean he could be scared. I mean his nerves were rotten."

"Neurosis," I suggested.

"Likely," conceded Jimmy. "And then he'd been steaming it for years. He was just on the ragged edge of the jim-jams when he struck Europe. It was then I met him, at the Grand Hotel, in Paris."

"Had you met him before?"

"Never; but I took right to him. I liked him. There's something about him you can't help liking. He's a big, brown, hairy, husky ruffian; but somehow"—tears came into the eyes of that sweet-hearted Jimmy Bliss—"Hang it, Billy, I can't put the words together—but don't you know—there's men like that—and under all the scaley things they do, you sort of feel there's an innocent kid"—Jimmy's voice was tremulous—"just as clean and white as when he was born, hidden away in their rotten old carcasses. That's how I felt about Tod."

Dear little Jimmy! I knew how he felt about Tod or any other poor devil that needed his human sympathy.

"Say, Billy," he continued, wiping his eyes, "Tod was a tough, a gambler, had killed two men; but——"

"But——"

"But he seemed to me to be just about what old Adam must have been before the serpent gave Eve that tip about the apple."

I saw Miss Winthrop drying her eyes stealthily. Generous souls are often affected thus by the primitive emotions of James Bliss, the soapman.

"And besides," I said, "Tod Livvins needed help."

"And besides," he repeated, quite simply, "Tod Livvins needed help. Well, I hunted up a doctor, a big bug in Paris, and between us we got Tod into a sanatorium. That was in November last year. I got Tod in, told him to be good, and I would gather him in in the spring. A God-forsaken place in Switzerland it was and I can't pronounce it. Then I came home for a while——"

"For the bliss of Bliss soap," said I.

"Just so," said Jimmy, "and you'd find it the best thing for those brushes of yours. And I had a big idea—at the club it was—some magazine lay open and there was that old tower in Florence."

"Giotto's tower," I remarked.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "Well, I asked a fellow about it and he said it was one of the wonders of the world, and that everybody knew it and loved it. He fairly drivelled over that tower. So I decided to scrub it. Scaffolds, you know, with Bliss *sapone* in big yellow letters."

"I can imagine," I said shuddering.

"*Sapone* is the Dago for soap," he volunteered.

"Ah," I said, "and is there no Italian for Bliss?"

"That's the trouble with these foreign gibberishes. No one can turn *O the bliss of Bliss soap!* into Dago or Parley-voo or Dutch and make it sound funny at all. *O the bliss of Bliss soap!*—now that's mighty funny in English."

"Highly humorous," I granted. Miss Winthrop's shoulders were shaking.

"Foreigners haven't any sense of humor," added Jimmy.

"None whatever," I admitted; "but tell me more about Tod Livvins. Was he cured?"

"He was."

"How?"

"Why they put him through a course of sprouts. He told me all about it. They hypnotized him. Made him look at a whirligig that glittered."

Jimmy illustrated most adequately with his hands in the sunlight.

"And once he was hypnotized they sat down and talked to him like a Dutch uncle. Told him what a high brow he was, all chuck full of noble what's-his-names. And how he hated liquor and cards and murder (Tod had told them the whole story, you see) and how he loved religion and art (Tod Livvins loving art!) and books and culture and all that."

"Did Tod believe it?"

"Not at first; but the more they hypnotized him the more he believed it. And he got so sensitive at last that if old Doc Schultz just frowned at him, or he saw a bright flash of light, why off he went into a sort of waking trance."

"Into a state of transcendental exaltation," I suggested.

"Likely," said Jimmy; "anyway, into something darned different from the old Tod. Think of it!"—and Jimmy exploded into his bubbling laugh—"they found out that he could sculp when he was a boy; and they jollied him into working at a stone-yard near by. It was there I found him, in among the grave-stones, dressed in a long white blouse, chipping away for dear life at the classiest little angel you ever saw. I bought it, unbeknown to Tod and had it shipped home. I might"—Jimmy gazed up at my Dante, leering under the flagrant hat—"I might give it to you to match His Nibs up there."

"You are straying from your story," said I hastily. "Tell me what happened next."

"Why, Doc Schultz said that Tod was all right, and I took him down to Florence."

"Florence!" I repeated, shutting my eyes; and the sweet old vision rose—Brunelleschi's magic dome, the shaft of shining pearl beside it, and the red tiles and tawny towers of the *quattrocento* against the long, living, olive slope that climbs to Fiesole.

Jimmy chased the vision away.

"Yes, Florence!" said he; "I got there on a Saturday, went straight to Cook's, hired an interpreter, and went with him be-

fore the Board of Aldermen in a building like a storage warehouse."

"The Palazzo Vecchio," I commented. "But did you *really* appear before the municipal council of Florence and through an interpreter from Cook's ask permission to scrub Giotto's tower with Bliss soap?"

"Sure!" cried Jimmy, "why not? I filed a long petition in Dago I'd brought over, all red seals and American angels, and I made 'em a straight business proposition."

"What did they say?" I asked in awestruck tones.

"I don't rightly know," he answered. "Some of 'em jibbered and jabbered and waved their hands. Some laughed. But all Mr. Interpreter would tell me was 'No! No! They say no!'"

I sank back in my chair. Miss Winthrop's shoulders were shaking again.

"Jimmy," I said at last, "I thought that Tod Livvins and not Bliss *sapone* was the theme of your story."

"I'm coming to Tod. You see, Billy, all that I've told you has really nothing to do with what happened afterwards."

"I understand, Jimmy. You have thus far been creating an artistic atmosphere, giving deft touches of local color, and so on."

"Likely," said that dear fellow; "anyway, the real story begins now.—Next day was Sunday, and Tod and I went out to do the town. Well, we found a corking old bridge, all covered with little shops except near the middle."

"The Ponte Vecchio."

"Yes— Well, Tod and I went to the centre of the bridge and stood there looking at the view. It was Some View!"

"Why," said I, surprised at this unwonted note of admiration, "I did not know that you cared for landscape."

"Didn't use to," he conceded; "but ever since I hit on *O the bliss of Bliss soap!* I've become darned observant. I study every hill and every house and try to think how they'd look with my motto on 'em— Colors too—I notice colors because I know just what colors make my motto stand out and sparkle."

"Yes," said I, "all the world knows that you are a past-master of that art."

Jimmy glowed at this appreciation.

"So I stood rubbering at the hills above Florence and thinking how a sign about three hundred foot long and fifty high with Bliss *sapone* on it would improve the landscape, when Tod called me over to the other side of the bridge.

"Look at this bust,' says Tod.—Maybe you've seen the bust?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is a likeness in bronze of Benvenuto Cellini."

"Yes; that sounds like it. Tod read out the name on the base and wondered whether he was a soldier or a boss politician. Tod had been noticing statues since he worked in that stone-yard."

"His dormant faculties had been awakened."

"Likely; but who was that chap?" asked Jimmy, with an interest that surprised me.

"A skilful goldsmith, who became a great sculptor. He was born in Florence— Miss Winthrop, when was Cellini born?"

Miss Winthrop is encyclopædic.

"In 1500, sir."

"Thank you. He was born eight years after the discovery of America. He lived a violent, swaggering, murderous, boastful life and left some exquisite masterpieces of metalwork.—An antithesis, that Cellini! He loved his craft and hated his fellow craftsmen. He was superstitiously religious and superlatively immoral, a very great artist and a very truculent black-guard. He wrote his own life, an egregious record, wherein he catalogues his extraordinary prayers, his foul assassinations, his jeers at other artists, his familiar talks with the great men of his time, and his unbounded admiration for his own genius. I'll lend you a translation of the book, if you like."

"No thanks," said Jimmy; "I'm no book-reader. Well, Tod and I looked at that statue. It's a big thing, you know; and he has a fierce sort of face, that fellow; and his forehead is wrinkled up—wrinkled *up*, you know, not *down*——"

"I know, Jimmy."

"——as if he was trying to think something out. And his eyes were staring over us at the hills, staring as if they didn't see them."

"Artistic introspection."

"Likely. Well, there we stood studying that bust, when Tod said in a sort of husky whisper, 'Jimmy, that's just the way old Doc Schultz used to glare at me.' And with that he gave a kind of snoring grunt—a horrid sound it was—and wobbled about and then straightened up like a soldier on parade."

"Auto-hypnosis," I diagnosed.

"Likely," said Jimmy; "but whatever it was it scared *me* all right. And then a look came into his face like—like he had won a big battle and heard his soldiers yelling—a look—I can't describe that look."

"You describe it perfectly, old man. What happened then?"

"Why, he grabbed my arm with his left hand. Gee!"—and Jimmy rubbed his right biceps sympathizingly—"and then he just said 'Come!' like he was speaking to a dog."

"Did you go?"

"You bet I went," answered Jimmy emphatically; "had to; for each time I balked or tried to steer him towards our hotel, he just tightened that big left hand of his. Gee; Billy! I went all right."

Jimmy caressed his arm again.

"Whither?"

"He led me back to the storage warehouse where I braced the aldermen. There he stopped. Well, Billy, there's a marble statue on the right-hand side of the front door of that old warehouse. Tod planted himself in front of that statue and began to laugh. Just rolled and shook and doubled up and stamped his feet. It wasn't a nice laugh; it was vicious, that's what it was, vicious and cruel. And as he kept his grip on my arm, I had to roll and shake and double up too."

Poor little Jimmy in his crocus waistcoat! I could see it all.

"He finished his laugh at last and then what do you think he said?"

"What did he say?"

"'Bandy old Nelly,' says Tod, 'Bandy old Nelly.' Now what did he mean by that? The statue's legs aren't bandy. They're as straight as mine."

Jimmy projected a chubby, illustrative leg, where shouting

checks tapered into violet hose and a shoe that glowed like a topaz.

"Perfect!" I said, in appreciation of Jimmy's standard of comparison.

"And," he went on, "you know that statue's name couldn't possibly be Nelly."

"True," I assented, "because it's a man, or rather two men. It is Hercules and Cacus. But, Jimmy, are you sure that Tod said 'Bandy old Nelly' and not 'Old bandy Nelly'?"

"Maybe he did; it's all the same."

"Not quite, for that statue was made by one Bandinelli, a very famous sculptor."

"Geel!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"The said Bandinelli's works were once highly admired, even by Michael Angelo himself; but it is now the artistic fashion to ridicule them."

"Michael Angelo," said Jimmy, "I've heard that name."

"I dare say. But the question is how Tod Livvins had heard the name of Bandinelli and knew enough to laugh at his statue."

I saw Miss Winthrop nod sharply; and Jimmy looked at me with a dazed face, his forehead (to quote his words) "wrinkled up, not down."

"Insolvable," I decided after a pause; "so go on, Jimmy."

"When he turned to go," he continued, "I thought I'd humor him; so I pointed with my free hand at a big bronze statue near by and said 'Let's look at that, Tod; it's a real corker.' He just glared right ahead and says growling, 'Not yet, fool; not yet.' And he walked on."

"And you with him?"

Jimmy nodded, touched his arm significantly and proceeded.

"Tod walked along in front of the warehouse till he came to a big fountain, all statues and bronze horses and squirts. There he stops, looks up at the biggest statue and says in a sort of religious voice (Tod's father was an old-fashioned shouting Methodist) very loud and deep, 'O ill-fated stone,' says Tod, 'hard indeed was thy lot in falling into the hands of bandy Nelly!'



but it is a hundred times worse now that thou art in those of"—and Tod mentioned a name like 'tomato.'"

"Ammanato?" I managed to gasp.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "that sounds like it."

"My God!" but this was only breathed deep in my own quivering soul.

I heard Miss Winthrop utter a faint exclamation and steadied my voice enough to ask,

"Anything difficult, Miss Winthrop?"

"I was rather frightened—I mean puzzled—by a line in Dante—these mysteries after death, you know——"

"Yes, indeed I know, Miss Winthrop," I assented, and then added in a tremulous whisper to that wonderful Jimmy, "She is very highly sensitive to literary emotions."

For Jimmy, I rapidly decided, must tell his tale unenlightened.

He nodded knowingly and glanced sympathetically at Miss Winthrop's back as if he too were subject to similar perturbations.

That young lady then did one of her opportune things. She rose quietly, went to the bookcase, selected a volume, fluttered its pages, and in half a minute handed it to me open at the right place. It was the *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*, that preposterous record of base passions and elegant (if one may still use that good word) art.

Then Jimmy, who had been silent during this interlude, had an idea.

"How did you know that Tod said that name?" he asked.

"I guessed it, because a sculptor named Ammanato made that statue. Go on, old man!"

"After this, Tod walked along the side of the warehouse. Then I balked, for our hotel lay in the other direction. 'Tod,' I says, 'you've mistaken the way.' He got purple in the face"—Jimmy fondled a reminiscent arm—"and said—what do you suppose he said next?"

"Tell me, Jimmy."

"He called me a fool again and said he could do nothing contrary to his own will. Then he talked a lot of tommyrot about the Pope, praising him up to the skies—and him a Metho-

dist! And he gave me a long song and dance about all the things he'd made for dukes and kings, standing there in the shadow of the warehouse. And he ended like this, 'Fool,' says he, 'such men as I are worthy of speaking to popes, emperors and mighty monarchs; there is perhaps but one such as I in the world, whereas there are dozens such as you, fool, to be met with in every corner.' What do you make out of that?"

"How very rhetorically he talked!"

"That's the queerest part of it," said Jimmy, "the way he talked,—all stiff newspaper sort of stuff, like a sermon or the Declaration of Independence. Generally Tod Livvins talks plain, ordinary United States like me and you."

Miss Winthrop's shoulders, I observed with annoyance, shook for some minutes after Jimmy's comparison.

"Proceed!" I said hastily.

"Well, he got through jawing at last and we moved on. There's a big church back from the warehouse and there we came out into the sunlight in a sort of square. Tod stopped short.

" 'Behold it,' says Tod, pointing at his shadow.

" 'Yes, Tod,' says I, scared half to death, 'that's only your shadow.'

" 'Fool,' says Tod—he hadn't any other name for me—'Fool,' says he, 'behold the resplendent, shining light over that shadow's head.'

"There wasn't any light there, of course," explained Jimmy, "but I told Tod that I saw a light of about sixty candle power."

" 'It shines brighter in Paris,' says Tod. 'God gave me that light after my heavenly vision in the Roman prison. O the wondrous ways of His providence toward me!' What do you think of that?"

"I am amazed and rather frightened," I said quite truthfully, glancing at a certain famous passage in the *Life of Benvenuto*.

"You've nothing to be frightened at," observed Jimmy; "but I was scared all right."

"Why didn't you call a policeman?" I asked, for the sake of saying something.

"A policeman!" he repeated scornfully, "Tod Livvins would have mopped the street with any ten of them. A policeman!—No; I thought it best to just jolly him along."

"Where did you jolly him along to next?"

"He led me to another storage warehouse right near——"

"The Bargello."

"Likely—and he rushed me through the door and across a court, all pillars and statues, and up stairs; and he turned here and there, banging me against carvings and armor and all kinds of truck, and stopped at last before a little greenish statue in a glass case.

"Behold it!" says Tod.

"Yes," says I, thinking to please him, "I see a shining light over its head."

"Fool," says he, "that is the wax model for my famous purses."

"Did not he say 'Perseus,' Jimmy?" I asked in a voice that sounded strange to myself; "I know that wax model."

"Maybe he did. He seemed awfully stuck on it, anyway. Then he went to another case.

"Behold it! The bronze model for my famous Perseus," says he."

My mind was reeling as the unconscious Jimmy heaped proof on proof; and I glanced anxiously at Miss Winthrop.

"Excuse me, Jimmy," I interrupted.

Miss Winthrop had her left hand on her heart; and she must not break down now. With my back turned to Jimmy I poured a liqueur glass of Benedictine and placed it on her desk. The potent cordial, she told me afterwards, saved the rest of the story. God bless the monastic orders!

"What next, old man?"

"Well, Tod hurried me down stairs again to a smallish room full of statues. And there he did the queerest thing of all. I told you he was a shouting Methodist, as a kid. Well, there's a picture there in stone of the Virgin Mary——"

"There is indeed!" said I.

"Well, Tod, he went up to that picture and he began to cry, sobbed and sobbed like a great baby.

" 'O the divine Michael Angelo!' says Tod. 'O the divine Michael Angelo!'

"That's how I heard his name," added Jimmy, drying his eyes again.

"Yes," I succeeded in saying, "that relief is by him."

"Well," continued Jimmy, "when Tod had done crying he let go my arm. And he crossed himself like a Catholic and knelt on the floor and prayed. Prayed and prayed and crossed himself. What do you make of that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I was speechless.

"Nor I," said Jimmy. "Then he grabbed my arm again and dashed off like mad. Sprinted out of the door, down the street and back to that fountain. There I just dropped, what with scare and want of breath and a stitch in my side. Tod lifted me with his left hand like that"—Jimmy illustrated with an empty tumbler that stood on the stable by him—"and set me on my pins.

" 'Fool,' says he, as usual, 'unless you do my bidding I shall kill you; shoot you as I shot the post-master; stab you as I stabbed the slayer of my brother and that vile creature——' and Tod mentioned a name that I've forgotten."

Had it been the right moment I could have prompted Jimmy.

"Tod never had a brother," added Jimmy; "and why didn't he mention Blood Hapworthy?"

I could only shake my head.

"Nor I," said he. "And all the time Tod was speaking his right hand was fiddling about the front of his vest, first on one side, then on the other, like he was feeling for something."

"Did Tod carry a pistol?"

"Always; but he didn't reach for that. What was he after?"

I knew, but it was better that Jimmy should not. Benvenuto's sword and dagger flash through his whole biography. So I simply pursed my lips.

"Nor I," assented Jimmy. "Well, the square had little knots of people all about, like they were gossiping, and so Tod spoke kind of low while we were there. He dragged me over to the big bronze statue I'd noticed before."

"His Perseus!—I mean the Perseus, Jimmy."

"Yes; and he waved his hand toward it like a stump speaker and said very solemn 'Behold it, my Perseus!'—and then he began to talk like a steam engine, but very low and all of a quiver. He told me how he made that little wax model and how he cast the naked lady that Perseus has his foot on——"

"The Medusa."

"And how he made his mould and furnace for the Perseus and built a big fire. And how he stoked that fire till he got a raging fever and went to bed yelling that he was dying. And how he heard that things were going wrong and jumped out of bed and kicked everyone in sight, women and all. Now, Tod wouldn't do a thing like that."

"No?"

"Not on your life! And how he stoked again, mad with fever, and stoked and stoked, and melted his bronze and all his kitchen dishes. Crazy as a loon, wasn't he?"

I was non-committal. It is an epic picture, that red casting of the Perseus!

"And how at last the statue came out of the mould and how the duke and all Florence went wild over it, and made corking poems about it in Latin and Greek. And then Tod, sobbing again, said a prayer before it and sang a devil of a long hymn, but all low and gentle. Poor old Tod!"

"Poor old Tod!" I agreed. There may have been tears in my eyes too. Jimmy's were overflowing.

"Then he stopped singing," he went on, "and crossed over to that Bandy Nelly fellow. He acted like he had saved him for the last. Funny? you just ought to have heard Tod on that statue! He said——"

"Wait, Jimmy; I infer from what you just said that your story is nearly told."

"Very nearly."

On hearing this I decided to give Jimmy a hint. His emotions should be led from light to light into the glare of revelation. Also, I got the whisky.

"Jimmy," I said, "I wager I can tell you just what Tod said about that statue."

Jimmy's brow expressed a climax of groping wonder.

I opened my Cellini and translated thus:

"The ingenious school of Florence declares what follows: if the hair of the Hercules were shaved off there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains. With regard to his face, it is hard——"

"Hold on!" cried Jimmy; "I'm scared. What are you reading?"

"The Life of Benvenuto Cellini."

"Gee!"

"The sculptor that made the Perseus."

"Lord!"

"Let me read you some more. For instance: 'The small of Hercules' back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers.'"

"Tod said that too," faltered Jimmy.

Indeed he looked so perturbed that I feared for the end of the story. So I said carelessly,

"But perhaps it all explains itself. Proceed!"

"There's not much more. When Tod got through guying the statue, he went back to the Perseus——"

"What then?"

"You say that Cellini made that thing?"

"Yes; but fire away!"

"And the little green wax thing?"

"Even so!—but end your story, old fellow—Tod went back to the Perseus?"

"Yes; and he began to sing that solemn hymn again. And then, still singing, he led me back the way we came to the old bridge."

"Still gripping you?"

"Yes; but not nearly so hard.—And we got back to the bronze bust— Gee, Billy!—Cellini too!——"

"Finish, Jimmy, finish!"

"And Tod looked up at it with a sort of baby smile——"

"What then?" For Jimmy was battling with whirling thoughts.

"Why he just let go my arm and said quite natural, 'Damned

fine old face that. I wonder who the hell he was.'—That's all. For God's sake, what does it mean?"

Miss Winthrop, without awaiting my judgment, rose nervously and put on her hat. She hurt herself twice with her hat-pins in the process.

"Is the Dante copied, Miss Winthrop?"

"Yes, sir; and I want my tea." And Miss Winthrop, very gently, as one who leaves a church, closed the door.

"For God's sake, Billy——"

I held up a temporizing hand (alas! that I must needs speak at all) while Jimmy, his round face twitching a little, watched me anxiously. . . .

"You have heard," I said at last, "of a haunted house, an old empty house, a husk or shell of life, where wicked things were done and the dead moved or seemed to move, shadow-like?"

Jimmy looked at me wildly; and I saw that the truth (was it indeed the truth?) was growing in his mind. His face flushed, the sweat beaded on his brow, and he wiped it off with a quivering hand. Then he grew very white and I deemed it time to relax the tension on us both.

"Jimmy," I said, and my voice despite me shook and broke, "my dear old friend, you need that whisky now,—the brand I keep for him who, greater than Dante, has walked and talked with the mighty dead, and has come back,—has come back to tell the tale. Don't you think so?"

"Likely," said Jimmy, sobbing.

## A STREET CRY

ARTHUR KETCHUM

**O** NOW the heavenly daffodils  
    Their yellow lamps have lit;  
    And vendors take the golden spoil,  
The streets are bright with it:  
And baskets brimmed as they can hold  
    Are precious with the April gold.

Here's daffodils! I hear them cry  
    Along the noisy way;  
There's winter in the air and sky,  
    The city streets are grey;  
But like a hope and prophecy,  
    The yellow flowers flame for me.

Here's daffodils! O, somewhere now  
    The earliest dreams awake;  
Dim stirrings vex the sleeping bough  
    For unborn April's sake;  
And gardens patient in the snow  
    The thrill of tender promise know.

And weary folk that waited long  
    Look up and hope again.  
In the dumb spaces like a song  
    The old cry echoes plain;  
New wine the empty chalice fills,  
    And for a sign—here's daffodils!



## THE APPLES OF HESPERIDES, KANSAS

JOHN OSKISON

A COOL, racing wind brought to their ears the sound of the locomotive's whistle. It came to them across ten miles of level prairie, a thin, faint blast. It was the supper call to the graders and track-layers who were pushing the newest railroad across the short grass country of southwestern Kansas. Darkness was closing down over the wide plain.

Mrs. Marvin met her son at the gate of the feed-lot, held it open as he rode in, and followed him to the door of the tiny stable. Dick dismounted, hauled the saddle from his horse, rubbed the sweat marks from its back, and turned it loose to roll luxuriously in the dust.

"Well, mother," the young man smiled and put his arm across her shoulders, "I found out there's plenty of water left for the cattle in Plum Creek. There's one hole I don't think'll ever go dry."

"Whereabouts is it, Dick?"

"Just where the railroad's going to cross—I reckon maybe they're aiming to put in a water tank there." Dick went to feed his horse, and Mrs. Marvin returned to the cabin to fix the supper table.

Five years before, when the boy was a hollow-chested youth of eighteen, they had come from Chicago to the high plains—Richard's doctor had sent them. In that time, the flush had died out of the young man's cheeks and he had padded with solid flesh a consumptive's gaunt frame.

"Dick is getting well, praise the Lord!" It was Mrs. Marvin's daily prayer of thankfulness. Three years ago, she had first uttered it, exultantly—and then she had planned to go back to Chicago. But now the plan was vague, easy for her to put aside. The spell of the wide plain was upon her; she had become a pioneer mother. Dick's little herd of cattle and her own uncertain patch of garden had become important enterprises.

But as she grew more contented, Dick complained oftener of monotony. "No!" he denied, when his mother asked him if it was Chicago he pined for. "It ain't a city I want—maybe it's just people and stir. I'd like to know myself what makes me restless." It was manhood crowding youth in the lusty frame of twenty-three; Mrs. Marvin could have told Dick that, but it would have seemed vague to him.

Beside a window which let in the soft after-sunset light—a window which rattled all day under the assault of the steady wind—the two ate their supper. For a time, the wind died, and the peace of the prairies fell upon them.

From a tin pie-plate, Dick lifted a quarter of a fresh-baked pie made of dried apples. He held it in his two hands and measured with his eyes on the crisp, firm crust the boundaries of his first bite.

"Dick, won't you ever learn to eat pie like a white man?"

"Gee, mother, I never could insult one of your pies by introducing it to a little old three-tined fork!" They both laughed, and Dick's strong teeth closed upon the pie. He finished the quarter, and hesitated.

"One more piece, Dick!"

"Oh, sho! I'll see my grandmother if I do—I'll be dodging apples all night long. Say, mother, isn't this the time of year when they're picking them back yonder? Seems to me about now you can get 'em fresh and juicy from the stands in Chicago."

"October—yes. In New York State, they're lying in wind-rows between the trees."

"Smooth and juicy, eh, mother?"

"Yes—red and yellow, and you can smell 'em half a mile away!"

"And they feed 'em to the pigs, sometimes, don't they, mother?"

"They used to, when I was a girl—people didn't seem to care very much for apples."

"Gee!" Dick rose and went outside, whistling an unquiet little tune. Mrs. Marvin cleared away the dishes, washed them, and, with a shawl across her shoulders, came out to join

her son on the tiny south porch. A young moon was making luminous the west, and far away somewhere in its track a coyote barked. Dick smoked, and his mother sat very quietly with her hands folded in her lap.

"How's the grub holding out, mother?" Dick asked after a time.

"We're all right for ten days."

"Bacon, flour, rice, potatoes, sugar, coffee—and dried fruit?"

"Yes—oh, Dick, why did you bring it into my mind again! Seems to me I just *must* have a fresh apple to eat."

"Now that you mention it, mother, it sure does sound good. Say, I wonder if a fellow couldn't get some over at the railroad?"

"Can you get away, Dick? I believe I'd rather have a bushel of good juicy apples right now than anything else I can think of."

"I'll ride over to-morrow, mother . . . Come inside now, it's getting cold out here." The wind had risen again to a steady blast.

"Isn't it lovely, Dick!" Before she went in, Mrs. Marvin stood at the edge of the narrow porch to let the starshine and the faint moonlight beat upon her face.

"I wish there were trees out there," Dick answered irrelevantly.

Next day, Dick Marvin rode to the railroad, a grain bag tied around his saddle horn. He rode past the construction camp, and stopped for a time to watch men with stout plows furrow the raw prairie; he joked with other men who, with wheeled scrapers, were piling the dirt in ridges, and shouted greetings to the track-layers who were putting down on the packed earth-ridge black, creosoted cross-ties and spiking new rails; he rode close to the dingy work-train, where the locomotive's stack was sending up lazy puffs of smoke, and a thin blue ribbon from the cook car's stovepipe rose into the clear air. Whistling cheerfully, Dick rode on. A mile beyond the end of the line, the newest town rose out of the prairie—a switch, a station shack, a group of tents where the construction gang slept,

and a combined store and eating-house. This last was the biggest thing in town, its dashboard front standing up fifteen feet from the road and spreading twelve feet on either side of the wide doorway. Across the top of this façade was painted the sign:

"MARLOW'S GENERAL STORE AND GEM RESTAURANT."

Behind it stretched sixty feet of barn-like interior. Sagging and unpainted board shelves stretched down both sides for forty feet, then gave way, on one side, to a lunch counter. Back from the counter were two tables, each seating ten. The kitchen was a corner, boarded off from the big room by partitions which reached for but never quite attained the ceiling. Marbled oil-cloth covered the lunch counter, but on the two tables were fringed and red-and-white checkered cloths, with a glass jar of wooden toothpicks occupying the mathematical centre of each.

It was mid-morning when Dick Marvin dropped the reins of his horse's bridle in front of Marlow's and went inside.

A girl—buxom, yellow-haired, blue-eyed—had watched him from her post inside one of the big windows. She was Marlow's assistant, from Kansas City; he had brought her from a department store where she had grown weary of using her eyes on the pale young hunters of the streets. She was twenty-six, ripe and sophisticated; and she had no doubt whatever of her motive for coming. It was certainly not for the ten dollars a week which Marlow offered—and might be able to pay. For the first time, in the two weeks she had watched by Marlow's front window, she thrilled at the sight of a man riding; Dick sat his horse with joyous grace. She smoothed her skirt over her hips, put her hands up to be sure of the fluff in her hair, and turned to the shelves.

"Howdy!" greeted Dick. She turned suddenly from the work at which her fingers had been busy. Plainly, she was startled—in the planned moment of recovery, she could size him up at close range.

"He'll more than do!" was her verdict. She saw a strong, young, brown face, white, even teeth, and a powerful body which was carried with elastic ease.

"You ought to knock on a lady's door before you come in!"

"I'm after apples," announced Dick; her blonde beauty struck upon him with a pleasant shock.

"Pippins, or jest plain Ben Davises?" The girl laughed, showing her own strong, white teeth. She lifted her eyes to Dick's, and the rounded, creamy-white throat rising above a plain, collarless waist struck on his senses like a blow in the face from a man's hand. In the past five years, he had forgotten the girl's type. The women of the ranches were high-collared, long-sleeved, and self-effacing.

"Oh!" Dick recovered, "I'm open to argument. Which kind do you recommend?"

"Honest, stranger," she answered demurely, "there ain't an apple in town."

"Geel! I haven't tasted a fresh apple for so long I expect I wouldn't know how to bite into one." They both laughed.

"Marlow went in to Delos yesterday, and he's coming back to-day—maybe he'll have sense enough to bring back some apples."

"When does the train from Delos get in?"

"It ain't got any schedule—'most any time from one to five."

"You reckon if I rode on to Cyprus I could get any?"

"I'm sure I don't know." She turned her back and raised her half-bared arms to the shelves again. They were round and creamy-white, dimpled at the elbows.

"How far do you call it to Cyprus?" She finished her task of putting a row of canned goods in perfect alignment before she turned and answered:

"About half as far as it is to Athens. Would you like to ask me anything else?"

"Yes—two more questions. Where's that smile of yours gone? and who names the towns on this road?"

Question one was answered instantly, in a flood of color which rose to the girl's cheeks and a burst of laughter a little too loud.

"I sh'd say they've hired the man that names the Pullman cars." Dick moved aside a plug tobacco slicer to make room

for himself on the rough board counter. Seated comfortably, he went on:

"Now, take this town. Who in the world ever thought Hesperides was the proper name for it?" Dick accented the first syllable of the name, and divided it after the r.

"Well, why not, Mr. Man?"

"My name is Marvin—Richard Marvin, or Dick generally—if you ever want to use it."

"Thanks; I might. I'm Clara Cullom."

"What's the name of that town the other side of Athens?"

"Geronimo. Marlow told me it was named by an old Indian trader."

"Some sense in that name. But Hesperides—" Dick laughed.

"Most people call it Hesper and let it go at that."

Until twelve o'clock, Dick Marvin kept his seat on the counter. Three horsemen, and one rancher with his wife, in a rattling wagon, came to buy—staples for nailing up wire fences, canned goods, flour, blue overalls, dried peaches, sugar, bananas, cheese, crackers, molasses, and striped stick candy. Clara Cullom served them swiftly, courteously, with never a softening of the serene contour of her face. It was her acknowledgment to Dick Marvin that to-day was his. And to-morrow? The blood was racing through his veins, scattering his self-control as the wind outside drove the tumble-weed pell-mell across the plain.

At twelve a negro woman came out of the partitioned kitchen to ring a big hand-bell. From the steps of a side door, she shook the bell violently, then hurried back. In five minutes, one table was surrounded by hungry men; at the other, the ranchman and his wife were eating fried chicken and conversing stiffly with the station agent. A negro man, some half-grown boys, and a grader from the construction camp occupied the stools before the lunch counter.

Dick was about to slide from his seat on the counter and go to join the three at the table, when he felt the girl's hand on his arm. She leaned close and said:

"They'll all be finished eatin' and gone in half an hour, and then I'll have *my* dinner." Dick rose.

"I reckon I'll go out and see if I can't rustle some feed for my horse—be sure you save some of that fried chicken for me."

"Mammy Thomas'll look after *us* all right, Mr. Marvin. Half an hour—don't be any longer." Dazzling, and utterly confidential was the smile which ushered him out. To kill time, Dick rode to the construction camp, where the hungry crew sat in irregular groups about the cook car, and where the mules, released for an hour from the work of dragging the loaded scrapers up hill and outracing them as they came clattering down, empty, jerked feed-bags from side to side in rhythm with their round, well-sheared tails. Every mouth, of mules and men, was busy with food. A great, out-of-doors hunger was being satisfied. With a boiled potato, peeled and buttered, poised on his fork, the foreman invited Dick to dismount and eat.

"Git you a plate from the cook car and go to it, friend."

"It looks good, all right, but I got a date to eat up at the store at half past twelve," Dick refused. "You boys are sure pushing things along out here."

"Uh-huh," agreed the foreman thickly, as he swallowed the potato, "our boss gits paid by the mile."

"Are you aiming to put in a water tank at Plum Creek?"

"Well, *we* ain't aimin' to do the work, but I guess a tank will go up there just the same. I did hear some talk, though, about puttin' in a pumpin' plant at the creek an' forcin' the water back to Hesper—that would save a stop, you see." The foreman took up a quarter of an apple pie and stopped the conversation. His mother's affectionate protest, "Will you never learn to eat pie like a white man!" came to Dick's mind as he watched the foreman shove the pie into his face until his thumbs and forefingers struck his teeth. "Well, so long!" He turned his horse and galloped back to Marlow's.

Mammy Thomas spread a fresh white tablecloth for the two; the fried chicken she served them was sizzling hot; the round, light biscuits were fresh from the oven; the baked potatoes broke mealy and turned to delicate gold at the touch of the fresh butter; fresh and fragrant was the coffee. After the chicken, an omelet—light as sea foam and deliciously flavored.

And with the second cup of coffee came the apple pie. Dick broke out enthusiastically at sight of it:

"Excuse me, Miss Cullom, but I simply can't—" An instinct made him stop, and, instead of repeating the familiar tribute beloved of his mother, he finished inadequately, "I sure can't help admiring such a cook as you've got here." He ate the pie with the help of the conventional fork, patiently. Clara Cullom ate joyously, with the appreciative discrimination of the clear-skinned, eupeptic human animal.

"I wish *I* could cook like Mammy," she said. "If you got a good appetite and ain't afraid of gettin' fat, I don't know many things that gives you more pleasure than eating. But I've et some fierce meals in my time. Never again, though, if I can help it; and if I was a good cook I'd come pretty close to guaranteeing good eating the rest of the way."

The first effect of this confession on Dick Marvin was depressing, but after pondering it a minute he laughed and recalled the ironical old rhyme:

"Sugar and spice  
And all that's nice—  
That's what little girls are made of."

"This one is, anyway," he reflected, smiling. Firm flesh, built of solid food, exercise and sound sleep—that's what this blonde girl was made of. It was a new thought to Dick, and one which held allurements. He could picture her meeting the physical strains which men habitually endure—the all-day rides on a round-up, the unbroken twenty-four hour labors of wrecking crews repairing a wash-out—and recovering normally after a good meal and twelve hours of sleep. The blood in her full lips and under the skin of her rounded cheeks ran rich and red.

Mammy Thomas, with many an "Excuse me, Honey," mumbled into the ears of both, cleared the table, put back the white and red checkered cloth, moved the jar of toothpicks conveniently near, and returned to the kitchen.

"Have a toothpick!" They both spoke at once, and their hands moved toward the jar at the same time. Neither hand



reached its destination; instead, with a swift, eager clutch, the firm white hand met the brown. After what seemed a lifetime of exquisite thrill, Dick heard the girl saying, a bit shakily, "A toothbrush suits me better." White hand and brown clung joyously—the girl spoke again.

"Don't tell me, Dick, you keep your teeth clean with chewin' tobacco!" He shook his head. "Seems to me," she went on, "every unmarried man in this county buys chewin' tobacco just for that purpose."

For a long time the two sat, their hands locked across the corner of the table. From talk, they dropped to whispers, and then to that most eloquent language of new lovers—the straight eye to eye messages which none of us have ever learned to put into words. In the boarded-off kitchen, Mammy's dish-washing clatter died out, and the insistent g-r-r-r! of the coffee-grinding machine began. Mammy Thomas, at any rate, knew that time was passing and that supper would have to be prepared and served.

Up from the construction camp, the work train came backing. At the station, it stopped, and the conductor walked hurriedly across to the store. The girl saw him before he entered, and, with a last pressure of Dick's hand and a swift brushing of his hair with her lips, went forward to wait upon him.

"Howdy, Miss Cullom," the conductor greeted her, then exclaimed, "My soul; you're lookin' fine!"

"It's because I'm happy—my grandfather's just died and left me a farm." He laughed.

"Gimme somethin' good to eat—we got to pull right out to Delos without waitin' fer supper."

"Taking the work train in?"

"No, only the engine and caboose—Joe and Henry are cuttin' off now on the switch."

"I got a notion to ride in with you," she offered, and glanced back toward Dick, who was still sitting at the table.

"Sure! Why not," urged the conductor. "Don't *he* want to go to Delos for anythin'?" The conductor grinned and jerked his thumb toward Dick.

"Yes; he wants some fresh apples." The girl laughed her full, rich laugh.

"Well, we'll be startin' in ten minutes—I'll be back for that canned stuff." As he went out, Dick came up to the front of the store, vaulted the counter, and put his hands on the girl's shoulders. There rose in her cheeks a crimson tide, and over her blue eyes dropped a misty veil of desire.

"Oh, Dick!" she breathed, standing quietly.

"Didn't that man say he was pulling out for Delos in ten minutes?" he demanded.

"Yes," her eyes dropped. "Dick, what do you mean?"

"Will he take *us*?" The question was whispered fiercely.

"Oh, what are you saying! Why, I don't know you, don't——"

"Good God! you know enough, girl—I want you!" He shook her savagely, and she put her hands timidly up to his face. "We're going on that train—do you want to take anything, pack anything?"

"No—yes, I must get a hat, and—but, Dick, what do you mean?"

"Mean? I can't mean more than one thing. You're going to marry me as soon after we get to Delos as we can rout a preacher out of bed. Now, you get what you need, and we'll hike for that caboose. . . Oh, girl!" his young boy's voice softened, "this is love—you have put a big fire into me, the kind I thought I'd never feel . . . When do you reckon we get to Delos?"

"I don't know, Dick," the girl answered quietly, and slid her hands under Dick's coat-collar and about his neck. She drew him close and kissed his sun-browned cheek.

"Dick, you're my kind,—big brown lover!" She whispered it fiercely.

Coming back for the food, the conductor gave ample warning with his loud whistling; he was met by a rebuke:

"Scotty, you didn't tell me what you wanted—now, you just collect whatever it is off the shelves, while I go pack a valise. I'm going with you; and, oh! this is Mr. Marvin; Mr. Marvin, shake hands with Mr. Scott. Say, Scotty, Mr. Marvin says

he's going to Delos, too, so you pick out enough for all of us." She went back to see Mammy Thomas, and as she came out of the kitchen the negro woman protested:

"Honey, that's a mighty nice man, and I sorter hates to see you make a fool out o' him."

"Mammy, here's God's truth," the girl cried passionately, "I'd marry that man if I could. But you know the trouble I'd get into if I did—Jake would sure find it out; damn him, why won't he ever get a divorce!"

Across the forty miles of level plain, as the sun slid down the clear blue of the West, turned it to grey, and, after sinking behind the even rim of the prairie, to a dancing, violent pink, the engine raced with its tender in front. The caboose was attached to the cowcatcher—the effect was like that of a terrier hauling frenziedly at a rabbit he had just dragged from its hole. Scott went to ride with Joe, the engineer, and Henry, the fireman, taking food for the three with him.

Under one of the little square windows of the rocking caboose, Dick Marvin sat on the rough-cushioned bench which ran the length of the car. Clara Cullom crowded close to him, and the two watched daytime turn to nighttime and all the light fade from the prairies. At Athens, they went on a switch, and the mixed train out from Delos passed them. Clara saw Marlow, dusty and occupied with the Sunday issue of a Denver newspaper, sitting on what had been the sunny side of the one passenger coach the train carried. "Stupid! Just like him," she muttered. There were two closed box-cars in the train—as they were flung past, an odor pungent and exquisite came into the caboose.

"There's your apples, Dick—want to get off and follow 'em back?" The girl laughed happily, and, twisting her head, offered her red lips for the man's kiss.

"Oh, apples," Dick babbled, "I believe you're right. But I'm holding tight to the best pippin a man ever tasted."

"Holding tight is just what you're doing, Dick, lover; you're killing me, you bear—but I like it," she giggled.

An hour before the engine and caboose crept over the temporary wooden trestle-bridge across the wide, dry river and

stopped at the station, lights had appeared to draw the eye to the spots of denser black where the scattered ranch houses dotted the level plain. For Dick, that two hours' flight, holding in his arms the throbbing, responsive form of the girl, became a literal, deep intoxication. They got down from the caboose dazedly. Clara was carrying a roughly-tied parcel—their untouched share of the supper. She showed it to Dick and laughed.

"Ain't we the sillies!"

"Ain't we!" Dick rubbed his hand across his eyes. "Say, let's ask Scott about a preacher." But the conductor had disappeared, and the engine was clattering away to the yards. Before them stood the pretentious Harvard-brick hotel and eating house which had been built for the convenience of the great transcontinental road's patrons. In the centre of a tiny plaza, between the tracks and the hotel, a fountain played, and a patch of vivid green grass was bordered by flaming salvia.

"Ain't that lovely!" sighed Clara, pressing close to Dick. "Say, Dick, lover, I'm hungry!"

"Why, sure—so am I—you poor thing! Come on in and let's eat. I reckon we can get that preacher after supper."

At the door, a young Indian boy, in uniform, took the satchel from Dick and led the way to a desk.

"Yes, we'll want a room," the girl answered the clerk's query—"away from the tracks—my husband can't sleep on the noisy side."

Dick signed the register, breathing, "it will soon be true, anyway," when he wrote, "and wife."

They ate supper at a tiny table screened by palms, laid with smooth, rich linen and heavy silver, and lighted by a mellow, shaded electric candle. Noiseless and perfect service, excellent food, cooked to please the finicky palates of jaded transcontinental travellers, a feeling of long-established intimacy between them made the meal a dream-feast to Dick.

"Did you notice the little balcony off our room, Dick—we'll sit out there while you smoke. There's a lovely moon!"

"But—" Dick was finding it hard to remember the preacher.

"Let me pick out a cigar for you, big man. I'll bet I know

the kind you like." She chose three, with discrimination, and Dick paid half a dollar for them.

Out on the little balcony, with the young moon shining on their faces, with the lights and noise of Delos pleasantly remote, and with the girl in his arms, the cobweb chains of enchantment held them motionless for a long time. Dick flipped his half-smoked cigar over the railing and buried his face in the girl's thick, yellow hair, orris-scented. After a while, a waitress, free for the evening, passed under the balcony on her way to the town—she sang as she went,

"Darling, I am growing old——"

Dick heard, laughed, and set the girl down from his knee.

"Come on, girl—my goodness! I'd sure hate to wake a preacher out of sound sleep. Cover up that wonderful gold hair of yours with a hat and follow little Richard." He turned to go back into the room.

But Clara was at the door ahead of him, barring his way. To stop him, she put up her arms and locked them about his neck; Dick saw that she was weeping—her tears moistened his cheek while she whispered, vehemently, in his ear:

"Dick, we can't! Oh! I had ought to have told you—I'm sorry, now, I didn't. Don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

"Why, sure I won't leave you, Gold-Hair! What's your trouble?"

"We can't be married, Dick—I've got a man somewhere."

"You're married already!" Dick's hands dropped to his sides, but the girl clung close to him and wept, wetting his cheek with her tears. "Good God!" For a long time she clung, saying nothing, weeping hysterically. "Why—why—" Dick spoke again with an effort—"stop crying, girl—it hurts me." His fingers came up to caress the thick, yellow hair. Clara released her grip, turned to put her white, plump forearms against the door-jamb as a cushion for her forehead, and began to speak brokenly, through her tears:

"Yes, go and leave me, Dick—it's best—Oh, my God—I was just a kid when I married Jake—I didn't know what I wanted, and he was a big brute—but you don't know—and I

thought—Oh! my God, I don't know *what* I thought— But, Dick, you made me crazy—I did want you; and I still want you—more than anything in Christ's world— Leave me, Dick! ” The man did not stir, and Clara knew that she had won. She became quiet, a figure of sorrow in the pale moonlight. Dick came up and turned her to face him.

“ Gold-Hair, you're mine! Don't you cry any more—I'm going to telephone that young Indian bell-hop to bring up some ice water.” He crushed her in a fierce embrace, laughed, and went into the room.

Two hundred miles to the east, in a fat, drowsy town of eastern Kansas, Jake Thompson, competent mechanic, was at work in the railroad repair shops. A hustling, spectacled foreman came into the shops, stopping for a moment at this bench and that. He came and touched Jake's elbow.

“ You get ready to go out with me to Delos on number four—we got a pumping plant to install on that branch road, and I need good, sober men. You can go all right, can't you? Got a wife and kids, eh? ”

“ Free as air,” said Jake, and turned back to his work. That night, as the pump-erecting crew in the chair car were speeding to Delos, two of Jake's friends gossiped:

“ Say,” inquired one, “ what you reckon Jake'll do when he sees Clara and that young ranger at Delos? ” For more than a week, the man's friends had known that Jake's yellow-haired wife was living in Delos with a man from the short-grass country—it was common gossip among the train-men on the division, and it flowed into the repair shops as naturally as Hertzian waves agitate the antennæ of a wireless station.

“ Huh! I bet you he knows already.”

“ Jake ain't no man fer a gun-play.”

“ Over that woman of his! You're sure right about that.”

“ She was in a store at Kay See when Jake got her—and back she went when Jake dropped her. Say, the store girls is sure the stuff! How many men you reckon she's throwed her spell over since Jake quit her? ” The conversation trailed off

into a region of vague, murky surmises. Four seats ahead, Jake slept peacefully.

In ten days, Dick's bank account at Dodge had suffered—and Clara's wardrobe was richer by every bit of feminine gear which had taken her fancy. She was proud of her clothes, vain of her full-blown beauty. And Dick, uniformed for the streets from Delos's biggest store, was a man she could parade proudly. Early in the morning, just before number four, from the east, pulled in, they had acquired the habit of coming down to breakfast—Clara liked to show herself, fresh-bathed and spotless of dress, among the jaded women from the sleeping cars.

Jake Thompson had finished his lunch-counter breakfast of ham and eggs, wheat cakes, syrup, and coffee. He was sitting on the edge of the hotel porch, chewing a toothpick and waiting for the mixed train out to Hesperides. Clara led Dick plump into him before she knew anyone was sitting there.

"Hello, Clara!" Jake greeted her without embarrassment. She turned as if to go back, then stopped, flustered and uncertain. Dick had stopped, and was watching the man chew his toothpick unhurriedly.

"Who's—" Dick began pleasantly, and old habit conquered Clara.

"Jake," she stammered, "shake hands with Mr. Marvin. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Thompson."

"I don't reckon I'll shake hands with him, Clara," Jake observed quietly, "I'm kind of particular about who I touch." His words cut her, like a lash across the face.

"Say, you big boob!" Clara broke out, "don't you make any passes like that around here; Dick, here, is the kind of a man to whirl you round his head and beat your brains out against the door-jamb for talk like that. What the hell you doin' round here, anyway! I thought I'd seen the last of you." Clara was caught up in a whirlwind of reproaches, hysterical curses, and angry sobs. Passengers strolling back to the Pullman from the dining-room stopped to stare frankly. "Gee!" exclaimed one youth delightedly, "it's real old meelo-drammer, straight from Third Avenue."

A grin froze on Dick's face, then settled into faint grey

lines which spelled nothing suggesting humor. Something that tore and throbbed crept under his skin, rising from spine to scalp, damming the blood-currents and paralyzing thought and speech. Clara's curses, her frenzy of anger, the whole grotesquely coarse outburst seemed a sudden, horrible illusion. He drew his hand across his eyes to drive away the vision, but it persisted. After what seemed a long time, he was astonished to feel Clara's hand on his arm, to hear her angry voice close to his ear saying:

"Kill the ——, Dick! He's laughing at me." Dick shook himself and turned his grey, set face to the girl.

"Didn't you hear Mr. Thompson say he was particular about people? Maybe he wouldn't like me to touch him—I couldn't blame him." The exquisite humor of Dick's speech, born out of a stiffening agony of self-reproach, was lost on Clara. She screamed an epithet at the two men, and ran into the hotel.

"Gee!" muttered the youth from the Pullman, "wouldn't that curl your hair!" He referred particularly to the word which Clara had flung into the faces of the two men.

After a little while, Dick addressed the man sitting on the edge of the porch, still chewing evenly at the toothpick:

"Maybe you and I'd better have a talk." He spoke mildly, courteously.

"Go ahead, I'm listenin'—only make it short, fer I got to catch a train out to Hesper' in a few minutes."

"Oh!" Dick took off his hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "'Hesper'—you mean Hesperides?"

"Uh-huh," the man agreed.

"I—I came from out that way." It was as if he had been asleep a long time and the waking was difficult. The world he had left was coming back into being.

"That country any good?" queried the man perfunctorily.

"How's that?" Dick was recalling it better, now. "I live ten miles south-west of Hesperides, and I rode my horse in to get a sack of apples for my mother." He paused and searched his mind again. "Say, I'm going out on that train, too—you wait for me."



"They ain't no law agin it that I know of," was the man's stolid comment.

Clara came downstairs and out of the door, a bag in either hand. She put down the bags—shining new and bulging—and came up close to Dick. Her cheeks were aflame with anger, and she spoke rapidly, with brutal scorn, utterly unmindful of the curious passengers:

"Say, you good little boy! I'm through with you—and damn glad of it. You've made me tired, see! and I won't stand for it. A boob and a mammy's boy! Ain't there no *men* left in the world?"

Watch in hand, the conductor of number four began calling, "All aboard!" His hand was lifted as a signal to his engineer.

"Wait!" screamed Clara, and ran toward the train. A negro porter took her bags, and the last of her that Dick saw, as he stared dazedly, was the flutter of a violet silk petticoat as Clara flung herself up the steps of a Pullman.

The mixed train to Hesperides was coming to a stop, and Jake Thompson was tacking on a moral to the story of his courtship and marriage:

"Clara's wild an' full of life—maybe sober, steady-goin' men *do* make her tired, like she said. I reckon she don't belong in this slow, dog-trottin' age—anyway, such as you an' me can't hold her. Lord! I done got over rampin' an' prayin' on account o' her; maybe, some day, though, she'll git tired of whoopin' it up, an' want to come back an' say, 'Jake, I'm through.' Then I'll give her a home—damn me, if I don't!

"You ride straight home to that good mother o' yours, Dick Marvin, an' forget all about this last ten days. I'll be workin' over here—Plum Creek crossin', they tell me it is—for a month, maybe. Be glad to see you any day." They shook hands, and Dick went across to Marlow's.

As he entered the long store, a pungent, pleasant odor came to his nostrils. Marlow came forward, smiling.

"Going out to the ranch to-day, Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes."

"Your mother was in the day after you left, and I told her you were called to Kansas City suddenly . . . I been keeping your horse for you in my stable—he's kind of frisky by now."

"Say—" Dick sniffed, and smiled gratefully at the storekeeper—"sack me up a bushel of those apples, will you, Mr. Marlow."

"You spoke just in time—I never did see such a call for apples! Every ranch in three counties sent in for some of that two carloads I brought in. Surprised *me*—I thought I'd got enough in to last all winter."

"People get awful hungry for such things out here."

"I reckon that's so—they work up an awful, what you might call an unnatural, taste for something that's fresh and kind o' sweet and sour, too."

"That's right—you ought to make a good thing out of apples here, Mr. Marlow . . . Well, I'll be riding—you can hand up that sack when I come round."

Dick's horse bucked and plunged, thrilling its rider with the joy of violent motion. At the front door of the store, Marlow gingerly hoisted the apples to the saddle.

"For your mother, Mr. Marvin, with my compliments." Dick slackened the rein, and in three minutes he and his horse had become a bobbing speck to the short-sighted vision of the contemplative Marlow.

## PILGRIMAGE

LAURA CAMPBELL

**I** WILL tread on the golden grass of my bright field,  
When the passion-star has paled, when the night has  
fled;

I will tread on the golden grass of my bright field,  
In the glow of the early day when the east is red.

In my bright field a broken beech-tree leans,  
And a giant boulder stands by a black-burned wood;  
And a rough-built, falling wall and a rotting door  
Sear, like a scar, the spot where a house once stood.

My eyes are mute on the white edge of the dawn,  
My feet fall swift and bare upon the way . . .  
The long soft hills grow black against the sky,  
The great wood moves, unfolds; the high trees sway.

The worn road stretches thin, and the low hedge stirs,  
And a strong old bridge looms frail o'er a ghostly stream;  
And a white flower turns and breathes, and turns again . . .  
Does it live, as I live? Does it wake, as I waked, from a  
dream?

(How merciless is the dawn! how poignant the hush in my soul!  
How changeless the changing sky! how fearful that wild  
bird's call!

I hear the quick suck of his wing, the push of his breast—he is  
gone!

How swift is an æon of time! how endless, beginningless,  
all!)

I tread on the golden grass of my bright field;  
The sun's on a hundred hills; the night has fled;  
I tread on the golden grass of my bright field  
In the glow of the early day; and the east is red.

## BERGSON: FIRST AID TO COMMON SENSE

ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

**H**ENRI BERGSON represents a revolt on the part of outraged reality and common sense against the rigid intellectual system to which men have been giving their servile allegiance.

As a talented youth Bergson had planned eagerly to continue the philosophical work of Herbert Spencer. But at the very threshold of such an attractive career he became convinced of the absolute failure of the main principles of that system of thought to do justice to the real facts of life. The evolutionists presented the world with a hard, dry, mechanical theory of the development of forms of life. Start at the beginning in a certain way, and everything would follow in rigid accordance with rule. Everything was fixed from the beginning, like a political convention.

And his study of philosophers and theologians revealed the same heartless and mechanical methods of thought. It was a case of Pilate and Herod meeting in friendly compact to war against the living, breathing truth. For centuries the theologians of the Calvinistic vision had been thrusting down men's throats the bitter pill of necessitarianism. That is, God, being absolute and eternal, had at the very beginning foreseen everything that ever would happen in the life of the Universe, and therefore it had to happen that way; and man had no more freedom than the bar of iron which the blacksmith plunges into the glowing embers, and takes out and welds according to his will. Try to squirm around it as one may, that is the meaning of determinism—it takes away man's freedom and renders him a mere puppet strung on wires.

And Bergson found that theologians with no Calvinistic leanings were hailing as a *deus ex machinâ* the idealistic philosophy which posited a God whose every thought became fact, who indeed spun out the Universe as a spider spins its web. It cannot be denied that it appeals powerfully to a spiritual nature to believe that there is a Power above, which puts into the souls of

men every thought they contain and sets in order every detail of the universe and every fact of history, arranging the whole in a beautiful symphony. But the difficulty is this, that after all there is no symphony until there has been internecine conflict and a reign of evil so terrible and cruel that, if the orders for that came from God, we might as well give up first as last any thought of God as a good God. I know that Leibnitz very beautifully shows us that evil is necessary to good; and any one of us knows that difficulties and sorrows are a means of the development of what is best in a man's character, that indeed a man who never had any obstacles in his race of life would be too soft to be very effective in doing any real part of the world's work or taking a hand in the world's actual fighting. And a man into whose heart sorrow has never struck its fangs will scarcely have developed the finer character of the noblest souls. It may indeed be proved that evil is a good thing in life; but to accuse God of deliberately plunging cruel knives into his children's vitals and stringing them upon racks of torture is rather more than some thinkers, both the superficial and the more profound, have been able to accept. If these things come from the direct command of the Almighty Creator, then like Prometheus of old we'll cry out in protest against Deity.

But put this profound truth of the existence of evil together with a certain character of good in a different way, and we shall be better able to receive it. Three theories of the mystery of being have contended for the mastery over the minds of men—monism, dualism and pluralism. The first is that with which we have been finding fault. According to that, in a slang phrase which I do not at all mean to be irreverent, God is "the whole thing." He is the whole thing in precisely the same way in which the Calvinistic theology of the original type makes God the arbitrary determiner of the joys and sorrows of his creatures, who must suffer from his decrees ages after they have been formulated. With thorough-going monism there would be not even the chance of development of character through suffering. All over the world we should have specimens of God's handiwork, devils greater and lesser, and good men more or less possible to live with. But God would have to bear the responsibility

for it all. It would all be just so much pottery which God had made, not so many souls which he had allowed and strengthened and inspired to develop.

The second theory, dualism, will not be necessary to our present discussion; but the third theory, namely pluralism, is the one to which many of the thoughtful are to-day turning for a consistent explanation of the facts of the universe and of life. Upon this theory there is a plurality of really independent souls in the universe, able to affect the history of the world and to display initiative. Every soul that is born into the world is, or may be, a truly free agent, like God or Satan, though with lesser powers. If we can but get this thought in mind, that each of us is really able to make a free choice and to do something which puts something new into the world, we shall be ready to see into the very heart of Bergson's philosophy.

One of Bergson's main contentions is this, that man in devising methods of clear thinking has narrowed his vision and has eliminated some facts of vital importance. In the beginning of conscious human life, that consciousness was chiefly instinct, as in animal life consciousness is only secondarily intelligent. But in the highly developed human brain instinct is as a rule shunted off into a dark closet and told to stay there. There are, however, some brains of a high order where instinct is not so inhospitably or so ungratefully treated—that is, in such a brain as that of the artist who does his best work not when he is groping around with a measuring rod or amid geometrical forms, but when he lets himself go, when he gets into a frenzy and forgets all he ever knew, but just paints or sculptures as though he were hypnotized—as indeed perhaps he is.

Bergson's figure as to the relation of instinct and intellect is that of a nebulous haze condensing into a flame. If we take only the luminous centre and leave out of account the great area of nebula, we have simply selected a portion of the whole and put it in the place of the whole. And so in our decided preference for the clear forms of intellectualizing we have neglected the perhaps duller appearing but none the less real content of consciousness. Bergson makes a plea for assigning to instinct a more important place. We need intellectual concepts; but we

must not deceive ourselves into thinking that no advance may be made except by means of the clear forms of intellectual exercise. We must lay hold upon man's primitive gift of instinct. Rather, perhaps, we ought to say we should lay hold upon it in its highly developed form of intuition. Good Christians ought to take very kindly to a philosophy which lays stress upon intuition. It may prove to be the same as inspiration.

But now let us try to grasp Bergson's thought as to the development of life. By the commonly received theory of evolution life starts out on its evolutionary journey like a football, and has about the same sort of an experience as a football in a game, being kicked and impelled exclusively from without. Any elusive darts of the football and erratic dives down the field are purely reflex—even when apparently most spontaneous being most conditioned upon external impetus. But Bergson's illuminating and enheartening theory is that the life which bowls along on its journey from the kicking-off place to the goal is not, or need not be, the mere victim of every kicking toe, need not be a mere passive pigskin. In the elusive sphere, whether we allow it to generate its power or not, is a motor engine. "Élan vital" as used so commonly by Bergson means "vital spring." And in Bergson's evolutionary process, when the living subject of the evolutionary process seems to make a leap or bound, it may be really of its own self doing something; the vital spring may be not simply the manifestation of the power of an alien boot.

Now Bergson says that to be able to make real progress in becoming free agents we must get away from the man-made, the machine-made, one might call them, concepts or modes of thinking which have been handed down to us. We should by no means dispense with them, for we shall find them very convenient. They are like the bucket for carrying water. One needs something of the sort. But the bucket should remain purely auxiliary. It is not the main thing. Yet we have been exalting our purely intellectual forms and modes of thinking into ends and realities in themselves. We must somehow abstract ourselves from such bondage, let ourselves go, enter with sympathy into the real essence of reality, give our native unspoiled instinct a chance to wrest from the universe its secrets and to exert itself

in the universe as a creative force. If we shall only choose by a supreme effort of our unspoiled intuitive faculty to enter into the "élan" or vital stream, then and there may appear real acts of creation, the evolution will be, as Bergson phrases it in the title of his thus far most important published work, "Creative Evolution."

What an inspiring vision of possibility of attainment has this master mind given us. Man becomes a really moral being, with greater importance in the scheme of things and a greater dignity and self-respect. He becomes even, like the great ones in religious literature, a miracle-worker. While in this place we may not follow out this interesting implication, yet if there be in the developing life-process the potential originality upon which Bergson insists, and if the ready-made categories of man's manufacture be of a less cramping character than we have thought we had to believe, may we not expect a greater flexibility in the creation of new forms?

To sum up, the man in the street, except when he becomes cynical, really believes himself free in his moral choices. Bergson's thought—although a mere undeveloped suggestion as yet—points the way to a philosophical position which allows us in the name of our everyday common sense to hold this native belief of the heart. Our common sense has told us that we are not necessarily puppets or pawns. The modern kindly philosopher of Jewish extraction reinforces the lesson of the gracious Nazarene who nineteen centuries ago spoke to the noblest there was in his fellow-men. Like that greater teacher, Henri Bergson comes that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly.



## OF CATS

A. DONALD DOUGLAS

**H**AD M. Maeterlinck understood and appreciated that comic gravity which lies near the heart of things, he would never have created the character of the cat in *The Blue Bird*. He knows nothing whatever about cats: he has made the cat full of snarling treachery and craven shrinking toward his masters, of imperturbable and solemn egoism toward himself. Now a cat never disguises his true state of mind: he shows his affection or his disaffection in the plainest and most unmistakable terms. His egoism is neither imperturbable nor solemn: he has a merry appreciation of his own worth of character. He is not to be deceived by false expressions of regard, nor cozened into amenity by Greeks bearing presents of fish and flattery. For, after all, a sense of humor is the sole quality enabling a man, or cat, to distinguish a friend from a flatterer, and to appraise his own character at its exact merits, careless of the scoffs or adulation of the vulgar.

There are certain elements in the character of a cat which make it difficult for the masculine mind to penetrate through his outer envelope of indifference to the inner sanctities of his soul. It is easy to mistake a cat's utter aversion to anything pertaining to a vulgar revelation of feeling for a calculated contentment with self; and so to most men cats appear as embodied personifications of egoism, related by a kind of feline consanguinity to Sir Willoughby Patterne. A man's instinctive dislike of cats arises chiefly from the fact that he recognizes in the cat a perturbing visualization of his own inner nature. Of course, he espouses the pathetic delusion that in the noisy, honest unselfishness of the dog he may trace a flattering resemblance to his own big soul; and so he avers, with a careless tolerance of classification, that the cat is the very image of woman.

Thus the cold light of depreciation which man has shed upon cats springs chiefly from his abysmal ignorance of the qualities of his own character. A cat's code of ethics conforms more closely to man's than man cares to acknowledge; and the egoism

of the genus homo is more pronounced and insincere than the egoism of the genus feles. And so the sight of personified egoism, more concentrated and open than that of man, calls down upon the poor animal the undeserved epithet of "the complete egoist." A man cannot disencumber himself of the stock formulas of the disinterested charity of his ambition, while a cat makes no pretence of disguising the compact egoism of his nature; and because of this unashamed sincerity he is commented unfavorably upon as resembling a woman. The comparison is inadequate: the cat lacks both woman's dissimulation, and her exhaustless generosity of impulse.

Now there are two important attributes you must recognize in a cat if you wish to appraise him rightly: he is a rationalist and he is an individualist. For a cat there is no such thing as instinctive, blind friendship; he cares nothing for the stock solemnities about "an animal's duty toward his protector." He regards the unreasoning worship of the dog with a scornful disdain. Why should he lick the boots of a man whose only reward is a cruel buffet? I suspect that Bill Sikes's dog was the laughing stock of the cats of his time. Men do not like cats because cats demand an explicit return for affection rendered, and refuse to love man because he is huge, blundering, selfish man, asking for unqualified approval of his sacred stupidities. A cat will reward you with a deathless passion if you treat him as a peer; and though he makes no banal overtures of affection, no indelicate advances toward a vulgar interplay of love, you may be very sure that in some subtle manner he will admit you to the privileged intimacies of his esteem, and make honorable concessions he would not otherwise stoop to. To the best of my knowledge and belief my cat never shows me any undue eagerness of love, yet he will allow me to hold him suspended by his tail, with never a murmur of protest. I hasten to add I do not often subject him to such an ordeal,—an ordeal he would not permit at the hands of barbarous outlanders. He never will allow me to hold him on my lap, but he is unhappy unless he is in the same room with me, or with some other member of the family.

The second splendid mental attribute of the cat is his deep,

deliberate individualism. He is not wantonly selfish, for he will not inflict harm with preconcerted malice, but he always considers his own pleasures and ambitions first. Which is no more than most of us do, though we would not admit it for the world. Only shallow people accuse the cat of a lazy intolerance toward action, for though he sleeps through the long hours of the dull day, there is rarely a night he does not spend in ceaseless prowling or vocal activities.

I regret that he has found no Landseer or Elsey to paint his furry splendor upon the canvas. Knaus and a few Dutch painters have made some very charming studies of cats, but no great painter has given him his undivided and enthusiastic attention. Breton Rivière's *Blockade Runner* represents a most vital dramatic instant in the life of a cat; but alas! the chief interest of this lovely picture lies in the group of dogs. Why didn't Rosa Bonheur paint cats instead of huge, horrid lions? The answer to these questions lies, I am afraid, in the exact analysis I have given of the reasons why most people do not like cats. Any Landseer or Rosa Bonheur can paint and understand a dog or horse, for these animals choose their friends with a lamentable absence of discrimination. But only a genius like Regnault, whose *Horses of Achilles* is a finer and greater painting than all of Rosa Bonheur's put together, can hope to penetrate the mystery shrouding that most fascinating and baffling of animals, the cat. And not until there comes a man who combines the technical competence of Regnault and the fine appreciation of Mr. Kipling (whose wonderful *Cat that Walked by Himself* everyone should read) can we hope to see the cat, as he deserves, painted in immortal language upon the great canvases of the world.

## TEETH AND CIVILIZATION

LEWIS M. Terman

**A** TOOTH," said Don Quixote, "is worth more than a diamond." The world's leading medical authority, Dr. William Osler, agrees with this and expresses the belief that more physical degeneracy can be traced to neglect of the teeth than to the abuse of alcohol. There is no doubt that it affects very many more people.

Diseased teeth are responsible for an almost inconceivable amount of ill health and misery. Indigestion, anæmia, general debility, retarded growth of mind and body, nervousness and various infectious diseases are some of the most common results. Complications with heart and ear are not infrequent. Life expectancy and industrial efficiency depend in large measure on the condition of the teeth. Moral efficiency also and the joy of living depend, directly or indirectly, about as much on one's teeth as on one's philosophy or religion.

During the Boer War over 3,000 British soldiers were invalided home because of defective teeth. Out of 23,000 rejected applicants for enlistment in the British army 5,000 were for defective teeth. Statistics from other countries show that these are probably average conditions for the adult population of Europe and America.

That dental disease is so serious and yet so prevalent might lead one to suppose that the causes and means of prevention were shrouded in deepest mystery. But not so. The causes are definitely known, tangible and amenable to control. About twenty million dollars expended in the right way would put all the teeth of all our school children in order, as far as their present state of disease permits, and an annual expenditure of fifty or seventy-five cents for each child, combined with suitable instruction, would keep them so. Nowhere else will timely treatment go so far and nowhere else is it so needed. Dental decay is a disease of childhood and youth. If kept in repair till the age of twenty the teeth should be sound at sixty. Neglected till

twenty, teeth with any tendency to decay are beyond hope of salvage.

Examinations of thousands of school children in diverse parts of the world have established that fewer than 10 per cent. are free from diseased teeth or gums, dental caries (decay of teeth) being the most common defect. The average school child has from three to five decaying teeth. Many investigations report as many as 20 to 30 per cent. of all the teeth as affected. There are marked age differences. More diseased teeth are found in the lower grades than in the intermediate. This is due to the approaching secondary dentition. The smallest number is found at the age of ten. By the age of fourteen the number per child averages as great as at six or seven. There are at least 80,000,000 decayed teeth in the mouths of our 20,000,000 school children.

#### WHY DEFECTIVE TEETH ARE INJURIOUS

The influence of defective teeth is of four kinds chiefly: First, decreased power of mastication, due either to decay or irregularities of the teeth; second, the toxic action of the pus, which is absorbed directly into the blood or taken into the stomach and intestines; third, reflex nervous disturbances due to crowded teeth, toothache, etc.; and fourth, the possibility of the defective tooth acting as a breeding ground and distributing point for dangerous bacteria.

Thorough mastication is prevented by the lack of chewing surface and by the tendency to bolt the food occasioned by local tenderness or irregularities which prevent the teeth from meeting evenly. It should be remembered that the loss of one tooth always renders the one opposite it useless. Malformation of the jaws, as in severe cases of adenoids or impaction, makes mastication practically impossible.

Mastication means more than merely preparing the food for swallowing. If properly performed it greatly increases the amount of saliva, mixes it thoroughly with the food and thus initiates one of the essential processes of digestion, the conversion of starch into sugar. It is the only part of digestion over which we have direct voluntary control.

Mastication also provides a necessary stimulus for the healthy development of the jaw and the growth of the teeth. Experiments with rabbits have shown that filing the teeth on one side so as to confine mastication to the other side causes mal-development of the jaw and of the bones about the nose and the base of the skull. Finally, when mastication is thorough the teeth tend to clean themselves during the meal; when food is bolted they are prone to decay.

Toxemia from the swallowing or absorption of pus is probably the most serious evil of neglected teeth. Every cavity becomes filled with an unspeakably foul mixture of decayed food and bacteria. One investigator found more than a hundred different kinds of mouth bacteria.

The germs of tuberculosis and diphtheria are frequently found in dental cavities and are thought to find their way sometimes into the blood from this point. Decayed and neglected teeth thus become an important factor in the predisposition to tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. When teeth are decayed the tonsils are more likely to become diseased. Diseased tonsils have been found to be more than six times as common among children with four or more decayed teeth as among those whose teeth were all sound. Sometimes the infection is carried from the mouth through the eustachian tube to the middle ear, causing earache and sometimes dangerous abscesses.

Ulcerated teeth are a source of danger as well as of pain. Even after the abscess has broken through to the surface of the jaw and allowed the pus to escape, a sinus remains which continues to discharge more or less pus as long as the tooth remains uncared for. This chronic stage may cause no observable symptoms in the mouth, but the discharging pus is churned up and swallowed with every mouthful of food. The constant absorption of millions of virulent bacteria irritates the intestinal linings, causing catarrh, diminished secretions, anæmia and general weakness. The bacteria may be carried by the blood to different parts of the body and give rise to various kinds of glandular infections. Statistics indicate that more than one per cent. (a quarter million) of our school children are constantly suffering from one or more ulcerated teeth.

Nervousness results both from the induced state of malnutrition and from the reflex irritation caused by toothache, impacted teeth, etc. Moral self-control may even become impossible. Bad teeth have brought more than one boy into the juvenile court.

One nervous, irritable boy gradually developed habits of lying and stealing. He was brought into the juvenile court and treated for adenoids, but to no avail. Finally, a dental examination disclosed an extraordinary condition of crowded teeth. Treatment was followed by complete moral reform.

#### WHY TEETH DECAY

Dental caries always begins on the outside of the tooth and is always due to external causes. Fermentation and putrefaction of particles of food are caused by the bacteria ever present in the mouth, and this results in the production of acids. The enamel and the soft, underlying dentine are not broken down by the bacteria directly, but by the acids produced by the action of the bacteria upon the food particles left in the mouth. The problem, therefore, is the prevention of acids. The saliva, which is slightly alkaline, helps to do this. In ill health, however, saliva may lose its neutralizing power; and what is still more important, food remnants that are left thickly plastered in the recesses of the teeth protect a part of the deposit from the effect of the saliva and so permit the destructive processes to begin. Recessive gums, accumulations of tartar, and mouth breathing all tend to cause decay of the teeth.

The rate of acid formation depends also upon the nature of food particles left in the mouth, the sweets being the foods which most readily ferment and produce acids. For this reason the meal should not end with jams, cake, candy, or other foods rich either in starch or sugar, nor should these be eaten between meals. When sweets are eaten they should be followed by solid foods, such as apples, which have a cleansing effect. The high susceptibility in this country to dental caries is partly accounted for by the fact that our sugar consumption per capita is by far the highest in the world.

Whatever the food, the essential thing is to keep the mouth clean. Wallace has shown that sound, even, well matched teeth clean themselves in the thorough mastication of solid foods, and that they do this more effectively than the tooth brush. If the food is pasty, however, mastication plasters it so tightly against the teeth that no ordinary amount of brushing removes it. This authority believes that the choice of solid food and its deliberate mastication are more important preventive measures than any amount of artificial cleanliness. His opinion is based on over 6,000 experiments made for the purpose of determining differences in the tendency of different foods to lodge in the mouth. In order to try the theory he secured parental co-operation in subjecting fourteen children to the test. From the age of three or four years they were given foods of high tooth-cleansing power and were required to masticate thoroughly. After each meal the mouth was rinsed. At the age of five to seven years not one of the children had a carious tooth.

This theory sounds so reasonable that it is well worth considering. Everyone knows, for example, that apples leave the teeth cleaner than pie. And even if our faith in the theory is not strong enough to enable us to live contentedly without our tooth brushes, its general acceptance would at least insure more thorough mastication; and this would be no small gain in the score of health.

When a tooth is sore, mastication is shifted to the other side of the mouth or else slighted altogether. As a result, the teeth do not then clean themselves and decay is likely to set in, spreading gradually to the adjacent teeth.

It is largely for the above reason that the care of the temporary teeth is so important. When neglected, as they usually are, thorough mastication is out of the question and the jaws do not develop properly. The palate tends to become arched and the permanent teeth are almost sure to come in crowded and uneven.

The best authorities are coming to believe that irregular teeth and an arched palate are less the result of adenoids than their cause. It is certain that if a larger use were made of solid foods, if mastication were always thoroughly performed and if



the temporary teeth were carefully preserved, adenoids would less often develop.

Another factor in dental decay is the tooth's power of defence. It is well known that individuals differ enormously in this respect. Some teeth remain perfectly sound without the slightest care, while others require all the arts of dentistry to hold them together. We must consider, therefore, the tooth's nutrition.

Both sets of teeth are formed and imbedded in the jaw long before the end of pre-natal life. When the milk teeth are beginning to appear the enamel of the permanent teeth is already developing. So far as is known, enamel once formed never changes for better or for worse from natural causes. We must go through life with our original dental armaments. When nutrition is insufficient during infancy and childhood the teeth are sure to be imperfect. Growing cells cannot build a perfect structure without suitable material.

Now the main cause of the infantile malnutrition which results in defective enamel of the teeth is artificial feeding. Investigations which included nearly 200,000 children showed that those who had been breast fed had only 9 per cent. of their teeth carious, while the artificially fed had as high as 27 per cent. decayed. Malnutrition, more often perhaps than the absence of the tooth brush, is responsible for the inferior teeth among the children of the poor. Jewish children, who as a rule are breast fed and otherwise well cared for, have better teeth than non-Jewish children. Even a temporary disturbance of nutrition during childhood, such, for example, as that produced by measles or scarlet fever, will often leave horizontal rings of microscopic pits around the enamel.

Rose and Underwood have demonstrated the closest relation between dental caries and the degree of civilization. All primitive races are practically immune, regardless of food habits and of habitat. Native Africans and Eskimos have teeth equally perfect. The former clean their teeth religiously after each meal, the Eskimos never.

It has not been demonstrated, however, that the difference is one of racial heredity. From an examination of thousands of

skulls Underwood shows that dental caries is ten times more prevalent in western Europe to-day than it was one hundred years ago. It hardly seems possible that actual racial degeneracy as regards the power of the tooth to resist decay could establish itself so universally in a few generations. The only possible conclusion is that it is not a matter of degeneration but of changed food habits. Cooked, mushy and sticky foods have replaced foods that were resistant and fibrous. The consumption of sweets has been multiplied many times. Mastication is fast becoming a lost art. Babies are less and less nourished in the natural way.

For these and other reasons the prevention of dental caries is a more difficult problem than ever before, and one whose importance it is hardly possible to exaggerate. If the disease is not arrested micro-organisms will soon score their first complete victory. We do not want to give up our civilization and we should find some way to retain it without the cost of our teeth.

But perhaps it is not necessary to choose between civilization and teeth. Appropriate preventive measures during childhood would probably insure good teeth to the majority of adults. This means cleanliness, thorough mastication, suitable food, the care of the temporary teeth, careful nutrition during infancy and childhood, and the prevention of decay, irregularities and impaction by the repair of defects as rapidly as they appear.

## A PLEA FOR PRIVACY

ROBERT J. SHORES

THERE is no man, I believe, so gregarious by nature that he does not sometimes wish to be by himself; as the once popular song had it, "there are moments when one wants to be alone." However much we love our friends, we would not be always with them, but would reserve for ourselves some portion of the day dedicated to our most private considerations, during which time we might think upon such matters as call for thought but not for conversation. We would not be always alone, for the desire so to be is neither healthy nor sensible, and no sane man would care for a life into which there entered no interests but his own. We would have company often, and then the best obtainable, but not the company of any one person for too long a time, for that is to be alone and yet not to be alone. As George Bernard Shaw would say, to be constantly in the company of any one person is never to be in company, for no man can get away from himself until he has gotten away from his wife. Or, as Gilbert Chesterton might say, a man talking to his wife is like a madman talking to himself; he knows the answers before they come, but he cannot stop them.

"Yes, Beloved, we are one," says the hero of Algernon Boyesen's *The Perfect Lovers*. "You are my Spirit's sister, the incarnation of the feminine half of my soul. We are one. And I am sick of you as a flower might sicken of its own perfume, a Dryad of the luscious pulp of his own tree. I leave you to escape solitude. I cannot live alone."

Whether or not it really takes nine tailors to make a man, many a married man and woman feels that it would take at least nine husbands or wives to make another person. It is the chief reproach of the marriage state as it is now constituted that it takes into so little account the natural craving of all normal persons for at least a modicum of privacy. Michel de Montaigne had in his round tower a haven of peace and quiet wherein he took refuge from the cares of his household, and whither the

members of his family, whether relatives or servants, were forbidden to follow him. There he withdrew to exercise his mind at his ease, and not only to consider his own character in the light of the world's literature, but also to consider the affairs of the world in the light of his own character.

"Miserable in my mind," said he, "is he who, in his own house, hath nowhere to be to himself; where he may particularly court, and at his pleasure hide and withdraw himself."

Miserable indeed is the man who has no corner of his home which he can call his own, but there are many such. Family intimacy is carried to such a degree in many households, that for one person to knock before entering another's room would seem as absurd as to send in one's card upon returning from business at the end of the day. This confident familiarity might, indeed, be a charming testimony of family affection, if it were not so often obviously only the outgrowth of a hardened indifference to the rights of others and a careless disregard of the courtesy paid without question to outsiders. When, a few years since, certain wealthy persons began to adopt the European custom of providing separate bed-chambers for husband and wife, many worthy old-fashioned people were shocked. It seemed almost as immoral to them that those who were united in lawful wedlock should lodge apart, as that those who were not should lodge together. Yet there is much to be said in favor of this custom, odd as it seems to those who find it unfamiliar. For if one cannot have privacy in one's own home, where is one to get it?

It is perhaps the most nerve-racking feature of our modern civilization that we are left so little to ourselves. The day of the business man is punctuated with casual and often quite unnecessary interruptions, and his evenings are not much better. The poor, being crowded together in cramped quarters, are compelled to be in company by night as well as by day, and the wealthy, being surrounded by servants, are in not much better case. As for those who are neither rich nor poor, who have a sufficiency of room and who have not a multiplicity of servants, there would seem to be little excuse for their missing the balm of privacy, if it were not for the fact that they are so helpless before the intrusive instincts of their fellows. It grows increas-

ingly difficult, year by year, for any man to conserve his privacy without alienating his friends. We have all become so accessible, by telephone, by telegraph, or by post, that we are at the mercy of almost anyone who chooses to make a demand upon our time. Our names and addresses are furnished free of charge in the city, telephone and club directories, to strangers as well as to friends, and he may account himself a lucky man to-day who is not constantly imposed upon by those who have no better claim upon his consideration than that of belonging to the human race. Innumerable agents of unknown benevolent societies, countless representatives of unheard of financial enterprises, numberless chance acquaintances, hosts of ubiquitous advertisers, hordes of social reformers, new religionists and what-not clamor and crowd until he has much ado to hear the voice of either his conscience or his common sense. Urged and importuned to embark upon this, that or the other course, upon the score of some imputed duty to the world in general and to nobody in particular, he is reminded of his obligation to everybody but himself. He has impressed upon him, through the press and by word of mouth, his responsibility for all the poverty, vice, ignorance and crime that exist in the world to-day. As for his own morals, manners and mentality—they may go hang. He is to free everyone else of their burdens at the expense of his own freedom.

This is a day of societies for the prevention and suppression of manifold nuisances and wrongs; would it not be expedient to form one affirmative society for the promotion and preservation of privacy? One society whose members would pledge themselves to observe toward everyone else that same regard for their privacy that each person, in his innermost heart, feels it is his right to demand from others?

Already it happens that the good-natured man soon finds himself a ready repository for every sort of worry, care and vexation of which others are anxious to be rid; a veritable dumping-ground for afflictions, responsibilities and cankers of conscience. As the sin-eaters of Africa assume the evil deeds of the dead for a fee, so he, for no reward but the careless approval of the unthinking and indifferent, assumes the sins

and follies of the living, and finds himself standing like Atlas with the weight of the heavens and earth upon his shoulders, staggering under an intolerable but immovable load of human misery, while those whom he has relieved go swaggering off light-hearted in their new-found freedom, as Hercules turned his back upon Atlas and swaggered away carelessly swinging in his hand the apples of Hesperides.

The man does not live who can at the same time be guardian to all mankind and a true friend to himself. The most fortunate man, however blessed above his fellows, finds himself living a life where he has much trouble and little time. And if to his own troubles he adds those of every chance acquaintance, and of his own time he gives to all who ask, he will one day look about him for an opportunity for solitude, to find himself suddenly at the end of his journey and on the brink of the grave, where, for the first time, he will be quite—quite—alone.

## AT THE LOOM

BEATRICE REDPATH

**I** SIT in the cool blue dusk of the room  
And hear the murmur of doves in the eaves,  
And the gentle song of the purring loom  
As the shuttle spins and the white flax weaves,  
But my hands fall wide in the tender gloom  
For a whisper of love is abroad in the leaves.

My web is white as the mist is white  
That clings to the curve of the broken shore;  
But the love in his eyes was a flame alight  
And I am fain of all Love's sweet lore;  
He trod through my dreams in the quiet night  
And my feet are restless upon the floor.

## HAIKAI POETRY

GERTRUDE EMERSON

**A**LTHOUGH proverbs in olden days, and, more recently, epigrams, have furnished vent for a certain cryptic or elliptical expression in English, we have never had a really short poetical form. The couplet, even when detached, is but a bungling masquerade in court dress compared with the facile and delicate adaptability of what is known in Japanese as "haikai" poetry. The standard form of poetry in Japan is the tanka, a stanza consisting of lines of 5-7-5-7-7 syllables respectively, making a total of 31 syllables. Even this short form, however, proved too long for popular taste, and from a custom of linking verses as a literary pastime—that is, of having one person give the first three lines of a tanka and another add the last two—the initial hemistich came to stand as a poem by itself, and emerged in the sixteenth century under the name of *hokku* or *haikai*, a complete verse in seventeen syllables. Since then its popularity has been attested in the thousands of poems composed yearly, not only by those whose sole claim to fame rests upon the especial adroitness with which they handle *haikai*, but by people in every walk of life, including women and students in no small number.

The rules of composition are few. As all Japanese words end in one of the five vowels, rhyme would mean nothing but a tedious repetition of similar sounds; consequently it plays no part in Japanese poetry. All syllables are of practically the same quantity, so that the stress is evenly divided. There is, however, a system of expletives, or "*kiriji*," introduced at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the poem to tighten it, and a *cæsural* pause not uncommonly following the first line. The following is perhaps the most famous of all *haikai* poems and will serve to illustrate their form.

Furu-ike ya  
Kawazu tobi-komu  
Mizu no oto.

It may be fairly literally translated:

Old pond, aye! and the sound of a frog jumping in.

Owing to the very great compression of space, many words are omitted which it is possible for the mind to supply for itself. As a result, haikai are frequently without grammatical subjects or verbs, as in the instance just quoted. The principal idea, in the form of a surprise, is usually reserved to the end, as in this excellent example:

Sitting with his hands on the floor,  
Lifting up his voice reverentially, oh, the frog!

It must be incidentally remembered that the first idea suggested to the mind of a Japanese in reading this would be utterly different from that which would be suggested to us. A grave dignitary is the picture presented by the poem until the introduction of the frog. According to the custom of the country, the polite address or salutation is from a position of great humbleness on the floor. Thus the irregular character of haikai poetry results in an essentially fragmentary character which the circumstances of its origin have helped to augment. A further expedient to meet the necessary economy of words consists in a curious use of punning. Homonyms, of which there are a vast number in the language, are made to serve as pivot words for both the end of one phrase and the beginning of the next. They represent, perhaps, simply an intensive use of Japanese, rather than an attempt at punning as we understand it. In choice of words, the tendency has always been to eliminate those of Chinese importation and to keep to the archaic and purely native, but in the course of time many words of both colloquial and foreign derivation have crept in. Every so often a poet arises to pull up the standard of vocabulary. Words of a euphonious combination of sound are as necessary as with us.

There is one purely indigenous custom in composition which brings one to the subject matter of haikai, and that is the presence in every poem of a seasonal word. The Japanese temperament, unlike the occidental, is innately averse to the expression



of personal feeling; it is an interesting observation on the side, that, as a result, the language is almost wholly devoid of personal pronouns. As there must be self expression of some sort, however, a highly complex system of symbols has been evolved in which objects have been taken from nature to stand for the emotions that may not be uttered. Thus among the most obvious ones are the pine tree and the stork, closely connected with old age and suggesting a whole train of ideas—veneration, obedience to example, sturdy fortitude, and righteousness. The plum tree, blossoming while the snow is yet on the ground and everything is cold and barren, and the lotos, rising pure and untainted from a foundation of slime and stagnation, are symbols of the purity of life. The lotos in particular is the mystic symbol of Buddhism, and of death, when the spirit is loosed from the world forever. The bamboo, soft and yielding, yet difficult to break, represents love. In poetry there is less restraint than in any other form of expression, but the habitual mode of thinking is not easily thrown off, and poets turn unconsciously to a nature that is above everything else symbolic and suggestive. Realism, for itself, is considered mere intellectual vulgarity. Not a few haikai portray as truly as Hokusai's *Mirror of the Passing World* series, in the world of prints, phases of the life of Yedo; but a translation into other terms is called for on the part of the reader.

The fishmonger whom I called back just now—ah! the hail has already hidden him.

She wraps up rice cakes with one hand, and with the other brushes back the straggling hair from her eyes.

Ash-smothered coals, and, after a long time, the gruel simmering in the pot!

How hot it is! And this child on one's back playing with one's hair! . . .

It will be noticed that all these, realistic enough in their subject-matter, arouse a certain feeling of emotion. This fishmonger so suddenly swallowed up by the hail, does he not slip through the streets of life into an equal oblivion? This woman mechanically wrapping up rice cakes, this reflection of poverty, of meagre livelihood, and this other woman with the burden of the baby on her back—are they not all part of the mysterious

allotment of life, which gives "this to one, and that other, quite different, to us"?

Yet the larger part of haikai poetry deals simply with the arrested details of the life of birds, flowers, insects, the moon, the seasons, interpreted delicately in the light of human experience within the narrow compass of seventeen syllables. The custom of introducing a seasonal word, of which there are several hundred, is a part of the symbolic nature of the thought of haikai. The significance of a word is expanded to include all the associated ideas of that word that come under the head of a season. The moon is a seasonal word for autumn, when it is at its brightest; gusty rain belongs with winter; dusk with mid-spring; a shower, with late summer; flowers and birds, with their periods of revival and frequency, and so on down a long list. The importance of the seasonal word is that it strikes the keynote of the sentiment to be expressed; it is like the color tone in painting. The strength and weakness, not only of haikai, but of all Japanese poetry, lie just here: real imagination is sacrificed for a kind of felicitous and suggestive fancy.

As far as any division of haikai can be made, they fall into four classes, though the difference is largely one of degree rather than of kind—pictorial, emotional, conceit-ful and humorous. Haikai of the first type remind one of the modern impressionistic school of painting, or more properly of the Japanese prints themselves, for the craftsmanship is the same. Any one of them might serve as the title of a picture.

But for its voice, the heron would be a line of snow.

A flock of sea-gulls, and an off-shore wind that breaks their patterned flight.

A dragonfly trying in vain to alight on a blade of grass.

A butcher-bird perching on a single post in the desolate field—November!

At the mountain temple is the sound of the grinding of rice in the moonlight.

Others have a subjective note of peculiar charm.

Did it but sing, the butterfly might have to suffer in a cage.

Nothing in the cicada's voice gives token of a speedy death.

If fireflies could but sing! Ah well! their songs would doubtless be but melancholy.

In the second class come such songs as approach the nearest to any expression of personal feeling, yet it is often necessary to know the circumstances of composition before one can catch the full import. For instance, when one knows that the following little verse was written by the poetess Chiyo on the death of her child, its significance, by reason of its simplicity, rises in value. It reminds one a bit of Blake.

I wonder how far you have gone to-day, chasing after dragonflies!

The next was the death song of one of the most famous of pigrammatists of two hundred years ago.

A leaf whirls down, alackaday! A leaf whirls down upon the wind.

A third has no particular history connected with it, but conveys an impression of secret grief.

Alas! the tears which she held back, answering that the summer heat had made her thin.

And still one more, which is, perhaps, the most perfect of them all.

Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world,—this granted, yet . . . .

This last was composed by Buson when his only son died, and has back of it a marked influence of the Zen sect of Buddhism, which holds life as a transitory nothing.

Belonging to the category of conceits are a number of happy verses, such as:

Oh! what a fine fan it would make, if we could put a handle to the moon.  
The tea-water covering itself up with a lid of ice.

A snowy morning—and everywhere the marks of the “geta,” like a figure II.

See the Dutch letters where the wild geese fly in the sky.

(Perhaps it is necessary here to explain that the supports of the wooden geta, or clogs, worn by the Japanese, leave a mark exactly like a figure two, and that the horizontal writing first known

when the Dutch visited the country excited great curiosity and interest.)

The humorous haikai usually have a mixture of conceit, and consist in a juxtaposition of incongruities.

In the Spring rain, talking familiarly, go a straw rain-coat and an umbrella.

The heartless government office—aye! and the cuckoo.

Enough has been said to give some idea of the nature and content of haikai poetry. That it can never pretend to a place beside the great poetry of the world goes without saying—it is too fragmentary and too trivial in its character. Nevertheless, the genius of Bashō, the greatest of the haikai poets, raised it to a position of worth in native estimation in the seventeenth century, and at least as an original field of expression it is deserving of casual consideration by the Far West.

## OUR MOST BELATED ART

CORA LYMAN

**I**T is generally assumed that American music is yet unborn—a mere embryo. People do not ask what the spirit of our music is, but rather, “What is it *going* to be?” And there seems to be a kind of haunting fear among musicians that unless we “do something quick” in the way of instituting prize composing contests, unearthing old folk songs and conjuring up typically American subjects, our opportunity for creating a really national music will soon have passed away. Europeans are unduly concerned for fear we may not develop our art in exactly the same manner that they have developed theirs. But is this a consummation so devoutly to be desired? Might not a new genesis of art, a new kind of nationality in music be welcome? And is there not a foreshadowing of something of this sort now in America?

Yes, people tacitly admit there is when they say that in Edward MacDowell's works are found for the first time in the history of our musical art, not only a harmonic structure, but a kind of mood and sentiment that is characteristically and idealistically American. But MacDowell was only “one swallow” and could not make a “summer.” It will take a good many nests of just such swallows, not to say nightingales, to insure us our permanent art summer, and à propos of this, one feels impelled to ask the people who are in such a desperate hurry for a national music how they can expect to have it before we have an American race? And where in all America can one yet find a real American? The German-American is always remembering his “fatherland,” the Irish-American is ever harking back to “old Ireland,” and the English-American insists on telling us how they do things “at home.” Even those of us who boast of being pre-Revolution arrivals here are still very local and provincial in our patriotism. The New Englander thinks he is the only representative American because his ancestors came over in the Mayflower. The Virginian is sure he is the only aristocratic one because he descended from the nobility of England, while the New Yorker

just knows he is the super-strenuous one because his forefathers came from brave little Holland. But all this foreign ancestor worship only postpones the American race. We must stop having so many grandfathers and take to having more grandchildren—United States grandchildren—if we ever want to have a United States race and music.

Now, of course, there can never be any question of trying to escape the foreign blood in us, since this blood not only *was* but *is* and *ever will be* in large part foreign. It just continues coming over in shiploads to renew itself and keep us hopelessly mongrel, if one looks at it that way. But, fortunately, sociologists assure us there is a mysterious "melting pot" process, by which these foreign elements are constantly being combined into an amalgam that is as new and different from any one of its constituent parts, as one of our beautiful modern artistic shades of color is different from the plain old reds, greens and yellows that have been mixed to produce it. It is obviously to be inferred that this resultant national product is going to be superior to its constituent elements. So evidently it is not the ancestry itself we need fear, but only that snobbish worship of it that prevents a development of national consciousness and feeling.

The raw material of pedagogy and culture also that comes over in a natural and inevitable way and asks to be a part of us is quite legitimate. Not so the finished product of foreign art-tradition, customs and sources of inspiration which we, as students, bring back in our trunks, so to speak, instead of in our souls. These are about the only imports on which we do not pay duty and the very things on which we ought to pay it, for unless we put a higher protective tariff on our own art-taste and judgment we shall remain a nation of imitators. We are always afraid to pronounce on an American artist, or art work, until Europe has passed upon it. Not until a prima donna has gained sufficient reputation to be able to slap her manager in the face are we sure she is a real genius. However, there are a few hopeful signs that we shall yet break with the muse of European art-dogmatism, as we broke with that obstinate old muse of royal bigotry and "divine rightness," George III.

Meantime there are two much discussed influences on Ameri-

can music which, trite though the subject be, might be considered from a new point of view. One of these is, of course, the Negro and Indian influence, and the other is our "puritanism."

There has been a tendency among some musicians (largely Europeans) to predict that a fine national music would yet be written on the Indian and Negro themes, while others (largely Americans) have objected to these themes as "foreign and exotic, having no affinity with our national life and feeling." But each of these schools of prophecy, so it appears to some of us, takes hold of the subject in the wrong way. It is always, in their opinion, a question above all else of the *literal themes themselves*; of getting them in somehow, even though they be lugged in by the ears without regard to artistic context and fitness. And what could be more incongruous and undesirable than a pagan Negro or savage Indian theme introduced into a context of cultured, polished Wagnerian harmony, such as Nevin gave us in *Poia*? It would almost seem that if ever a great species of music is written on these melodies, it will have to be done by an Indian or a Negro genius, or by an American peculiarly in sympathy with these races who is not self-consciously trying to create a national music. At least it will have to be a composer who is emancipated from European influence, as MacDowell was to some extent emancipated.

But there is another and quite different way than simply by the appropriation of their themes, in which these races may influence our future music. And by the by, we are now discussing race differences, not merely national ones. We do not expect or want to amalgamate these two alien races as we do the people who are only nationally different from us. But they have been here a long time, the red man much longer than we have and the black man almost as long. We have had more or less dramatic and emotional association with them which we could not have had with any branch of our own race, and we cannot help having been somewhat temperamentally influenced by them even though they are inferior races. The very speaking as well as singing voice of the Southerner, with its suave richness of timbre, proclaims the effect of this association. And there is a certain slow, rhythmic grace of movement; a peculiar taste for

sweet, poignant melody, a naïve optimism of disposition and a really new species of humor called drollery! All these characteristics of the Negro have been wrought into the Southerner so subtly, by a process of imitative assimilation, that he is not conscious of it himself, though we of other sections can see it plainly. Indeed, the whole institution of slavery itself, with its almost feudal, often kindly and affectionate, relationship between man and master, has added a sort of mediæval and chivalric touch of grace to the Southern character. Out of some such temperamental material as theirs did the Provençals of old create a most beautiful, romantic music and poetry. Oh, the South will yet speak to us, both musically and poetically, in a way it never could have spoken but for its unique experience with this alien race.

On the other hand, it is quite evident that our prim, pious New England ancestors who came West early in the nineteenth century were very much improved by their association with the Indians. We cannot perhaps boast that they ever reached the perfection of the noble red man in tonsorial surgery, but they certainly had to become half savage themselves to keep their own scalps intact. It was not for nothing that they ate and slept for years with guns in hand; that the women learned a stolid endurance and the men a wild courage. What is the whole ensemble of Western character, with its toughness, hardness, and lawlessness of fibre; what is our notorious Western and Southern habit of lynching and burning each other, but a survival and record of our association with these savage people, or with the conditions which they made? It is true these are much criticised characteristics of ours, of which we must rid ourselves if we wish to attain to any degree of national righteousness, of racial refinement and culture, but nevertheless these qualities are evidences of a real splendor of power and passion in us, that ought to make good sometime, somehow, for art. All this is no more nor less savage material than that which went to the making of old Greek drama, nor than that which furnished Wagner his subjects for operas.

And so it comes about that a MacDowell can write an Indian suite and put the atmosphere of the plains and the wigwam, as well as the Indian themes, into it, whereas a Dvorak and Puc-



cini for all their garnering of Negro and Indian melodies and rhythms can never write a real New World symphony or opera. The very idea of Puccini, Latin in every fibre of him, trying to deal with an idea which only the children of the sturdy old American pioneer can ever in any sense understand and put into art!

Then, as to our "puritanism," artists and musicians are always deploring that it has had such a "deadening effect on our emotions and imagination." And it is true that at first it seemed rather a bigoted and fanatical old faith. But in its higher evolution, or rather, in its practical issue, it has become a really clarifying moral influence to us as a nation. Yes, doubtless, most people would admit that it has been a clarifying, moral power, but we mean to claim more than that for it; to insist that it has been a great idealizing and art-inspiring influence. Why, "puritanism" was a passionate and poetic handling of the spirit of austerity and simplicity. There was something Dantesque in it, a Thomas à Kempis quality. People who had the fervid courage to compose and sing daily such songs as this:

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal wounds  
Dipt in the blood of damned souls"—

People, we say, who could daily sing with enthusiasm such incandescent hymn tunes as this could hardly be accused of lacking *warm* feeling and vivid imagination.

Seriously, though, where will one find a more poetic fancy than in Hawthorne, who houses this quality in a soul almost ascetically puritan? And what sweeter and more beautiful spirit of national feeling was ever embodied in verse than in that of the Quaker poet, Whittier? And where do they all come from,—Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Emerson, Thoreau, and Howells,—but from puritan New England? In the West and South we have had fewer writers, yet Bret Harte of California and George W. Cable of Louisiana have known how to paint most poignantly and picturesquely in local colors.

But whether the author be a New Englander or a man

from the North, West or South, there is always noticeable in the American writer of the first class a certain poise and restraint of manner, a meticulous choice of subject, an inability to tear a passion to tatters, or to reduce life and character to its lowest terms, that is nothing if not puritan in the finest and most poetic sense of that word. It is not claimed, of course, that we have yet reached the great genius stage of our literary development, but whatever the faults or disabilities of our writers, they certainly have not been such as result from lack of emotion or imagination.

And is it not probable that what has been true of our literature will also be true of our other arts? MacDowell's genius, we believe, may be said to be at least two-thirds puritan. One wishes the other third were a bit pagan or savage, but it isn't. It is properly European. MacDowell had the *handicap* as well as *advantage* of being an Easterner. The East is too close a neighbor to Europe to be ever wholly emancipated from it, so, of course, this great composer has not been able to say the last word in New World music. But he has said the first word and a very beautiful word it is. The distinguishing quality of MacDowell's Americanism in art is its freedom from that morbidness, sensuousness, and intellectual rioting which pervades the music of Tschaiowsky, Strauss, and Debussy. In fact, there is hardly a European composer of the nineteenth century in whose music there is not an emotional sultriness as of the moment before the storm, unless like Beethoven's it is the storm centre itself. But MacDowell's musical moods are those of the moment after the storm when the atmosphere is sane. There is the voice in his harmonies of the athletic soul crying, "It is good to be alive!"

Oh! it took an American tone poet, after all, to show us that music could express a lovely, impersonal, spiritual sort of passion, without verging on the "eroticism, neuroticism and tommyroticism" of much modern European art. "Are we indissolubly wedded to German musical idiom?" asks a critic. "No," we might well reply, "MacDowell has already divorced us from it." His new musical moods called for a new musical manner, a more consonant, diatonic and newly cadenced manner, with crisp

new idioms of rhythm and a more delicately tinted imagery. You will never characterize his music as some one did that of another composer's—"Play me that scarlet thing of Dvorak's," said he. MacDowell does not deal in *scarlet music*. His colors are golden and deep or grey and tender.

It is not going too far, then, we think, to predict that this new manner and style of MacDowell's will be to some extent the manner and style of future American composers. The technique of this new music will not, perhaps, glitter with the jewelled embellishments of Liszt, nor glow with the gorgeous harmonic color of Wagner. Its Americanism will not necessarily be bound to a folk-song basis, nor pledged to an exploitation of American subjects alone. Its nationality will probably be emphasized, rather, by the *method of handling the material* than by the choice of material itself.

The East, we admit, has probably said the first word in American music, but when the half-gods go and the gods arrive, the last word will be said by a genius born and bred to the whole United States, especially bred to the West; whose inspiration will have in it, *must have in it*, not only the clarity and idealism of New England, not only the warmth and color of the South, not only an echo of wild pioneer life, but something picturesque which has come from moods struck forth by the rugged grandeur of the Rockies, the rush of Western rivers, the broad sweep of the plains and the strange spell of the desert. Does anyone think all this will not count as much for inspiration as stories of illicit love and crime, such as *Salome* and *Electra*? What was it made Schubert the greatest song writer and Wagner the greatest lyric dramatist? What is it gives birth to that mysterious potent thing called melody, which no man, even though he be a past master in the science of tone-building, can create by merely taking thought? Why, *poetic imagination* first, last, and all the time!

What is the part, then, of the American people in hastening the coming of a great American music?

There can be no doubt of the basic work to be done. It is to rouse in the public, especially in young Americans, a higher poetic and æsthetic sense than they now have. Music, more

than any of the arts, is a social product. Not only do the folk, patriotic and religious songs spring largely from the masses, but it is the sombre, serious, devout, or humorous moods of the people themselves that at last filter through the personality of a Tschaikowsky, Chopin, or Grieg, into a Pathétique symphony, a B flat minor sonata, or a Peer Gynt suite. Maurice Hewlett asks pertinently: "How is an artist to make a masterpiece unless the public makes half of it?" Someone has written an interesting and suggestive essay in which he shows how absolutely necessary to a composer is a nation of "creative listeners"; that as a concert audience makes or mars the song or sonata by giving out or withholding sympathy and appreciation, so does the vast national audience make possible or impossible a great creative musician.

One wonders sometimes whether the Italian or German really has more intrinsic taste and talent for music than the American. Isn't it rather that very much the same kind of individual taste and talent in these foreign artists is raised to the  $n$ th power by a public that has a much keener beauty sense than the American public has? We Americans are ambitious to be musical, largely because we do not want other nations to beat us in any way. So we work zealously to establish symphony orchestras and local opera; we build fine conservatories and pay the highest prices for teachers; we bribe all the great artists away from Europe in the height of the season and send them home with their pockets full, to proclaim loudly that America is now really a greater musical nation than Italy or Germany. It reminds one of the small boy who always swears allegiance to the person who gives him the biggest piece of gingerbread.

The opinion of these artists is, of course, based almost entirely on the enthusiastic and cultured audiences that applauded them in New York, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis. But the musicians and teachers scattered about here and there in the country and in the small towns, who are doing their best to bring about the musical millennium, know that the great masses of American people do not yet care for, or understand, the best music. This has been quite inevitable. We have been too busy building a nation since 1776 to give much attention to the arts.

So, in spite of great potential musical material and taste, lying fallow, this strenuous nation-building has engendered some serious faults of temperament which we shall have to eliminate before we can become a great musical people.

One of these faults of temperament is our chronic fear of being sentimental (perhaps that's because we *are* sentimental). We are very uncomfortable, especially the business man, brought up on the newspaper, in the atmosphere of the sublime. Really, our growing passion for common sense is rather appalling. One fears we shall yet fall down and worship it, as the Israelites did the golden calf. As a result of this passion for the "practical," we are in the habit of decrying "high flown" language on the stage or platform. No one dares, nowadays, to be the least bit rhetorical or eloquent for fear of being accused of "over doing." In consequence of this public attitude, the American stage has gone to seed on worthless plays and musical comedy, and we are now organizing a drama league to reform it. The great literary dramas are no longer read because we have become a nation of fiction devourers. Most men and many women find poetry deadly dull; the majority of high school young men and women are ashamed to admit that they like poetry even if they do.

And how little moved are most American people by a great picture unless it has an obvious "story" in it! How little moved and how greatly shocked are some good folks, even yet, by a copy of the beautiful Venus de Milo or the Apollo Belvedere! An overplus here, perhaps, of puritan influence.

Another national fault is our overdone sense of humor. Humor is of course one of the æsthetic emotions, but it is so only by virtue of its appropriateness. We ought to know that the comic is only permissible when it does not stand in the way of higher things. But where is the typical American who can resist his joke at the expense of much higher things? We are all largely Mark Twain-ized in this respect.

To cure this dear old America of ours of its complaint of ultra-common sense, it is necessary that art, poetry, and a love of the beautiful should compete much more strongly than they do with politics and big business. One is almost moved

to say that we shall never be a musical country until we stop building skyscrapers and asking of every proposed plan for fostering art and the higher culture, "Will it pay?" We have yet to learn that there is much more to be gotten out of this naughty world by one beauty thrill than by a dozen duty chills. Only, of course, the thrill must go more than skin deep, more than sense deep, if it is to be anything but a barren thrill. We seldom do anything worth while save from one of these beautiful impulses. Do you suppose any of those splendid religious martyrs ever went willingly to the stake for the sake of cold duty? Do not think so meanly of him! He was, depend upon it, so filled to overflowing with the sublime beauty of his belief and the glory of dying for it that he gave himself willingly, almost joyously. If anyone will read carefully the lives of the great composers, he will find there was never one of them who wrote a great piece of music without this sense of the higher beauty.

It is our imperative duty, then, as good Americans, to create out of the younger generations (it is too late now to do much for the grown-ups) a nation of creative listeners with this higher beauty sense, and when that is done, the question of a great national composer and a great national music will take care of itself.

## WOMAN

CHRISTIAN GAUSS

**T**HIS is recorded in the Book of Life,—  
And mournfully her white lips syllabled  
The bitter words that gleamed upon the page,—  
“One that had died while living, and now dead  
Would vainly live the sweet life of the world,  
A woman,—” and she wept, while blessed souls  
And two and two passed on to Paradise.

Leaning against the outer wall of heaven,  
She hid her eyes and wept into her hands,  
And when the sobs had slackened, thus she spoke,—

“I had not seen him for unnumbered hours;  
Now one day more was waning toward the eve  
And my foiled thoughts were praying for the stars,  
Vainly for some vague thing that cannot help,  
As after a lost battle through the hush  
Neglected hosts of the defeated dead  
Crave the cool falling of the evening dew.  
I was resolved this night of his farewell,—  
Would he but come!—I was indeed resolved,  
No more at last should guilty silence lie  
A waveless Acheron 'twixt sundered souls,—  
Yet was fear stronger than my woman's will.

I do remember how the sun had sunk  
In clouds of gilded umber; solemnly  
Day faded into darkness and the moon  
Climbed from her curtained East, until serene  
The sombre heavens unfolded. Then I heard,—  
How sweet the steps of lovers through the night!—  
And as I leaned to listen, hark! O hark!  
The stars were breaking through the dark-like sounds,  
And my heart echoed as he trod, until

Sudden he stood beside me. Yet once more  
The silence rose like a resistless flood.  
I did not smile nor take the proffered hand,—  
My guilty love hath been the love withheld.—  
He brought me dewy-cool the gift of June,  
One rose and I,—I took it wordlessly,—  
But when unblessed he passed into the world  
His love for me had made a lonely place,  
I 'gainst my aching breast in hunger strained  
Her softness and her thorns, till drops of blood  
Paled in the flush of that diviner bloom.  
Then in bleak morning when the light had left  
God's stars in darkness and my heart in pain  
Intolerable, I found an argent jar  
To hold my wounded blossom for a while.

There crimson petals o'er that silver rim  
Fell all day long, one slowly after one  
Resounding through my sorrow, till at last  
My loud room echoed with that fallen red  
And called my silence coward, whose traitor lips  
Had still refused to shape that blessed word  
His life had prayed for and his eyes implored,  
And who had gone where I'd behold his face  
No more forever while my lips were red.

Yea, from that rose's wasted life the soul  
Of summer sang to me, I knew indeed  
I loved him from that flower; e'en now I hear  
The lark song o'er the meadows where it grew.

Surely I knew it and my heart was glad,  
Yet my blind incommunicable soul  
Offered no sign. I was a woman then.

"Tell him!" she turned unto the gates once more,—  
"Tell him!" she called to souls that wandered by;  
"My heart aches with the long unuttered word,  
Tell him, O pilgrims!" and she spoke with tears.



## LAFCADIO HEARN

F. HADLAND DAVIS

**I**T is probable that more books have been written about Japan than any other country, but few will deny that out of that vast accumulation of publications the work of Lafcadio Hearn is pre-eminent. When we survey his twelve books devoted to the study of the Land of the Gods—from those first glowing impressions in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to his critical masterpiece *Japan: An Interpretation*, we are conscious of having come in touch with one who has not only told us more about Japan than any other writer, but who has at the same time presented his material in a rich, poetic and sensitive style that is haunting and irresistible in its charm. Hearn has been described as a sentimentalist and as one who never mastered the Japanese language. Certain people have taken objection to his attitude toward Christianity. Others have lamented that he was too much under the influence of Herbert Spencer; but the fact remains that, whatever his faults may have been, he is the supreme interpreter of Japan, and his work, with all its rapture and ghostliness, will never be superseded.

I am not likely to forget the day when a friend of mine introduced *Kokoro* to my notice. That book was a revelation to me, and I lost no time in reading everything Hearn had written about Japan and nearly everything that has been written about him. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Yone Noguchi when he observes that "you must have another Hearn to understand Lafcadio Hearn." His character was so sensitive, so wayward, so eerie, so child-like, so wrapped about with mystery that no one so far has been able to describe him with any degree of completeness. We can fathom his genius to a certain extent, but the man himself we do not know, and I doubt if we shall ever get nearer to him than in Mrs. Hearn's wonderfully poignant reminiscences of her husband. Even these reminiscences are illusive, for we only catch a glimpse of this shy, fleeting figure. As a rule we go to a man's letters if we desire to know him intimately; but Hearn's letters, full of charm as they are, tell us little or nothing about

his personality. They are only intimate so far as they reveal Hearn the writer. He is chiefly concerned in writing about his work or his reading, and he does so with such minute detail, with such frank enthusiasm and such penetrating criticism, that we are able to realize the influences that so considerably helped to mould his tense, delicate style. No letters have hitherto appeared that so illuminate the inner workings of the literary mind.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, in her *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, writes very little about the mulatto girl and Voodoo priestess incidents in Hearn's career. They are not savory subjects, certainly, but at the same time they cannot be dismissed as "legends." Hearn was not a saint. He had his moral lapses; but if we would go more deeply into the matter we should discover that these lapses were not after all inconsistent. Hearn was not born in advance of his time. He was one of the few great writers who cast no prophetic beam into the future. What he did was to illuminate the past—the Japanese past. He was extraordinarily primitive; not Bohemian, but pagan. He softly crept out of the way of civilization whenever it was possible to do so. Hearn had certain savage instincts trained to exquisite delicacy by his love of Romantic French literature; but such influences could never crush out his primitive desires—his love of tropical nights, his abnormal development of the purely sensuous. He was an exotic dreamer, a wanderer in search of the Beautiful; and in the quest he was touched and thrilled by many weird and ugly things. He saw all the color of fruits and metals in the human skin, and we are not surprised to find that he gave preference to "the smooth, velvety black skin that remains cold as a lizard under the tropical sun."

There are those who consider that Lafcadio Hearn at the last was disillusioned in regard to Japan. This is only partly true. Hearn stood for the spirit of Old Japan, and he loved it and understood it far better than the Japanese themselves. He was entirely disillusioned in regard to New Japan. There were occasions when Hearn, usually so mild and gentle, could be almost excessively petulant. He did not hesitate to denounce the many innovations due to Western influence. He was con-

demning only a feeble and ugly hybrid, not the original stock. He wrote: "I detest with unspeakable detestations the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow, vulgar scepticism of the New Japan, the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon." Hearn expressed himself strongly, but probably for very good reasons, and we must not forget that his denunciation of the New is at the same time a vigorous acclamation of the Old. The Japanese type that was forever aping the West and pressing forward with feverish haste and a blush for the noble past was hateful to Hearn. He wanted Japan to stand still, to worship her old gods and not to forget the might of her ancestors, to be always quaintly superstitious. He wanted the opalescent mists of the mountains, and not the noisome smoke of factory chimneys. He kept in his heart—in his dreams, if you will—all that was beautiful, picturesque and lovable about Japan. To attempt to destroy these ancient and hallowed charms was an act of vandalism that he could not endure silently. That usually gentle, timid soul cried out then, cried out against the missionary "beasts," against officialdom, and against the majority of young Japanese men, of whom he wrote: "There will be no hearts after a time; Waterbury watches will be substituted instead. These will be cheap and cold, but will keep up a tolerably regular ticking." I think Hearn would have indorsed the following old Chinese law: "Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new, be put to death." There are, no doubt, many matter-of-fact people who would describe Hearn as a fanatic, and altogether impossible in a world that for all his dreaming happens to move along pretty quickly. But for the thousands of matter-of-fact people who must, to save their precious souls, call black and white by their right names (and in the process miss all the beauties of the colors proper), there are only a few who are wise enough to catch and retain, not the fever of advance or the madness of choking civilization, but the beauty of the past, the beauty of the world when it was young. Hearn has not been fully appreciated in Japan at present. Armaments, commerce, loans, agriculture, the latest science,

are now occupying her attention. A time will come, however, when Japan will honor her greatest interpreter—but that time is not yet.

Can we in any way account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—viz., his birth and the fact that he suffered from myopia. This method of procedure rather savors of chemical analysis, only in this particular case we know the salt is called genius, and we work back, on quite unscientific lines, to try and find some of the factors in producing it. Hearn's parentage was interesting. He had Greek and Romany blood in his veins. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful in everything he saw, combined with an almost equal love of the horrible; and the Romany for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers.

I attach, in common with Dr. G. M. Gould, even more importance to the fact of Hearn's defective vision. He saw everything about him in a microscopic way—and notice at this point the love of little things so characteristic of the Japanese people. Hearn's limited vision affected his mental outlook, in which color and remembrance were the dominant factors. It is more than probable that this lack of ordinary human vision quickened an inner power within him and accounted to a certain extent for the morbid strain in his character. The Biblical phrase, "I see men as trees walking," would not have applied to Hearn. He would have said, "I see men as ghosts walking." At this point he would have fallen back on Buddhism. He would have said that he was conscious of the memory of billions of ghosts, all of which he had been at one time or another in the great revolving wheel of the Universe. We need not follow him here. Suffice it to say that Hearn's Greek and Romany descent, and his suffering from myopia, have left their mark upon his work; they have sketched out, as it were, the rough outline long before he went to Japan.

Hearn, like all great stylists, had a reverence for words, only with him the reverence amounted to ecstasy. He wrote: "For me words have color, form, character; they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities;

they have tints, tones, personalities." Glamour was the *motif* of all Hearn wrote. When his Japanese wife told him a story, Hearn always wanted to know precisely the conditions of nature at the time the incidents mentioned in the narrative occurred. A grey sky or a blue sky, silence or shrieking wind, blossom or snow on the trees, seemed in some curious way to put him in touch with his subject. Take away these all-important preliminary effects, and you would immediately take away all Hearn's creative faculty. Once Hearn was really moved by some enchanting color, some horror or something infinitely quaint and pathetic, out would come his pen, and the more he was stirred the greater was the magic he left upon his paper. Intense beauty always produced sadness in Hearn's work, because that which is supremely beautiful is akin to tears. Nearly everything he wrote was stamped, ever so faintly, with what the Japanese call *mono no aware wo shiru*, "the ah-ness of things."

Many have condemned Lafcadio Hearn because he wrote bitterly, petulantly, and always with prejudice in regard to Christianity. Over and over again we have had cause to regret that one who could write so beautifully about Buddha in *Out of the East*, and so tenderly and hauntingly concerning Jizō in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, should think it worth while to pour forth invectives against Christianity and against those who stood for that faith.

In studying Hearn, however, we must always bear in mind his hypersensitiveness. We all know how susceptible the character of a child is, and how important it is that the growing, eager, questioning mind should have the right kind of influences. Hearn as a boy was unfortunate in his religious upbringing. His early training in a Jesuit college had fostered hate and not love. Those in authority over him did not understand that the boy who had an indescribable horror of the Holy Ghost could not be driven toward Christ and a knowledge of Him. The Jesuits drove Hearn along with the best intentions, but the result in his case was disastrous. Their insistence led to revolt and laid the foundation, not only of bitterness against the Roman Church, but of a pitiable misconception of Christianity itself, the teaching of Christ, independent of creed or dogma.

I am not defending Hearn's religious views, for I regret his intolerance and prejudice, but I do insist, most emphatically, that this fascinating writer, when we remember his curiously wrought temperament, had a very pitiable reason for his attack upon Christianity. I am convinced that Hearn's early religious training hardened his heart and distorted his view in regard to things spiritual to the last. He never realized Christ, never even touched the border of His garment. To Hearn Christ was obscured by not very worthy representatives of His teachings. This interpreter of Japan wrote in one of his letters: "Christianity while professing to be a religion of love has always seemed to me in history and practice a religion of hate, with its jealous and revengeful Deity, its long record of religious wars and inquisitions, and its mutual reproaches between sects of being under the curse of eternal perdition." Hearn had the misfortune to come in contact with the Pecksniffian type on the one hand, and on the other the fanatical type addicted to proselytizing with more zest than real spiritual insight. He saw Christianity in the making, and was so eager in condemning the Inquisition and the petty striving of one sect to oust another that he failed to grasp the great teaching of the Master Himself.

I believe that Lafcadio Hearn, in spite of his unorthodox views, was essentially religious, and his profound love of the beautiful fostered the spirit of reverence in certain directions. He became an ardent Buddhist, and, in common with Sir Edwin Arnold, Fielding-Hall, the late Sister Nivedita, and a few other writers, he has given us a tender and exquisite interpretation of the Lord Buddha. "A true gentleman respects *all* religions," wrote Hearn in one of his letters to a Japanese friend. But alas! he did not carry out this excellent precept. Too often, the bitter past rankling in his mind, he idealized Buddhism at the expense of Christianity.

Hearn's attitude in regard to Christianity is well summed up in the following: "I can't dissociate the thing called Christianity from all my life's experiences of hypocrisy, and cruelty, and villainy—from conventional wickedness and conventional dreariness and ugliness and dirty austerities and long faces and Jesuitry and infamous distortion of children's brains. My experiences

have been too heavily weighted with all this to allow me to be just. I can't." In this frank confession we should find it in our hearts to pity rather than to condemn Hearn. It was his misfortune to find a very poor and distorted form of Christianity, full of the corruption of mediævalism. He found Buddha, but he did not find Christ. Sir Edwin Arnold, in his *Light of Asia*, wrote a great, moving classic because he was fully alive to the poetry and majesty of the theme. When, however, he tried to write, in *The Light of the World*, an epic dealing with the Life of Christ, he produced a book that was not alive with the burning fire of inspiration, and it is a book that we shall soon forget to read. We are, though not in like measure, grateful to Hearn for his study of Buddhism, and in the light of his early and most unfortunate training, we must pardon his perverse attitude toward Christianity.

Hearn loved his wife, the gentle and tactful Koizumi, "Little Spring," in his own quiet way. On one occasion, when he was writing in bed, his wife, after repeated efforts to remain awake, failed to keep her eyes open. In the morning she apologized for being so rude as to go to sleep before her lord! Although Hearn endeavored to check her abject humility, I do not think he could have married a woman of any other nation. He was a man who may not have openly resented anything in the way of feminine tyranny or neglect; but such shortcomings would, nevertheless, have pierced his soul and stilled his song, even as the note of that little insect in *Kottō* was hushed into the silence of death. Hearn lived in a garden of soft-colored flowers, and when the petals fluttered to the ground it was not the wind that carried them to their last brown resting-place, but the invisible hands of little ghosts.

Mrs. Hearn, in describing her husband's room after his death, departs from the Japanese method of merely suggesting. She portrays that peaceful abode with its little shrine, its desk, its company of much-loved books, with all the detail of a Dutch painter. We seem to see Hearn's children creeping into this room when night comes in order to say to his bas-relief, "Papa San, good night; happy dreams!" Perhaps Hearn's ghost replies, as the man himself used to reply when he sat in his brown

robe curled up on cushions, "Have a good dream!" When there is silence in the room, and when his wife and family have gone to rest, it may be that his spirit-fingers touch the offering or turn the page of a book, that his eyes peer into the pictures of the flaming god Fudō.

Hearn knew how to transmute words into gold. He stood ever for the beautiful in literary art, and if he has seen fit to condemn the New Japan, he was never for one moment disillusioned in regard to the Old. He wrote: "Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home—and the lights of its household gods—and my boy stretching out his hands to me—and all the simple charm and love of Old Japan. And the fairy-world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly—as a child might a butterfly." That is our last remembrance of Lafcadio Hearn, for it was from such thoughts as these that he dreamed his dream, called up to a weary and cynical and hustling world the ghostly magic of the Land of the Gods.



# THE POST OFFICE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MADHAV

AMAL, his adopted child

SUDHA, a little flower girl

THE DOCTOR

DAIRYMAN

WATCHMAN

GAFFER

VILLAGE HEADMAN, a bully

KING'S HERALD

ROYAL PHYSICIAN

## ACT I

[*Madhav's House*]

MADHAV. What a state I am in! Before he came, nothing mattered; I felt so free. But now that he has come, goodness knows from where, my heart is filled with his dear self, and my home will be no home to me when he leaves. Doctor, do you think he——

PHYSICIAN. If there's life in his fate, then he will live long. But what the medical scriptures say, it seems——

MADHAV. Great heavens, what?

PHYSICIAN. The scriptures have it: "Bile or palsy, cold or gout spring all alike."

MADHAV. Oh, get along, don't fling your scriptures at me; you only make me more anxious; tell me what I can do.

PHYSICIAN. [*Taking snuff*] The patient needs the most scrupulous care.

MADHAV. That's true; but tell me how.

PHYSICIAN. I have already mentioned, on no account must he be let out of doors.

MADHAV. Poor child, it is very hard to keep him indoors all day long.

PHYSICIAN. What else can you do? The autumn sun and the damp are both very bad for the little fellow—for the scriptures have it:

"In wheezing, swoon or in nervous fret,  
In jaundice or leaden eyes——"

MADHAV. Never mind the scriptures, please. Eh, then we must shut the poor thing up. Is there no other method?

PHYSICIAN. None at all: for, "In the wind and in the sun——"

MADHAV. What will your "in this and in that" do for me now? Why don't you let them alone and come straight to the point? What's to be done then? Your system is very, very hard for the poor boy; and he is so quiet too with all his pain and sickness. It tears my heart to see him wince, as he takes your medicine.

PHYSICIAN. The more he winces, the surer is the effect. That's why the sage Chyabana observes: "In medicine as in good advices, the least palatable ones are the truest." Ah, well! I must be trotting now. [*Exit*]

[*Gaffer enters*]

MADHAV. Well, I'm jiggered, there's Gaffer now.

GAFFER. Why, why, I won't bite you.

MADHAV. No, but you are a devil to send children off their heads.

GAFFER. But you aren't a child, and you've no child in the house; why worry then?

MADHAV. Oh, but I have brought a child into the house.

GAFFER. Indeed, how so?

MADHAV. You remember how my wife was dying to adopt a child?

GAFFER. Yes, but that's an old story; you didn't like the idea.

MADHAV. You know, brother, how hard all this getting money in has been. That somebody else's child would sail in and waste all this money earned with so much trouble— Oh, I hated the idea. But this boy clings to my heart in such a queer sort of way——

GAFFER. So that's the trouble! and your money goes all for him and feels jolly lucky it does go at all.

MADHAV. Formerly, earning was a sort of passion with me; I simply couldn't help working for money. Now, I make money and as I know it is all for this dear boy, earning becomes a joy to me.

GAFFER. Ah, well, and where did you pick him up?

MADHAV. He is the son of a man who was a brother to my wife by village ties. He has had no mother since infancy; and now the other day he lost his father as well.

GAFFER. Poor thing: and so he needs me all the more.

MADHAV. The doctor says all the organs of his little body are at logger-heads with each other, and there isn't much hope for his life. There is only one way to save him and that is to keep him out of this autumn wind and sun. But you are such a terror! What with this game of yours at your age, too, to get children out of doors!

GAFFER. God bless my soul! So I'm already as bad as autumn wind and sun, eh! But, friend, I know something, too, of the game of keeping them indoors. When my day's work is over I am coming in to make friends with this child of yours. [*Exit*]

[*Amal enters*]

AMAL. Uncle, I say, Uncle!

MADHAV. Hullo! Is that you, Amal?

AMAL. Mayn't I be out of the courtyard at all?

MADHAV. No, my dear, no.

AMAL. See, there where Auntie grinds lentils in the quirn, the squirrel is sitting with his tail up and with his wee hands he's picking up the broken grains of lentils and crunching them. Can't I run up there?

MADHAV. No, my darling, no.

AMAL. Wish I were a squirrel!—it would be lovely. Uncle, why won't you let me go about?

MADHAV. Doctor says it's bad for you to be out.

AMAL. How can the doctor know?

MADHAV. What a thing to say! The doctor can't know and he reads such huge books!

AMAL. Does his book-learning tell him everything?

MADHAV. Of course, don't you know!

AMAL. [*With a sigh*] Ah, I am so stupid! I don't read books.

MADHAV. Now, think of it; very, very learned people are all like you; they are never out of doors.

AMAL. Aren't they really?

MADHAV. No, how can they? Early and late they toil and moil at their books, and they've eyes for nothing else. Now, my little man, you are going to be learned when you grow up; and then you will stay at home and read such big books, and people will notice you and say, "he's a wonder."

AMAL. No, no, Uncle; I beg of you by your dear feet—I don't want to be learned, I won't.

MADHAV. Dear, dear; it would have been my saving if I could have been learned.

AMAL. No, I would rather go about and see everything that there is.

MADHAV. Listen to that! See! What will you see, what is there so much to see?

AMAL. See that far-away hill from our window—I often long to go beyond those hills and right away.

MADHAV. Oh, you silly! As if there's nothing more to be done but just get up to the top of that hill and away! Eh! You don't talk sense, my boy. Now listen, since that hill stands there upright as a barrier, it means you can't get beyond it. Else, what was the use in heaping up so many large stones to make such a big affair of it, eh!

AMAL. Uncle, do you think it is meant to prevent your crossing over? It seems to me because the earth can't speak it raises its hands into the sky and beckons. And those who live far and sit alone by their windows can see the signal. But I suppose the learned people——

MADHAV. No, they don't have time for that sort of nonsense. They are not crazy like you.

AMAL. Do you know, yesterday I met some one quite as crazy as I am.  
MADHAV. Gracious me, really, how so?

AMAL. He had a bamboo staff on his shoulder with a small bundle at the top, and a brass pot in his left hand, and an old pair of shoes on; he was making for those hills straight across that meadow there. I called out to him and asked, "Where are you going?" He answered, "I don't know, anywhere!" I asked again, "Why are you going?" He said, "I'm going out to seek work." Say, Uncle, have you to seek work?

MADHAV. Of course I have to. There's many about looking for jobs.

AMAL. How lovely! I'll go about, like them too, finding things to do.

MADHAV. Suppose you seek and don't find. Then——

AMAL. Wouldn't that be jolly? Then I should go farther! I watched that man slowly walking on with his pair of worn out shoes. And when he got to where the water flows under the fig tree, he stopped and washed his feet in the stream. Then he took out from his bundle some gram-flour, moistened it with water and began to eat. Then he tied up his bundle and shouldered it again; tucked up his cloth above his knees and crossed the stream. I've asked Auntie to let me go up to the stream, and eat my gram-flour just like him.

MADHAV. And what did your auntie say to that?

AMAL. Auntie said, "Get well and then I'll take you over there." Please, Uncle, when shall I get well?

MADHAV. It won't be long, dear.

AMAL. Really, but then I shall go right away the moment I'm well again.

MADHAV. And where will you go?

AMAL. Oh, I will walk on, crossing so many streams, wading through water. Everybody will be asleep with their doors shut in the heat of the day and I will tramp on and on seeking work far, very far.

MADHAV. I see! I think you had better be getting well first; then——

AMAL. But then you won't want me to be learned, will you, Uncle?

MADHAV. What would you rather be then?

AMAL. I can't think of anything just now; but I'll tell you later on.

MADHAV. Very well. But mind you, you aren't to call out and talk to strangers again.

AMAL. But I love to talk to strangers!

MADHAV. Suppose they had kidnapped you?

AMAL. That would have been splendid! But no one ever takes me away. They all want me to stay in here.

MADHAV. I am off to my work—but, darling, you won't go out, will you?

AMAL. No, I won't. But, Uncle, you'll let me be in this room by the roadside.

[Exit Madhav]

DAIRYMAN. Curds, curds, good nice curds.

AMAL. Curdseller, I say, Curdseller!

DAIRYMAN. Why do you call me? Will you buy some curds?

AMAL. How can I buy? I have no money.

DAIRYMAN. What a boy! Why call out then? Ugh! What a waste of time.

AMAL. I would go with you if I could.

DAIRYMAN. With me?

AMAL. Yes, I seem to feel homesick when I hear you call from far down the road.

DAIRYMAN. [*Lowering his yoke-pole*] Whatever are you doing here, my child?

AMAL. The doctor says I'm not to be out, so I sit here all day long.

DAIRYMAN. My poor child, whatever has happened to you?

AMAL. I can't tell. You see I am not learned, so I don't know what's the matter with me. Say, Dairyman, where do you come from?

DAIRYMAN. From our village.

AMAL. Your village? Is it very far?

DAIRYMAN. Our village lies on the river Shamli at the foot of the Panchmura hills.

AMAL. Panch-mura hills! Shamli river! I wonder. I may have seen your village. I can't think when though!

DAIRYMAN. Have you seen it? Been to the foot of those hills?

AMAL. Never. But I seem to remember having seen it. Your village is under some very old big trees, just by the side of the red road—isn't that so?

DAIRYMAN. That's right, child.

AMAL. And on the slope of the hill cattle grazing.

DAIRYMAN. How wonderful! Aren't there cattle grazing in our village! Indeed, there are!

AMAL. And your women with red sarrees fill their pitchers from the river and carry them on their heads.

DAIRYMAN. Good, that's right. Women from our dairy village do come and draw their water from the river; but then it isn't everyone who has a red saree to put on. But, my dear child, surely you must have been there for a walk some time.

AMAL. Really, Dairyman, never been there at all. But the first day doctor lets me go out, you are going to take me to your village.

DAIRYMAN. I will, my child, with pleasure.

AMAL. And you'll teach me to cry curds and shoulder the yoke like you and walk the long, long road?

DAIRYMAN. Dear, dear, did you ever! Why should you sell curds? No, you will read big books and be learned.

AMAL. No, I never want to be learned—I'll be like you and take my curds from the village by the red road near the old banyan tree, and I will hawk it from cottage to cottage. Oh, how do you cry—"Curd, curd, good nice curd!" Teach me the tune, will you?

DAIRYMAN. Dear, dear, teach you the tune; what an idea!

AMAL. Please do. I love to hear it. I can't tell you how queer I feel when I hear you cry out from the bend of that road, through the line of those trees! Do you know I feel like that when I hear the shrill cry of kites from almost the end of the sky?

DAIRYMAN. Dear child, will you have some curds? Yes, do.

AMAL. But I have no money.

DAIRYMAN. No, no, no, don't talk of money! You'll make me so happy if you have a little curds from me.

AMAL. Say, have I kept you too long?

DAIRYMAN. Not a bit; it has been no loss to me at all; you have taught me how to be happy selling curds. [*Exit*]

AMAL. [*Intoning*] Curds, curds, good nice curds—from the dairy village—from the country of the Panch-mura hills by the Shamli bank. Curds, good curds; in the early morning the women make the cows stand in a row under the trees and milk them, and in the evening they turn the milk into curds. Curds, good curds. Hello, there's the watchman on his rounds. Watchman, I say, come and have a word with me.

WATCHMAN. What's all this row you are making? Aren't you afraid of the likes of me?

AMAL. No, why should I be?

WATCHMAN. Suppose I march you off then?

AMAL. Where will you take me to? Is it very far, right beyond the hills?

WATCHMAN. Suppose I march you straight to the King?

AMAL. To the King! Do, will you? But the doctor won't let me go out. No one can ever take me away. I've got to stay here all day long.

WATCHMAN. Doctor won't let you, poor fellow! So I see! Your face is pale and there are dark rings round your eyes. Your veins stick out from your poor thin hands.

AMAL. Won't you sound the gong, Watchman?

WATCHMAN. Time has not yet come.

AMAL. How curious! Some say time has not yet come, and some say time has gone by! But surely your time will come the moment you strike the gong!

WATCHMAN. That's not possible; I strike up the gong only when it is time.

AMAL. Yes, I love to hear your gong. When it is midday and our meal is over, Uncle goes off to his work and Auntie falls asleep reading her Rāmayana, and in the courtyard under the shadow of the wall our doggie sleeps with his nose in his curled up tail; then your gong strikes out, "Dong, dong, dong!" Tell me why does your gong sound?

WATCHMAN. My gong sounds to tell the people, Time waits for none, but goes on forever.

AMAL. Where, to what land?

WATCHMAN. That none knows.

AMAL. Then I suppose no one has ever been there! Oh, I do wish to fly with the time to that land of which no one knows anything.

WATCHMAN. All of us have to get there one day, my child.

AMAL. Have I too?

WATCHMAN. Yes, you too!

AMAL. But doctor won't let me out.

WATCHMAN. One day the doctor himself may take you there by the hand.

AMAL. He won't; you don't know him. He only keeps me in.

WATCHMAN. One greater than he comes and lets us free.

AMAL. When will this great doctor come for me? I can't stick in here any more.

WATCHMAN. Shouldn't talk like that, my child.

AMAL. No. I am here where they have left me—I never move a bit. But when your gong goes off, dong, dong, dong, it goes to my heart. Say, Watchman, what's going on there in that big house on the other side, where there is a flag flying high up and the people are always going in and out?

WATCHMAN. Oh, there? That's our new Post Office.

AMAL. Post Office? Whose?

WATCHMAN. Whose? Why, the King's surely!

AMAL. Do letters come from the King to his office here?

WATCHMAN. Of course. One fine day there may be a letter for you in there.

AMAL. A letter for me? But I am only a little boy.

WATCHMAN. The King sends tiny notes to little boys.

AMAL. Oh, how lovely! When shall I have my letter? How do you guess he'll write to me?

WATCHMAN. Otherwise why should he set his Post Office here right in front of your open window, with the golden flag flying?

AMAL. But who will fetch me my King's letter when it comes?

WATCHMAN. The King has many postmen. Don't you see them run about with round gilt badges on their chests?

AMAL. Well, where do they go?

WATCHMAN. Oh, from door to door, all through the country.

AMAL. I'll be the King's postman when I grow up.

WATCHMAN. Ha! ha! Postman, indeed! Rain or shine, rich or poor, from house to house delivering letters—that's very great work!

AMAL. That's what I'd like best. What makes you smile so? Oh, yes, your work is great too. When it is silent everywhere in the heat of the noonday, your gong sounds, Dong, dong, dong,—and sometimes when I wake up at night all of a sudden and find our lamp blown out, I can hear through the darkness your gong slowly sounding, Dong, dong, dong!

WATCHMAN. There's the village headman! I must be off. If he catches me gossiping with you there'll be a great to do.

AMAL. The headman? Whereabouts is he?

WATCHMAN. Right down the road there; see that huge palm-leaf umbrella hopping along? That's him!

AMAL. I suppose the King's made him our headman here?

WATCHMAN. Made him? Oh, no! A fussy busybody! He knows so many ways of making himself unpleasant that everybody is afraid of him. It's just a game for the likes of him, making trouble for everybody. I must be off now! Mustn't keep work waiting, you know! I'll drop in again to-morrow morning and tell you all the news of the town. *[Exit]*

AMAL. It would be splendid to have a letter from the King every day. I'll read them at the window. But, oh! I can't read writing. Who'll read them out to me, I wonder! Auntie reads her Rāmayana; she may know the King's writing. If no one will, then I must keep them carefully and read them when I'm grown up. But if the postman can't find me? Headman, Mr. Headman, may I have a word with you?

HEADMAN. Who is yelling after me on the highway? Oh, you wretched monkey!

AMAL. You're the headman. Everybody minds you.

HEADMAN. *[Looking pleased]* Yes, oh yes, they do! They must!

AMAL. Do the King's postmen listen to you?

HEADMAN. They've got to. By Jove, I'd like to see——

AMAL. Will you tell the postman it's Amal who sits by the window here?

HEADMAN. What's the good of that?

AMAL. In case there's a letter for me.

HEADMAN. A letter for you! Whoever's going to write to you?

AMAL. If the King does.

HEADMAN. Ha! ha! What an uncommon little fellow you are! Ha! ha! the King indeed, aren't you his bosom friend, eh! You haven't met for a long while and the King is pining, I am sure. Wait till to-morrow and you'll have your letter.

AMAL. Say, Headman, why do you speak to me in that tone of voice? Are you cross?

HEADMAN. Upon my word! Cross, indeed! You write to the King! Madhav is devilish swell nowadays. He'd made a little pile; and so kings and padishahs are everyday talk with his people. Let me find him once and I'll make him dance. Oh, you snipper-snapper! I'll get the King's letter sent to your house—indeed I will!

AMAL. No, no, please don't trouble yourself about it.

HEADMAN. And why not, pray! I'll tell the King all about you and he won't be very long. One of his footmen will come along presently for news of you. Madhav's impudence staggers me. If the King hears of this, that'll take some of his nonsense out of him. *[Exit]*

AMAL. Who are you walking there? How your anklets tinkle! Do stop a while, dear, won't you?

*[A Girl enters]*



GIRL. I haven't a moment to spare; it is already late!

AMAL. I see, you don't wish to stop; I don't care to stay on here either.

GIRL. You make me think of some late star of the morning! Whatever's the matter with you?

AMAL. I don't know; the doctor won't let me out.

GIRL. Ah me! Don't then! Should listen to the doctor. People'll be cross with you if you're naughty. I know, always looking out and watching must make you feel tired. Let me close the window a bit for you.

AMAL. No, don't, only this one's open! All the others are shut. But will you tell me who you are? Don't seem to know you.

GIRL. I am Sudha.

AMAL. What Sudha?

SUDHA. Don't you know? Daughter of the flower-seller here.

AMAL. What do *you* do?

SUDHA. I gather flowers in my basket.

AMAL. Oh, flower gathering! That is why your feet seem so glad and your anklets jingle so merrily as you walk. Wish I could be out too. Then I would pick some flowers for you from the very topmost branches right out of sight.

SUDHA. Would you really? Do you know more about flowers than I?

AMAL. Yes, *I do*, quite as much. I know all about Champa of the fairy tale and his seven brothers. If only they let me, I'll go right into the dense forest where you can't find your way. And where the honey-sipping humming-bird rocks himself on the end of the thinnest branch, I will flower out as a champa. Would you be my sister Parul?

SUDHA. You are silly! How can I be sister Parul when I am Sudha and my mother is Sasi, the flower-seller? I have to weave so many garlands a day. It would be jolly if I could lounge here like you!

AMAL. What would you do then, all the day long?

SUDHA. I could have great times with my doll Benay the bride, and Meni the pussycat and—but I say it is getting late and I mustn't stop, or I won't find a single flower.

AMAL. Oh, wait a little longer; I do like it so!

SUDHA. Ah, well—now don't you be naughty. Be good and sit still and on my way back home with the flowers I'll come and talk with you.

AMAL. And you'll let me have a flower then?

SUDHA. No, how can I? It has to be paid for.

AMAL. I'll pay when I grow up—before I leave to look for work out on the other side of that stream there.

SUDHA. Very well, then.

AMAL. And you'll come back when you have your flowers?

SUDHA. Yes, I will.

AMAL. You won't forget me? I am Amal, remember that.

SUDHA. I won't forget you, you'll see. [*Exit*]

[*A troop of boys enter*]

AMAL. Say, brothers, where are you all off to? Stop here a little.

BOYS. We're off to play.

AMAL. What will you play at, brothers?

BOYS. We'll play at being ploughmen.

FIRST BOY. [*Showing a stick*] This is our ploughshare.

SECOND BOY. We two are the pair of oxen.

AMAL. And you're going to play the whole day?

BOYS. Yes, all day long.

AMAL. And you'll come back home in the evening by the road along the river bank?

BOYS. Yes.

AMAL. Do you pass our house on your way home?

BOYS. You come out to play with us, yes do.

AMAL. Doctor won't let me out.

BOYS. Doctor! Suppose the likes of you mind the doctor. Let's be off; it is getting late.

AMAL. Don't. Why not play on the road near this window? I could watch you then.

THIRD BOY. What can we play at here?

AMAL. With all these toys of mine lying about. Here you are, have them. I can't play alone. They are getting dirty and are of no use to me.

BOYS. How jolly! What fine toys! Look, here's a ship. There's old mother Jatai; say, chaps, ain't he a gorgeous sepoy? And you'll let us have them all? You don't really mind?

AMAL. No, not a bit; have them by all means.

BOYS. You don't want them back?

AMAL. Oh, no, I shan't want them.

BOYS. Say, you won't get a scolding for this?

AMAL. No one will scold me. But will you play with them in front of our door for a while every morning?

BOYS. Oh, yes, we will. Say, chaps, put these sepoy into a line. We'll play at war; where can we get a musket? Oh, look here, this bit of reed will do nicely. Say, but you're off to sleep already.

AMAL. I'm afraid I'm sleepy. I don't know, I feel like it at times. I have been sitting a long while and I'm tired; my back aches.

BOYS. It's only early noon now. How is it you're sleepy? Listen! The gong's sounding the first watch.

AMAL. Yes, dong, dong, dong, it tells me to sleep.

BOYS. We had better go then. We'll come in again to-morrow morning.

AMAL. I want to ask you something before you go. You are always out—do you know of the King's postmen?

BOYS. Yes, quite well.

AMAL. Who are they? Tell me their names.

BOYS. One's Badal, another's Sarat. There's so many of them.

AMAL. Do you think they will know me if there's a letter for me?

BOYS. Surely, if your name's on the letter they will find you out.

AMAL. When you call in to-morrow morning, will you bring one of them along so that he'll know me?

BOYS. Yes, if you like.

## ACT II

[*Amal in Bed*]

AMAL. Can't I go near the window to-day, Uncle? Would the doctor mind that too?

MADHAV. Yes, darling, you see you've made yourself worse squatting there day after day.

AMAL. Oh, no, I don't know if it's made me more ill, but I always feel well when I'm there.

MADHAV. No, you don't; you squat there and make friends with the whole lot of people round here, old and young, as if they are holding a fair right under my eaves—flesh and blood won't stand that strain. Just see—your face is quite pale.

AMAL. Uncle, I fear my fakir'll pass and not see me by the window.

MADHAV. Your fakir, whoever's that?

AMAL. He comes and chats to me of the many lands where he's been. I love to hear him.

MADHAV. How's that? I don't know of any fakirs.

AMAL. This is about the time he comes in. I beg of you, by your dear feet, ask him in for a moment to talk to me here.

[*Gaffer enters in a fakir's guise*]

AMAL. There you are. Come here, Fakir, by my bedside.

MADHAV. Upon my word, but this is——

GAFFER. [*Winking hard*] I am the fakir.

MADHAV. It beats my reckoning what you're not.

AMAL. Where have you been this time, Fakir?

FAKIR. To the Isle of Parrots. I am just back.

MADHAV. The Parrots' Isle!

FAKIR. Is it so very astonishing? Am I like you, man? A journey doesn't cost a thing. I tramp just where I like.

AMAL. [*Clapping*] How jolly for you! Remember your promise to take me with you as your follower when I'm well.

FAKIR. Of course, and I'll teach you such secrets too of travelling that nothing in sea or forest or mountain can bar your way.

MADHAV. What's all this rigmarole?

GAFFER. Amal, my dear, I bow to nothing in sea or mountain; but if the doctor joins in with this uncle of yours, then I with all my magic must own myself beaten.

AMAL. No, Uncle shan't tell the doctor. And I promise to lie quiet; but the day I am well, off I go with the Fakir and nothing in sea or mountain or torrent shall stand in my way.

MADHAV. Fie, dear child, don't keep on harping upon going! It makes me so sad to hear you talk so.

AMAL. Tell me, Fakir, what the Parrots' Isle is like.

GAFFER. It's a land of wonders; it's a haunt of birds. There's no man; and they neither speak nor walk, they simply sing and they fly.

AMAL. How glorious! And it's by some sea?

GAFFER. Of course. It's on the sea.

AMAL. And green hills are there?

GAFFER. Indeed, they live among the green hills; and in the time of the sunset when there is a red glow on the hillside, all the birds with their green wings flock back to their nests.

AMAL. And there are waterfalls?

GAFFER. Dear me, of course; you don't have a hill without its waterfalls. Oh, it's like molten diamond; and, my dear, what dances they have! Don't they make the pebbles sing as they rush over them to the sea! No devil of a doctor can stop them for a moment. The birds looked upon me as nothing but a man, quite a trifling creature without wings—and they would have nothing to do with me. Were it not so I would build a small cabin for myself among their crowd of nests and pass my days counting the sea waves.

AMAL. How I wish I were a bird! Then——

GAFFER. But that would have been a bit of a job; I hear you've fixed up with the dairyman to be a hawker of curds when you grow up; I'm afraid such business won't flourish among birds; you might land yourself into serious loss.

MADHAV. Really this is too much. Between you two I shall turn crazy. Now, I'm off.

AMAL. Has the dairyman been, Uncle?

MADHAV. And why shouldn't he? He won't bother his head running errands for your pet fakir, in and out amongst the nests in his Parrots' Isle. But he has left a jar of curd for you saying that he is rather busy with his niece's wedding in the village, and he has got to order a band at Kamlipara.

AMAL. But he is going to marry me to his little niece.

GAFFER. Dear me, we are in a fix now.

AMAL. He said he would find me a lovely little bride with a pair of pearl drops in her ears and dressed in a lovely red *saree*; and in the mornings she would milk with her own hands the black cow and feed me with warm milk with foam on it from a brand new earthen cruse; and in the evenings she would carry the lamp round the cow-house, and then come and sit by me to tell me tales of Champa and his six brothers.

GAFFER. How delicious! The prospect tempts even me, a hermit! But

never mind, dear, about this wedding. Let it be. I tell you when you wed there'll be no lack of nieces in his household.

MADHAV. Shut up! This is more than I can stand. [*Exit*]

AMAL. Fakir, now that Uncle's off, just tell me, has the King sent me a letter to the Post Office?

GAFFER. I gather that his letter has already started; but it's still on the way.

AMAL. On the way? Where is it? Is it on that road winding through the trees which you can follow to the end of the forest when the sky is quite clear after rain?

GAFFER. That's so. You know all about it already.

AMAL. I do, everything.

GAFFER. So I see, but how?

AMAL. I can't say; but it's quite clear to me. I fancy I've seen it often in days long gone by. How long ago I can't tell. Do you know when? I can see it all: there, the King's postman coming down the hillside alone, a lantern in his left hand and on his back a bag of letters; climbing down for ever so long, for days and nights, and where at the foot of the mountain the waterfall becomes a stream he takes to the footpath on the bank and walks on through the rye; then comes the sugarcane field and he disappears into the narrow lane cutting through the tall stems of sugarcanes; then he reaches the open meadow where the cricket chirps and where there is not a single man to be seen, only the snipe wagging their tails and poking at the mud with their bills. I can feel him coming nearer and nearer and my heart becomes glad.

GAFFER. My eyes aren't young; but you make me see all the same.

AMAL. Say, Fakir, do you know the King who has this Post Office?

GAFFER. I do; I go to him for my alms every day.

AMAL. Good! When I get well, I must have my alms too from him, mayn't I?

GAFFER. You won't need to ask, my dear, he'll give it to you of his own accord.

AMAL. No, I would go to his gate and cry, "Victory to thee, O King!" and dancing to the tabor's sound, ask for alms. Won't it be nice?

GAFFER. It would be splendid, and if you're with me, I shall have my full share. But what'll you ask?

AMAL. I shall say, "Make me your postman, that I may go about lantern in hand, delivering your letters from door to door. Don't let me stay at home all day!"

GAFFER. What is there to be sad for, my child, even were you to stay at home?

AMAL. It isn't sad. When they shut me in here first I felt the day was so long. Since the King's Post Office I like it more and more being indoors, and as I think I shall get a letter one day, I feel quite happy and then I

don't mind being quiet and alone. I wonder if I shall make out what'll be in the King's letter?

GAFFER. Even if you didn't, wouldn't it be enough if it just bore your name?

[*Madhav enters*]

MADHAV. Have you any idea of the trouble you've got me into, between you two?

GAFFER. What's the matter?

MADHAV. I hear you've let it get rumored about that the King has planted his office here to send messages to both of you.

GAFFER. Well, what about it?

MADHAV. Our headman Panchanan has had it told to the King anonymously.

GAFFER. Aren't we aware that everything reaches the King's ears?

MADHAV. Then why don't you look out? Why take the King's name in vain? You'll bring me to ruin if you do.

AMAL. Say, Fakir, will the King be cross?

GAFFER. Cross, nonsense! And with a child like you and a fakir such as I am! Let's see if the King be angry, and then won't I give him a piece of my mind!

AMAL. Say, Fakir, I've been feeling a sort of darkness coming over my eyes since the morning. Everything seems like a dream. I long to be quiet. I don't feel like talking at all. Won't the King's letter come? Suppose this room melts away all on a sudden, suppose—

GAFFER. [*Fanning Amal*] The letter's sure to come to-day, my boy.

[*Doctor enters*]

DOCTOR. And how do you feel to-day?

AMAL. Feel awfully well to-day, Doctor. All pain seems to have left me.

DOCTOR. [*Aside to Madhav*] Don't quite like the look of that smile. Bad sign that, his feeling well! Chakradhan has observed—

MADHAV. For goodness' sake, Doctor, leave Chakradhan alone. Tell me what's going to happen?

DOCTOR. Can't hold him in much longer, I fear! I warned you before— This looks like a fresh exposure.

MADHAV. No, I've used the utmost care, never let him out of doors; and the windows have been shut almost all the time.

DOCTOR. There's a peculiar quality in the air to-day. As I came in I found a fearful draught through your front door. That's most hurtful. Better lock it at once. Would it matter if this kept your visitors off for two or three days? If some one happens to call unexpectedly—there's the back door. You had better shut this window as well, it's letting in the sunset rays only to keep the patient awake.

MADHAV. Amal has shut his eyes. I expect he is sleeping. His face tells me— Oh, Doctor, I bring in a child who is a stranger and love him as my own, and now I suppose I must lose him!

DOCTOR. What's that? There's your headman sailing in!—What a bother! I must be going, brother. You had better stir about and see to the doors being properly fastened. I will send on a strong dose directly I get home. Try it on him—it may save him at last, if he can be saved at all.  
[*Exeunt Madhav and Doctor*]

[*The Headman enters*]

HEADMAN. Hello, urchin!—

GAFFER. [*Rising hastily*] 'Sh, be quiet.

AMAL. No, Fakir, did you think I was asleep? I wasn't. I can hear everything; yes, and voices far away. I feel that mother and father are sitting by my pillow and speaking to me.

[*Madhav enters*]

HEADMAN. I say, Madhav, I hear you hobnob with bigwigs nowadays.

MADHAV. Spare me your jests, Headman, we are but common people.

HEADMAN. But your child here is expecting a letter from the King.

MADHAV. Don't you take any notice of him, a mere foolish boy!

HEADMAN. Indeed, why not! It'll beat the King hard to find a better family! Don't you see why the King plants his new Post Office right before your window? Why, there's a letter for you from the King, urchin!

AMAL. [*Starting up*] Indeed, really!

HEADMAN. How can it be false? You're the King's chum. Here's your letter [*showing a blank slip of paper*]. Ha, ha, ha! This is the letter.

AMAL. Please don't mock me. Say, Fakir, is it so?

GAFFER. Yes, my dear. I as Fakir tell you it is his letter.

AMAL. How is it I can't see? It all looks so blank to me. What is there in the letter, Mr. Headman?

HEADMAN. The King says, "I am calling on you shortly; you had better arrange puffed rice offerings for me.—Palace fare is quite tasteless to me now." Ha! ha! ha!

MADHAV. [*With folded palms*] I beseech you, Headman, don't you joke about these things—

GAFFER. Cutting jokes indeed, dare he!

MADHAV. Are you out of your mind too, Gaffer?

GAFFER. Out of mind, well then I am; I can read plainly that the King writes he will come himself to see Amal, with the state physician.

AMAL. Fakir, Fakir, 'sh, his trumpet! Can't you hear?

HEADMAN. Ha! ha! ha! I fear he won't until he's a bit more off his head.

AMAL. Mr. Headman, I thought you were cross with me and didn't love me. I never could think you would fetch me the King's letter. Let me wipe the dust off your feet.

HEADMAN. This little child does have an instinct of reverence. Though a little silly, he has a good heart.

AMAL. It's hard on the fourth watch now, I suppose— Hark the gong, "Dong, dong, ding," "Dong, dong, ding." Is the evening star up? How is it I can't see—

GAFFER. Oh, the windows are all shut, I'll open them.

[*A knocking outside*]

MADHAV. What's that?—who is it—what a bother!

VOICE. [*From outside*] Open the door.

MADHAV. Say, Headman—hope they're not robbers.

HEADMAN. Who's there? It's Panchanan, the headman, calls—Aren't you afraid of the like of me? Fancy! The noise has ceased! Panchanan's voice carries far.—Yes, show me the biggest robbers!—

MADHAV. [*Peering out of the window*] I should think the noise has ceased. They've smashed the door.

[*The King's Herald enters*]

HERALD. Our Sovereign King comes to-night!

HEADMAN. My God!

AMAL. At what hour of the night, Herald?

HERALD. On the second watch.

AMAL. When from the city gates my friend the watchman will strike his gong, "ding dong ding, ding dong ding"—then?

HERALD. Yes, then. The King sends his greatest physician to attend on his young friend.

[*State Physician enters*]

STATE PHYSICIAN. What's this? How close it is here! Open wide all the doors and windows. [*Feeling Amal's body*] How do you feel, my child?

AMAL. I feel very well, Doctor, very well. All pain is gone. How fresh and open! I can see all the stars now twinkling from the other side of the dark.

PHYSICIAN. Will you feel well enough to leave your bed with the King when he comes in the middle watches of the night?

AMAL. Of course, I'm dying to be about for ever so long. I'll ask the King to find me the polar star.—I must have seen it often, but I don't know exactly which it is.

PHYSICIAN. He will tell you everything. [*To Madhav*] Will you go about and arrange flowers through the room for the King's visit? [*Indicating the Headman*] We can't have that person in here.

AMAL. No, let him be, Doctor. He is a friend. It was he who brought me the King's letter.

PHYSICIAN. Very well, my child. He may remain if he is a friend of yours.

MADHAV. [*Whispering into Amal's ear*] My child, the King loves you.



He is coming himself. Beg for a gift from him. You know our humble circumstances.

AMAL. Don't you worry, Uncle.—I've made up my mind about it.

MADHAV. What is it, my child?

AMAL. I shall ask him to make me one of his postmen that I may wander far and wide, delivering his message from door to door.

MADHAV. [*Slapping his forehead*] Alas, is that all?

AMAL. What'll be our offerings to the King, Uncle, when he comes?

HERALD. He has commanded puffed rice.

AMAL. Puffed rice! Say, Headman, you're right. You said so. You knew all we didn't.

HEADMAN. If you send word to my house then I could manage for the King's advent really nice——

PHYSICIAN. No need at all. Now be quiet all of you. Sleep is coming over him. I'll sit by his pillow; he's dropping into slumber. Blow out the oil-lamp. Only let the star-light stream in. Hush, he slumbers.

MADHAV. [*Addressing Gaffer*] What are you standing there for like a statue, folding your palms.—I am nervous.—Say, are they good omens? Why are they darkening the room? How will star-light help?

GAFFER. Silence, unbeliever.

[*Sudha enters*]

SUDHA. Amal!

PHYSICIAN. He's asleep.

SUDHA. I have some flowers for him. Mayn't I give them into his own hand?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, you may.

SUDHA. When will he be awake?

PHYSICIAN. Directly the King comes and calls him.

SUDHA. Will you whisper a word for me in his ear?

PHYSICIAN. What shall I say?

SUDHA. Tell him Sudha has not forgotten him.

CURTAIN

## CORRESPONDENCE

### *The Coming Marriage*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—We hear much nowadays of new laws making health an essential of marriage. Realizing the relation of happiness to health and the shortness of human life, would that we might hear more of improving the marriage laws to increase human happiness.

One of the essentials of a marriage is the mutual willingness of the parties, implying, of course, love or some degree of liking. But marriage is not always a willing affair. It is often forced at the beginning and forced throughout, for people are compelled to remain married (?) when love is dead and they become intolerable to each other as man and wife. Love should be considered as important throughout the marriage as it is at the altar. With the experience of married life it often dies. This is no argument against love, but against something else. The right party is often not known until after marriage, for marriage brings experience, whether you object to regarding it as an experiment at first or not.

Marriage is often forced owing to the lack of understanding of sex. For example: A couple are indiscreet outside of marriage. One or both do not love well enough for marriage; it is intolerable, impossible. They may have loved—or thought that they loved—at the time, and afterward discovered that they hated. The majority of people yet, in spite of plain lessons from crimes and tragedies, do not understand how such a couple cannot love each other as man and wife and live happily together. These people do not seem to understand human nature. They certainly do not know the difference between love of sexual gratification and love for an individual as a life partner. They do not realize that the sex nature predominates in some, and that, as it is human to err, such people are liable to make this particular mistake. Sex attraction is animal; it is the temporary attraction of a man or a woman for one of the opposite sex on account of sex; marriage attraction is the more lasting or permanent attraction of a man or a woman for the one he or she admires enough to live with.

Forced marriage, though it is too generally considered the only way—and the only way often because it seems the “easiest way”—to conceal disgrace, is against man’s law and against nature’s. Think of the young girls who give way to despair, or go to illegal doctors and to places from which they never come alive rather than contract a hated life union! Consider the young men who go to the penitentiary or the electric chair because a threatened forced marriage drives them emotionally mad and they attack girls! Think of the good young men who are shot to death simply be-

cause they made a mistake and cannot continue in their error! Consider the cruelties inflicted by the unwilling party upon the hated life partner!—the unkindness to unwelcome children! The forced marriage, with our present marriage and divorce laws, drives the parties mad, and they become savage to one another. Parents who urge a marriage as a scheme to legitimize a child and encourage a wretched couple to separate immediately after the ceremony are wiser and more humane, though, than those who endeavor, at the expense of happiness, to have such a pair remain together because they will not brook a little talk. If a suicide or a murder occurs, the latter kind of parents deserves the greater disgrace. A couple who are old enough to be married are old enough to insist that they will not waste a bit of this short precious life in married misery. People who do not scruple to make marriage a scheme should not hesitate to look upon it as a mere form as far as the living together of the couple goes.

Human beings with animal or sex nature will always err; disgrace will not be tolerated. This sort of marriage will always take place. For the sake of human happiness we should advocate marriage, not for life, but simply marriage and easier divorce laws, and immediate divorce for this specific cause, forced marriage. We cannot fail to improve matters, for nothing is more detrimental to human happiness than the scheme marriage for life and its inevitable consequences, sometimes murder and suicide. When a marriage is forced, the hated promises "to love," and to take "till death us do part," should be omitted from the ceremony. Marriage as a scheme to conceal disgrace is no sacrament.

Man and woman are different. They differ in their manner of wrongdoing. But we should not exaggerate their difference to the extent of affirming that man is never so much to blame as, and never more to blame than, woman for indiscretion outside of marriage. Girls are so much to blame, sometimes, that they lie about it. Thus are some of the stories of being drugged and poisoned by needles accounted for. When a girl is old enough to be the mother of a child she has a certain influence over boys; this is her power. And she should be firmly impressed with this at an early age. She certainly should be taught about sex nature, what sexual gratification is, and the difference between sex attraction and marriage attraction. In spite of instruction, some will go wrong, but if the unwilling marriage were vividly pictured to boys and girls the fear that it would engender would be the means of greater discretion. For what girl and boy do not want to marry from choice? It is when they are girl and boy that they often get into trouble and have nothing whatever to say about their marriage.

For parents entirely to excuse erring young people, saying, "They committed only an act of nature," is to insult those who are not less natural but more careful and law-abiding. This is as great an insult as the remark, "Such is the fate of every good-looking girl." This is not an act of "marriage in God's sight" unless we would portray God as one looking upon

two haters as fit objects for marriage. "Marriage, even though it be forced, rights the wrong," others argue. But a wrong marriage, with our present marriage and divorce laws, is a heartless affair. It should not be for life.

The unwritten law is a relic of barbarism. It implies that women have no moral responsibility or sex control. Woman has been brought up to believe that because she is not so strong as man she never can resist him. What we have thought about man is that because he is stronger than woman he can always resist her. There is no greater error than regarding man as without weakness because he is strong, and woman without a will because she is the "weaker vessel." This exaggeration of the difference between the sexes, which is the means of one being denied certain rights and the same exempted from blame at certain times, is something that has been handed down from the less civilized past. We should not spoil women because they are weaker any more than we should spoil children because they are little. When two do wrong together what is more common than for one to be blamed more than the other, or entirely? In this case it is man. The woman's condition is the direct cause of the forced marriage, and this should be impressed upon her from earliest womanhood.

The woman or her male relative is excused for attacking the betrayer on account of the provocation of his promising to marry and then retracting. A man is supposed to do right at the altar, to promise faithfully. If he has made a wrong promise outside of marriage, he is within his legal rights if he refuses to continue error at the altar. Juries should not acquit a man for attacking another because he could not conscientiously marry. As punishment for his share of wrong-doing a man should be compelled to do as much as possible for the woman that he broke the law with. But it is not beneficial to her, at this time, especially, to be with one who hates her, and it is even worse for her when she hates him. We do not yet realize the necessity of love in marriage, nor the seriousness of repulsion. Love is miraculous; it makes the marriage; hate and repulsion make a natural, happy union for life impossible. We should cease to advocate marriage for life and urge simply marriage. If it endures for life, then we should rejoice in the luck; if not, we should cheerfully or philosophically sanction the couple's trying again. We should not longer cater to Mrs. Grundy, for when there is a married elopement or desertion, a suicide or other tragedy—far too common when two are forced to live together—her tongue wags the faster.

JEAN C. MCBAIN

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## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *For the Term of His Natural Life*

**I**T has often been said that money is power, and the saying does not distinguish delicately between tainted money and money that is honestly and honorably earned. Mr. Charles F. Murphy has evidently studied the aphorism, but has studiously avoided any nice discrimination—(will every reader who is not competent to compile an elementary dictionary kindly refer to one for the meaning of the word “nice”?). Mr. Murphy has gone further than mere avoidance: he has discovered, probably without any academic guidance, the possibilities of illicit conversion—(will every reader unacquainted with the meaning of “illicit conversion” kindly refer to a text book on elementary logic?). Mr. Murphy evidently believes that power is money; and, characteristically and naturally, he expresses his determination to hang on to power as long as he can—that is to say, as long as he can continue to “gull” the public.

It is an instructive situation. Here is a man who is notoriously a public enemy of the public welfare. In a Republic—that is to say, presumably, a commonwealth in which the government is to be of the people, for the people, by the people—he graciously announces his intention to be an autocrat for the remainder of his life. Fortunately, he has so far refrained from insisting upon the hereditary principle. Successive generations of little Murphys would be too much for the assimilation even of those born to the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

### *Peculiar Enterprise*

**I**MMEDIATELY after the President of the United States had removed the restrictions on the transportation of arms into Mexico, a leading New York newspaper telegraphed to General Huerta asking him for his opinion of the President's action. General Huerta, with commendable good taste, refused to discuss the question.

It is a pity that a reputable journal should allow itself such

latitude in a question affecting foreign relations. It is scarcely within the bounds of propriety that criticism of the Administration's policy should be invited from the temporary head of a régime that the President, for excellent reasons, refuses to countenance or tolerate.

### *The Panama Canal Tolls*

THE President's pronouncement with regard to the Canal Tolls question will be welcomed by everyone who values the dignity and honor of his country. It is possible that some people conscientiously believe that the clause in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty guaranteeing entire equality to all nations in the use of the canal was intended to mean, implicitly and explicitly, inequality. It is more than possible—it is entirely evident—that many others do not care what the clause means or was intended to mean: the canal was built "by American enterprise, with American money, on American land, for the benefit of the American people"—and it does not matter one iota, to them, what were the obligations of the American nation and the conditions under which the canal was begun and completed. Fortunately, the President is big enough to represent the whole nation—and not any bigoted, or ignorant, or interested, or narrow-minded clique. His action in this case is merely another indication of the broad, statesmanlike attitude which is inevitable with him.

### *Colonel Goethals*

THOUGH Colonel Goethals may never become the head of the New York Police Department, he has already done more for the city than many Commissioners who have given actual and more or less prolonged service. The proposed reforms, due directly or indirectly to Colonel Goethals, are indispensable if real efficiency is to be secured. The perpetual reinstatement by the courts of officers dismissed by the Commissioner has been subversive of discipline and decency; and the attacks upon the new measures, in the supposed interests of the police themselves, need not be taken too seriously.

The city does not exist to support the police: the police exist to protect the citizens. Any measure which makes that protection more secure must tend also to strengthen the position of the

average intelligent and well-meaning member of the force. The incompetent, the "grafters," and the colleagues of criminals may be eliminated; but there seems no special reason why expedients should be devised to retain their "services" for a community which does not vehemently desire them.

### *The Final Test*

THE present session of the British Parliament will be one of the most momentous of recent years. Statesmanship and patriotism will be needed; invective and intolerance may well be discarded. Only a wide viewpoint and a spirit of conciliation can settle the vexed Irish question and remedy the misunderstandings and grievances of generations.

### *The Salvation of Tammany*

RICHARD CROKER, who accumulated a huge fortune through his mastery of the "grafting" methods that Tammany has always so liberally encouraged, retired in the fulness of time and purse to Ireland, to enjoy the fruits of his conspicuous ability. But he has kept a watchful eye upon his successor; and he has now announced that, if Tammany is to be saved, Murphy must withdraw from the scene of his extensive operations.

Does any decent citizen desire that Tammany shall be saved in order to continue its predatory raids upon the public and the public treasury? If the salvation of Tammany depends upon the extinction of Murphy, let Murphy stay; and not only during the remainder of his life, as he himself has modestly desired, but let his spirit brood in perpetuity over Fourteenth Street. To secure such an admirable object as the ruin and complete extinction of Tammany, the Board of Estimate might well reserve an appropriation for a marble bust, that shall enshrine for future generations the mobile features of this benefactor of his city and State; and this might be the superscription: "In grateful appreciation of the Chief, who, by remaining at his post, damned Tammany and saved the community."

### *The Modern "Press Gang"*

THERE used to be, in what is now a sufficiently remote period of history, an institution which existed for the purpose of per-

suading home-loving men to leave *terra firma* and trust to the often troubled high seas. The methods of persuasion were scarcely civilized, but many worthy and able-bodied men were induced—when temporarily unconscious—to go down to the sea in ships and see wonders in the deep.

The press gang—as an assistant to choosing an avocation—has vanished; but the spirit of that admirable institution is preserved by a section of the modern press. There are still, fortunately, many reputable and reliable journals; but some of the papers which cater cunningly to a vast circulation have no scruples and no principles—other than a scrupulous regard for the principles of inaccuracy and vulgarity. Any citizen who is still so unsophisticated that he relies on the accuracy of anything whatsoever that he sees in the columns of the yellow press will do well to conduct a little personal investigation. Let him check off the accounts, published in such papers, of any matter, trivial or important, of which he has actual knowledge. He will find absurdities instead of verities, deliberate misstatements for facts, and an all-embracing atmosphere of “cheapness” and vulgarity.

### *1914—or 1419?*

THE works of Maurice Maeterlinck have been placed on the Index Prohibitorius by the authorities of the Catholic Church in Rome.

### *Comstockery*

IN the case in the federal court recently decided in favor of the publisher of Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman's novel, *Hagar Revelly*, the real issue was obscured through the restrictions imposed by the technicalities of the law and the absurdity of precedents rigidly adhered to. The actual question, to all who understood the case, was not limited to any individual book. What the jury really had to decide, though every effort was made by the prosecution to prevent that issue being placed before them, was whether literature and art shall be defined and then obliterated by the hopelessly stupid, or whether the reasonable members of the community shall have something to say in the matter. It is a curious phenomenon that the more stupid a man is, and the




more obviously he should refrain from expressing any opinion about any matter whatsoever, the more he tries to impose his own opinions and prejudices on the rest of his fellow men. On the other hand, the more intelligent a man is, the less he desires to use coercion to thrust his opinions even upon the most imbecilic of his neighbors; but he does insist upon his right to pursue quietly his own course in life.

It is not extraordinary that differences of opinion should exist, and every man is entitled to hold his own views with regard to what constitutes or does not constitute a desirable trend in literature. But merely because a man has been brought up in some rigid sectarian community, and has been infected with all the vicious littlenesses of that community, he has no right to demand that all the rest of humanity shall model itself on his own pattern. He may believe, if it pleases him, that the world was created exactly 4004 years B. C., in six days of twenty-four hours each; but it is not polite of him to assume that, because he is amazingly ignorant, it is his duty to despise everybody who has passed beyond the limitations of the nursery stage of life.

A few personalities with regard to the case may be considered generally interesting.

The charge, of course, was due to Anthony Comstock, who took a very prominent part in the earlier stages of the affair. But when the case came to trial, the prosecution strenuously objected to any introduction of his name, and Mr. Comstock did not choose to appear—or was not allowed to appear—in court at any stage. Why? Mr. Comstock has no doubt done some useful work in the lines to which he should confine his activities; but has his name acquired such an ominous significance through its perpetual association with intolerance and childishness that the District Attorney dreaded the effect upon the jury of the slightest indication that Mr. Comstock was connected with the case?

There was a painful unwillingness on the part of the Assistant District Attorney to permit any reference to any other books; no classics could be cited, no comparisons drawn. His contention was that if a book contains even a single passage, however brief, which, taken by itself, without reference to its context and without regard to its place and value in the development of a



legitimate theme, may be considered improper, then the whole book is improper and should be suppressed, and its publisher convicted of a felony. This absurd contention may be in accordance with the stupid construction of a stupid statute, but it has certainly no connection with common sense. If it were applied impartially, the Bible would have to be suppressed as an utterly obscene book, Shakespeare's works would be withdrawn hastily from a public that had not hitherto been informed that it was expected to be scandalized by their perusal, and a goodly array of many tens of thousands of volumes, embracing most of the classics of the world, would be added to the funeral pyre announcing the death of literature and the final triumph of ignorance and Comstockery.

One of the most regrettable episodes in the case was the ordeal to which Mr. Norman Hapgood was subjected when he was qualifying as an expert. The jury, however, was not allowed to receive the assistance of any experts, assistance such as would have been considered indispensable in any similar case,—of alleged impure food, for example, or alleged insanity. Some of the questions put to Mr. Hapgood, and the manner in which they were put, seemed indefensible to the majority of the onlookers. Neither the Judge nor the Assistant District Attorney emerged from the experience with any credit.

As the case will have far-reaching effects, extended reference has been made to it. The Assistant District Attorney is reported to have said that he did not understand the verdict. That, precisely, is what all who listened to his address to the jury would have expected him to say. Obviously sincere, but living in the wrong century, he symbolized all the prejudice and narrowness of bygone generations. Naturally, he could not understand a decision that common sense made inevitable. He could not realize that the world has outgrown its tolerance of Comstockery.

# THE FORUM

FOR APRIL 1914

## THE ART OF EVERLASTING LIFE

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

NOT long ago I was amused to notice for the first time that I could not see directly behind my head in a mirror. Turn and twist as I would, there was always a space as big as my head that I could not investigate. I thought of this on finding Maeterlinck in a recent essay comparing metaphysical speculation on consciousness to a mirror. Why take thought of consciousness? Perhaps in the light of Bergson one should say, "*How* take thought of consciousness?" The intellect is trying to investigate itself, to lift itself by its own bootstraps; and is foredoomed to a *circulus in probando*. Had Archimedes been given a platform he could have moved the earth with his lever.

Moreover a certain famous playwright set the fashion for carelessness concerning "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," and sensible downright people have the feeling that it is bad form to discuss immortality except in the perfunctory pulpit. Some courage is required to face any indeterminate issue, for the schoolboy world, ashamed of abstract enthusiasms, calls it neurasthenia. For all that, I am curious about Life and careless of my reputation.

I beg the question then on the reality of continued Life. Let instinct do easily what the intelligence of even Paul and Socrates and Anselm never did successfully. Even the earnest mystico-science of Sir Oliver Lodge adds little to, perhaps subtracts from, our unrational intuitions, which, when all is said, constitute our surest proof. Assuming the fact of immortality (and science is to-day ranging over on the side of popular age-long feeling and sees no reason why Life should stop with physical death), let us

inquire into the conditions. How may one acquire the art of everlasting Life?

## II

Two general lines of thought, apparently unconnected and unsympathetic, have resulted in a fairly consistent conclusion with regard to immortality. Realizing that I am likely to encounter ridicule from scholars whose knowledge of the literature of the subject may easily be more complete than my own, I beg at the outset the Kantian privilege of suspending for the time being all former architects, and building my skyscraper absolutely untrammelled by old scaffolding. I do not claim to have tapped a private wire, nor to possess an unusual amount of *Innerlichkeit*; there will be here no mysticism or transcendentalism, but only some simple, unconventional reflection about that nearest, most baffling thing, the soul.

Our first line of converging thought has to do with the Reward and Punishment theory of an after-life; the second, with evolutionary development. Let us take up the first and follow it to the junction; then go back and bring up the second to the same place, and finally carry them along together to the end.

A belief in Heaven, a place or condition of happiness in reward of a good life, and Hell, a place or condition of unhappiness (the degrees vary from sentimental regret to a fiery furnace) in punishment of a bad life, has been a part, implicit or explicit, of every religious system propounded by man. One does not have far to seek for its origin. Justice appearing to lag in this life, where the wicked frequently flourish as a green bay-tree and the righteous as often go to the grave unhonored by the world, and the idea of justice being innate and clamorous from the earliest time, Heaven and Hell were invented and for ages have been regarded as necessities in any scheme of divine provision.

The reason for the continuance of the belief is just as plain, being of a piece with the reason for its origin. Far from

virtue's being its own reward, it has appeared to men of a practical turn,—who make up a considerable proportion of the human family,—that self-sacrifice is not the best dividend-bearer, that conscience is a tyrannous master and impoverishes its servants, that the Golden Rule is too great a luxury for common men. That men think this way to-day needs no proof; one hears it on every corner, in every barber-shop. That men thought this way more than twenty-three centuries ago, one need only read the first book of Plato's *Republic* for assurance. It is everywhere. An evidence of its pervasiveness is that aggressive orthodoxy has taken the alarm in recent years, as it did in Job's time and in the homily of the Vicar of Wakefield, and thinks it incumbent to proclaim the exact contrary—that virtue pays in this life, that “honesty is the best policy,” a slogan as far from morality as Ben Franklin from Jesus of Nazareth. This zeal in defence of virtue is well-intended, but ill-directed and as little justified by the facts as its contrary. But to come back to the point, the complaint against virtue, which is in the air and must be met by priest and teacher. Obviously the most efficient method of securing the practice of morality is to reward it,—if it cannot be rewarded here, then in the life to come; and the best deterrent from vice is punishment, if not here, hereafter. Leaving out of consideration for the moment revealed religion, it will be evident that Heaven and Hell are expediential measures, adopted from necessity and adapted to the time and people. But—I put the question in candor and sincerity—are Heaven and Hell essential to right-living? Is the belief in these two goals of human life—put your own interpretation on each—essential to real religion? Even though you do not believe in any Heaven and Hell, are the reasons less strong that compel you to act as though you did? Would not your inward joy, not dollars or touring cars or a seat in Washington, but your peace of mind, depend upon unselfishness and gratitude and love? The ideal of the noblest and wisest and tenderest of earth is to be one of the poet's

“Glad souls without reproach or blot,  
Who do Thy will and know it not.”

So there is a high sense in which virtue decidedly does pay in this life. Refraining from fear of ill is not the highest morality; serving from hope of reward, however noble and refined, has its sly dangers. To the candid eye of Twentieth Century virtue, the reward and punishment basis is childish below the mark. It was and perhaps is still expediential, but it is not essential.

There is a second consideration not altogether to be ignored. A great many people find it hard to reconcile the idea of everlasting punishment with a God who is all-powerful and all-loving and has foreseen from the beginning the occupants of both the hostels of Eternity. Heaven they accept gladly, for anyone is willing to believe he is really more deserving than he appears on the surface; and eternal reward for temporal virtue does not seem incongruous. But Hell they reject. They will none of a God who could requite finite sin with an infinite punishment and so they agree with Omar:

"Tut! He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

Infinite punishment for finite sin! Is this merely a blind or must the objection be granted some genuine validity? All sin, small or great, is in its nature infinite perhaps; that is, it may become infinite in consequence, as any slightest rivulet may roll to a mighty sea; but it takes a metaphysical training to appreciate this, and most men never do and never could know it. So, after all, an eternity of expiation for seventy years of violating or ignoring the law, or passiveness before it, presents difficulties that no subtleties of theology nor mystic abracadabra can conceal from ordinary common sense.

So far, these considerations have been *a priori*, and without heed to revelation. Whatever force they may have would be vitiated in the minds of many conservative people if the Bible postulates plainly Heaven and Hell. I wish particularly to address those who still with reason hold the traditional view that Jesus and Paul and most of the writers of both testaments believed and taught a conscious punishment as well as a conscious reward.

It can hardly be doubted that to-day most Protestant pulpits

are silent on the matter of Hell-fire. Perhaps a few ministers still hold to it, but they see the futility of preaching it. Those who use the torch of Hell to illumine their discourses are shunned as sensational. However, the majority imply some kind of conscious torment, and, as the custom is, "nail't wi' scripture." Let us notice some of the principal references to Life ascribed to Jesus:

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not *perish* but have everlasting life."

Again:

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Notice in both these passages the contrast between Life and perishing, or not seeing Life. Life is the goal to be attained, not life in bliss as opposed to life in misery, but Life. By implication, those who do not attain Life by fulfilling the conditions, lose it and meet its opposite, death; not punishment, which would presuppose life in which to suffer.

Attend to the formal definition from the mouth of Jesus:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Then not to know him is to miss "life eternal."

"And I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish"—"tree of life," "bread of life," "water of life,"—all of Christ's figures bear out the same view, that *life* is the crown of good and death is the end of ill.

Paul is even more explicit, for he was less the poet and more the philosopher:

"For the wages of sin is death. . . ."

"For the end of those things is death. . . ."

"For if ye live after the flesh ye must die. . . ."

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Corruption accompanies death, the end of all fleshly pursuits.

But, it may thinkably be objected, this is a mere word-

quibble. What difference does a word make provided Jesus and Paul actually believed in the physical pangs or mental torments of Hell? None at all, I admit. I should want to be the first to give a quibble short shrift. Here plain words represent obvious things: life and death—one the natural outcome of right living and the other the inevitable result of wrong living. Moreover he is a very wise or a very presumptuous man who will state exactly Jesus' intellectual beliefs on this question or on any other born of contention. He was no dogmatist. If the parable of Dives and Lazarus is held to constitute evidence, I merely repeat the trite observation that Jesus was speaking in concrete understandable terms. There will always remain some, unconvinced and unconvinced, who see in it revealed proof of conscious torment, and they must continue in that pleasing theory. "There's a glad day coming, when the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left" is a very attractive song to one type of saint; but there is no very close parallelism between its sentiment and the characteristic utterances of Jesus, the author of the view that ninety and nine saints are worth just one sinner.\*

So far what I have tried to do is to throw doubt on Hell—a condition of punishment forever—and to show to the conservative Christian that Jesus and Paul are by no means to be cited as its champions.

### III

The second line of converging thought presupposes a general belief in biological evolution. I shall differ from many particular scientific creeds and from many evolutionists, but an assent to development as against special creation is fundamental to the argument. If any cannot render such assent, it is useless for them to read further, as it is not the purpose nor within the power of this discussion to convince them if Darwin has already failed.

We began by assuming some kind of life after what we call the death of the body. This assumption, once so repugnant

\* This is utterly different from Pastor Russel's, or any other doctrine of Annihilation, as will appear more fully later.



to the ultra-scientific mind, no longer can be considered heterodox; it is almost as orthodox in science as in religion. The first question then, "What is immortal?" is answered in unison by science and religion, "The soul." The unison is not long evident, for the scientific soul and the soul of orthodox Christian soteriology are decidedly unidentical. Science sees no difference between the soul and spirit or mind; all are names to represent one of the two principles of existence.\* Matter is on one side of the escutcheon of life, and mind or soul on the other. But orthodox Christian tradition begs the question apparently by calling "soul" just the immortal part of mind, assuming that soul is a distinct entity and the grosser part of mind is a kind of more etherealized matter which may be dragged along with the soul either to Heaven or Hell.—"The word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword. . . . piercing even to the dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit." Science pooh-poohs this transcendentalism and dogmatizes in general that the sum of the faculties of a sentient creature is the soul,—and the immortal part. Now I beg to question that cocksure dogma of science and to line up more nearly with the earlier dogma of religion.

If the soul is one and the same as mind and the soul is immortal, then all mind is immortal. (We are proceeding on that assumption, remember.) All mind immortal? Then dogs and horses, frogs and earth-worms, star-fish and polypi will live forever. Perhaps even the poplar leaf that forever quivers with the joy of life will fill its little mind with happiness through eternity, for who can say where mind ceases in the downward scale? Such a scheme presents nothing troublesome to Spinoza or Shelley or George Eliot or Professor James. To become a part of the glorious background of the world, ever renewing its supply of love and good, or to join in the "Choir Invisible," where all is harmony and no voice breaks into individuality, is all a poet asks and the conception as you meet it in the *Adonais*, for instance, is both noble and alluring. The ambrosia of the poets, however, to use a vulgar phrase, does not stick to the ribs. That sort of food has not been lifting the stone or cleav-

\* It is assumed that some form of dualism is still in good metaphysical standing.

ing the wood. Nirvana is, of all creeds, least evangelical. To the body of religious people, immortality means nothing if it is not conscious and individual, and the Psychic Research wing of scientific creed, Spiritism, assumes, with the same lack of question, the continuation of personality. Indeed this world-soul idea is not immortality at all, but *eternality*. The individual soul dies; Soul lives on. But this is saying nothing more than a fundamental postulate of science, that the universe is eternal. Nothing has begun and so nothing will end,—the soul no otherwise than the Archæan sand or the blue of the firmament. I submit that this conception is not immortality, means nothing to the million and would be of small comfort if it were intelligible.

We are pragmatically right then, in expecting a conscious life, a continued personality, beyond the grave.

Remember that we are not to understand by that life an existence simply prolonged. It may be and indeed must be different in essence—in fact, who can say whether time and space, those mysterious conditions of the present, may not be entirely suspended when physical life is over? \* Eternity is not merely a long time, but something else entirely.

The question then reverts, What will partake in this individual immortality?

To any mind but that of the veriest trifier, the extension of life to plants and animals that exhibit no individuality, no promise of progress, would be unthinkable; but what shall be said of that good friend of man, the dog? It is not to the purpose to discuss the reasoning power of the dog or the horse or any of the higher animals. Though its adherents have abundant evidence, we have still the privilege and indeed the duty to be sceptical. Our objective point here, however, is on the emotional side, and the most wise and careful observers tell us that the dog has practically all the emotions of man in their beginning. It is commonly held that a sense of right and wrong, conscience, distinguishes man from the brute. Why, the dog's

\* Professor Hugo Munsterberg, in a suggestive article on *The Eternal Life* in *The Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1905, asks what would be the sense of an after-life in time. 'We might as well, he continues, expect to grow one hundred feet tall as to live one thousand years; extension in one dimension is as reasonable as in another,

sense of guilt has found lodgment in our common speech: we say a man wears a *hang-dog* expression. "More quibbling," smug society avers; "the dog has no idea of real morality. He is only afraid of the whip when he looks guilty, knowing he has been whipped for the same offence before." Dear madams and sirs, is he so very different from his illustrious master or mistress? Is not morality on its own testimony petrified custom, and does it not change from age to age and from people to people as much as head-gear? It is no uncommon thing to find those who are headed straight for the pearly gates—actually going there too—the best people we have according to any sensible standards—sanction and practise customs, in themselves admittedly reprehensible, on the grounds that "they all do it." Mrs. Smith stifles her alleged conscience on the bird-plumage question by pointing at all the other women in the church. What good would it do for her to be finicking? The little birds would be killed anyway. . . . Jones short-weights the sugar; his competitors have started the vicious practice. He can't reform business. Brown votes for Moriler because there was a lot of money loose, and he might as well have some of it; politics is dirty business, he laments, anyway. They will not even reduce the matters to principles in argument, content with the fallacy of authority—authority of people who in turn justify their action by pointing to the others, and so the continuous vaudeville of "morality" goes on: "After you, my dear Alphonse"; "Après vous, mon cher Gaston." A precocious young German has written a book in which he maintains that women's morality is largely convention. He is a man; we shall get the rest of the truth when a woman writes on the same subject.

But this is getting to be another story. Decidedly the dog has the rudiments of morality: or rather, our alleged morality does not far transcend Fido's willingness to please and his policy of least resistance. It appears then the most superficial scientific dogmatism to jeer at the idea of a dog-heaven and demand immortality of some sort for all the mind of all men. Evolution can find no distinct break between sub-human and human; there is no missing link.

However, let that pass, and follow to the ditch this final assumption that the whole mind of every human being is immortal.

New difficulties flank the scientific theorist on every side. *When does the Soul begin?* That view which makes soul and mind identical can give but one consistent answer. Mind begins with life itself, and if the embryo were impeded after a day's growth, the eternities would be enriched by a human soul. No one can confidently deny this; but, a natural and perhaps laudable sentiment aside, immortality for such is of the highest improbability. If mind is the sum of the powers of a sentient creature, and those powers are developed only by experience, by contact with a world when it becomes one of the factors of that world, then at this initial point soul is nil. There is as yet no self-consciousness, no consciousness even, I suppose. There is only an organism with possibilities. A more popular view makes birth the beginning of the soul. It would be idle to enter into discussion of this belief, but the case has not been materially changed; as yet the babe is merely a prophecy of what he may become—in time. What Eternity could do for such a soul is a mystery, but in our ignorance we must candidly admit that personality, which we assume for the life hereafter, is not yet existent. That the soul begins some time during the first few years, when the child distinguishes right and wrong, is the tacit conviction of the majority; but from what has gone before, it is by no means certain that all people really distinguish; a shrewd suspicion among sociologists gains ground that what many call their "conscience" is merely their sense of moral expediency; and besides, something more than distinguishing, more than the possession of a conscience, unless I am utterly wrong, is necessary to a soul.

There is an old evangelistic slogan, somewhat in disrepute, but owing authority to mankind's Highest Priest, "Ye must be born again." It now becomes my purpose to show that this injunction, with a new interpretation, is absolutely scientific, and the only tenable hypothesis for immortality.

## IV

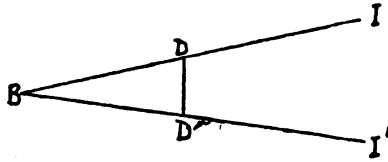
Briefly resuming, the plant has no soul; the star-fish has no soul; the dog has no soul; the human embryo and the babe at birth probably have not developed a soul; and finally, there is very slender reason to suppose that all children of four years have attained it.

Consistency requires another step—the possibility that a man may travel through life without finding a soul, and die with no prospects of any sort of life beyond. This is the step that all the preceding ones have been leading towards. Immortality for all of mind proves too much; it reduces to an absurdity on both sides; and is, moreover, not strictly immortality, but *eternality*. Eternality of mind, surgence and resurgence in the ocean of mind at the background of the universe, leads direct to a materialistic monism, the position of a less important wing of near-atheistic science, and certainly far from sympathy with theists. If the soul is eternal, not only will it never die, but it has never been born—has existed from the beginning with God and the universe, a view which makes individual responsibility, the potent watch-word of religion, rather grotesque; for why should an eternal soul, coeval with God, be judged on a few breaths of time, when it chanced to be lodged in a body? So I submit that a variation of the old-fashioned view of soul as something distinct from mind, or rather a faculty or function higher than mind, though evolved from it (a conception surely not at odds with the evolutionist), is more probable on the whole than the newer and more naturalistic dogma which we have just examined.

Let us put it definitively: The soul is a developed function of mind. I imagine we may think of it as the perfected fruit of mind, which, after fruitage, draws the total mind of the individual into immortality. When a man develops a soul he lives forever; when he neglects to cultivate this possibility of the Infinite within him he dies forever. Physical birth is the first step toward physical death, but the birth of the soul, what Jesus meant when he said, "Ye must be born again," is the first step toward immortality or Life.

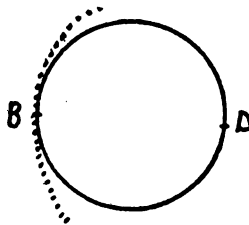
## V

Permit a geometrical digression in the interest of clearness.



Suppose this simple figure to represent man's life. B is birth or beginning, Soul-possibility, but Soul-zero. (A Traducianist will not be satisfied with this, but so much the worse for him.) We stand awed before this greatest of miracles and can do no more than recognize it as the great eternal act of creation. The diverging lines represent the development of his life—its ever-widening interests, never drawing in nor forming a self-sufficient circumference, but ever spreading, spreading, aspiring to new, more, better life. The man with his arms stretched out to Heaven is its symbol. Now let DD represent physical death. Shall that flimsy curtain stop a vital creature who has justified his creation by constant enlargement, has steadily maintained his life out-growing, and is just beginning to sense the purposings of his Creator? The idea is repugnant, and besides, bad geometry. These lines will continue to diverge toward infinity; this man will have achieved immortality.

Now another figure:



After the former, this is self-explanatory.

When the life, beginning as it must in physical, in-growing interests, never transcends them, it must follow the circle, contracting around, self-looking inward on its own desires,—and death, the perfect transmitting medium, finds little life to con-

verge. The grave indeed ends all. This man may have been called wise in the councils of nations, or may have counted his millions by the score; but in bearing his Sisypheus-load through life, he has neglected to cultivate the flower of the soul, and death leaves him at the soul level of birth. Birth found him, a possibility; death, an impossibility.

## VI

We begin now to draw the threads together. Paul in his letter to the Philippians speaks of working out "your own salvation." This phrase is very valuable here. To work out our own salvation, to be born again,—are these merely pious phrases with no more content than they appear to have in the ordinary debauch of religiousness, or may we clearly fit them into the scheme of evolutionary development? I believe we can.

Reverting then to the question of the beginning of the soul:

If this line of thought is in a right groove, the soul begins when a man actively, though perhaps unconsciously, chooses righteousness as against iniquity, decides to cleave to the good and despise the evil; the soul grows only if he stubbornly maintains that course to the end. The "chief end of man" is not "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever," but to serve God and man, or God in man, and thereby work out his own salvation, which is Life. There is no reason for time, except eternity. Man is a soul-hunter. For this end was he born: not to shear sheep on the hills or lambs on the stock exchange, but to win an immortal soul. And just as pleasure cannot be chased, but must always follow those who flee from it, so the soul cannot be attained by aiming only to attain it, but by eyes directed otherwards and hands seeking to help some one not ourselves.

As to the evolutionary origin, the scientific re-birth:

The Soul is a transcendent possibility dependent upon a high order of mind, the type that is found probably only in man. Every man has the necessary prerequisites to a soul, but he does not develop it *ipso facto* that he is a man, but only when he chooses and pursues consistently righteousness. The small "indeterminate variations" of Darwin have been important in evolution, but they are not the only method of development. He

himself admitted and recent biologists insist upon other larger, *determinate* variations—triumphant advances not explained by natural selection, like the short-legged sheep and the human eye. In other words, science demands the bridging of chasms in biological development, chasms that require suspension cables thrown from one side to the other with no intermediate abutments.

Pragmatism, the philosophy of the Twentieth Century, assigns to each individual some part in the construction of the universe, and to leap to a soul is his chief contribution. Physical and mental evolution prepare the way, man in his intricate life is confronted with the chasm. He may walk safely on this side with selfishness to death. Beyond—is a soul to be gained by abnegation and service. "What shall I do," he cries, "that I may inherit everlasting life?" Said Jesus to the rich young ruler, "Sell that thou hast," but we recognize in this reply the physician who is wise enough to prescribe individual remedies to particular cases. To sell what I have and give to the poor would enrich the poor no more temporally than it would enrich me spiritually. "What shall I do?" is the question of the ages, and there is no specific reply. But we must flash the message, and hearing the answer we must boldly do. The soul is not super-natural, —certainly not; it is simply supra-Darwinian. By our own "determinate variation" we may pragmatically add our souls to the sum of the world's good.

## VII

There remain a number of objections which should be noticed.

The first is the charge that this theory is nothing but the doctrine of annihilation; and open to all the objections thereto. Annihilation and conditional immortality are as wide apart as the poles. Annihilation requires that God should destroy, in something like peevish wrath, the soul that has been bad—a theological dogma that has no point tangential to science anywhere. Whereas my object has been to show that the man of the second figure, though he ate, slept, functioned physically, was stagnant; he had never been alive. It was not possible to punish



his soul or to annihilate him, for he had never developed an immortal part to suffer or to cease. Why in the name of all that is wonderful should there be a soul if there is only a preponderating hate and revenge and self-seeking ambition to save? Why should the faithful dog cease to enjoy life's bones while the unfaithful, vicious, mean of the human family go on enjoying life's boons?

"The evil is null, is naught;  
Is silence, implying sound."

Good and evil become in the human heart love and self-love; and it is increasingly difficult to escape the conviction that the one is as surely of Time as the other is of Eternity.\*

What about the vengeance of God? "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." We need simply to remember that the accent is not on "vengeance" and "repay," but upon "mine" and "I." "I will repay," saith the Lord, just to put us in our right place. We are all Hamlets in that other people seem out of joint, and we particularly want to set our enemies right. But the Lord bids us leave that to him and attend to the business of working out a soul.

Next comes the assault of special scriptures in favor of everlasting punishment, that species of petty bush-whacking so popular formerly. I have neither the time nor the inclination to meet them singly, and shall rest the case—at least this phase of it—on the general attitude of the New Testament.

I have quoted what is reported of Jesus: "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God." Note what John the Beloved adds: "We for our part know that we have passed out of Death into Life just because we love our brothers.

\* In this connection let me draw upon experiential evidence. I hope it will not prove a rock of offence to the more seriously minded.

Spiritism has come lately to deserve the name of science. We may or may not believe all or any of its claims; but certainly educated people cannot afford strong prejudices against it. Now it is a curious but of course a quite understandable fact that neither fakers nor genuine mediums are receiving any messages from the wicked. If there are genuine mediums, and if there is possibility of communication with those we call physically dead, then the silence of the criminals of history and the loquaciousness of the saints becomes significant. No one ever hears from Nero or Lucretia Borgia or Napoleon, though Gladstone and Joan of Arc and Lincoln frequently get through.

Anyone who does not love remains in a state of death." That is to say, he has never lived. The foregoing reflections, making the immortal part dependent upon this fixed habit of loving, of looking outward along continually diverging lines of interest and sympathy, and maintaining that unless soul-evolution advances and perfects the work begun by physical and continued by mental evolution, the soul is never born in the individual, is thus seen to harmonize perfectly with the exposition of the apostle generally conceded to have best interpreted the spiritual meaning of his Master. Jesus does not explain his definition; spelling out was never his custom. But when John, the Christ spirit working strong within him, comes to think about it in his study preparatory to explaining Life to his "dear friends,"—the ripe fruit of his reflection is "anyone who does not love, remains in a state of death."

The only unanswerable objection is that of *Sentiment*. It is unanswerable because it goes not upon reason but upon feeling; and of course no rational answer will avail.

Perhaps the mother's instinct is right in rejecting indignantly the suggestion that her little babe is not immortal. She may be right, but she stands solely upon instinct, unsupported by a single stone of reason. It seems a cruel, heartless, unforgivable thing to deprive her of the hope of seeing again in Heaven the babies who did not live. The poets assist in the pleasant fallacy. Longfellow even went to the absurd length of imagining his baby sister as living in Heaven always a beautiful young woman. He did not appear to reflect that if *time* were given her in Heaven to grow up, time would go on and she would have to grow old. If we think of the babe as growing in Heaven, we must think of it as growing older and older for a hundred, two hundred, a thousand years. Refusing to do this, we admit that we are deliberately hoodwinking ourselves into a pleasant delusion.

It *does* seem hard if death shuts off the beautiful children from Life,—but it also seems dreadfully cruel the way nature lavishly creates and destroys myriads of little birds and beasts and furry things in her efforts of experimentation. Only the larger good can reconcile us in the least to the million instances of such cruelty in evolutionary life. So my only answer to the

objection of Sentiment is—and I can hardly hope that it will appeal much to the objectors—mankind is in the Order of Nature and obeys Her inscrutable decrees.

There is one final redoubt: the stand popular prejudice always makes before giving way. *What is the difference?* What good does this all do? Are we any better off for yielding a notion, which, even if false, is comforting and inspiring?

To this pragmatic argument I should heartily assent if I could agree that the combated notion is on the whole comforting and inspiring. But I cannot find any inspiration in the notion of a bad man plotting through eternity, nor even in that of an infant maintaining its spark of life forever in an environment where we have no reason to hope it will have any chance of development such as we can now comprehend.

On the other hand there is a real good to be gained by realizing the truth, as I believe, here outlined.

Knowing the right is good, as the gnostics taught. Feeling the right is good, as the Moravians with better wisdom saw. But doing the right is the one thing needful, as the Twentieth Century religion and metaphysics are thundering everywhere. "Life is just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man," says Browning. We must amend that. *Life is just a stuff to try the man's strength on, educe the soul.* The soul, the perfected fruit of evolution, hangs above the head of every man. Some, who do not care to grasp it, cry "sour grapes"; and plod their even, well-garnished way to Death. Others by inspiration take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm, leap intrepidly upward off the solid ground of self, and find that the honest question, "What shall I do?" added to an honest doing, bridges the chasm to Life. In the vernacular, it is strictly "up to us." When man proceeds beyond conventional morality and traditional faith, to a love of right and a hatred of wrong for their own sakes, he feels in his nostrils "the Breath of Life."

One need *do* nothing to fail of Life; to inherit it, he must *do*.

## THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT AND THE DRAMA OF SINCERITY

SHELDON CHENEY

**I**N the theatres of Europe and America to-day there are two general forms of dramatic activity that are deeply significant. One is the "æsthetic" drama that has been created by Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt and the artists of the Russian Ballet. It is a form that is hardly more than a promise as yet; but even in its beginnings one cannot doubt its significance. The other is the work of the "school of sincerity" in playwriting, that has flowered in England in the remarkable group of contemporary dramatists. It is the latest and finest development of the "psychologic drama," and in the modern theatre is equalled in importance only by the art of the Scandinavian School, of Ibsen, Björnson and Strindberg.

The artists of the "æsthetic theatre" aim to charm their audiences by a purely sensuous appeal, similar to that of music, on the one hand, or of a beautifully toned Japanese color-print, on the other. By a synthesis of color, movement and sound, by a harmonious mingling of simple but beautiful setting, colored lighting, sinuous movement, and music or poetic words, they would quicken the faculties to a purely sensuous enjoyment. In European countries the æsthetic theatre movement has grown to such vital proportions that it is absorbing the genius of some of the world's most original artists. But the American dramatist has contributed practically nothing to its development. Whether through some inherent lack of creative ability in the field of impressionistic drama, or through the limitations of the outward organization of the "show business" in America, little effort has been directed to the production of purely "æsthetic" plays. Aside from certain forms of pageantry, and the charming production of *The Yellow Jacket*, there is practically nothing to record that is even remotely suggestive of the ideals of Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt. In the new movement in the theatre, the American dramatist has made notable progress only in the field of the psychologic drama.

"The psychologic drama" is a term invented to designate all the forms of the "regular" or "accepted" drama, in contradistinction to the æsthetic drama. The psychologic drama includes all the forms of theatre production that appeal primarily to the emotions and intellect by the unfolding of a dramatic character-story—as contrasted with the æsthetic theatre's appeal to the senses by the outward charm of color, sound and movement. It is the drama of soul-crises, of the unfolding of emotionally appealing human stories by action and words. "The drama of sincerity" is simply the most recent and the most vital development of the psychologic drama. It is the art of John Galsworthy and Bernard Shaw, for instance, and of J. M. Barrie, and Granville Barker, and Stanley Houghton.

The quality that chiefly distinguishes this group of English dramatists is *sincerity*. They strive above all to be true to themselves. But as they are men who live deeply, and study and write passionately, they are at the same time true to life and to art. Their plays are truly dramatic, rather than theatric; they are natural, but they incorporate realistic detail only when it is organic to the whole dramatic design; they deal with inner spiritual forces, rather than with outward melodramatic happenings; they affect the emotions, and indirectly the mind, by a quiet development of character, rather than by pleasing the outward senses and surface feelings by sensationalism; their work is usually *social* drama in the best sense. It is humanitarian, because they reflect contemporary life, and the spirit of the age is humanitarian.

They are stripping the theatre production of all sensational incident, of all those details that are interesting but unimportant, and of all the old insincere adjuncts of plot, acting and setting; taking the remaining essential skeleton of unified story, they are clothing it with imaginative beauty, and making it emotionally appealing. In their best work they are not losing the sense of the sweetness of life in a sense of the finality of evil; they end their plays seriously and in the same pervading mood as they began them, without straining to close with either an improbable happiness or an unlikely death. From beginning to end they are sincere.

It is this sort of drama that the American playwright has in mind—that is, if he is concerned with the theatre as an art rather than as a business; in short, if he is sincere. If he is passionately fond of his art, and alive to every development of that art and to its relation to life, he cannot but see that the impending vital development of American drama will be toward the ideals that Galsworthy and his fellow dramatists are realizing in England.

That their influence already has been felt in America, one who has studied the productions of the past two or three seasons cannot doubt. Already there are welcome signs that the American writer for the theatre is striving to produce a body of drama close to the people, reflecting the life of the times, touched with imaginative beauty, and emotionally appealing in a sincere way. Indeed the signs are so evident that it is worth while to inquire wherein and why he has failed as compared with the English dramatist.

The present writer, and every fair commentator, must recognize that the present stage of the art in this country is an indication of a very true progress when contrasted with conditions of ten years ago. The advance during the past decade has been very real and very encouraging. And the writer believes in the assured coming of a great body of vital American drama quite as confidently as he does in the future of American painting or American sculpture. But granting the real progress of the past and the bright promise of the future, it is none the less true that the American dramatist of to-day *is* a failure if judged by his contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic.

In answering *wherein* American plays fail, one may sum up the indictment in three counts: first, that they have too much untempered strength, and not enough depth and subtlety; second, that they lack the poetic touch, the sense of beauty; and third, that they too often are marred by the attempt to give the public what it wants, chiefly in comic relief and in melodramatic turns.

American plays suffer from a surfeit of strength, of force. There is a Broadway term that exactly expresses the apotheosis of this quality—"the play with a punch." The term carries its own condemnation. The play with a punch exists for the punch, and not for the dramatic building up of a story from subtle be-

ginnings to an emotional climax; it is just what it connotes: the prizefight element in drama—brute force and shock. It is a dramatization of the violent moments of life. It deals with surface aspects rather than underlying causes. Great drama is always strong and direct and forceful; but its strength always is blended with subtlety. American drama has the strength, but seldom the tempering subtlety. It is admirably direct, but it is shallow.

The poetic element is lacking in the productions of American playwrights. When their plays are worth while for their poetic quality, as Percy MacKaye's *Sappho and Phaon*, or Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper*, they take rank as literature rather than as drama. In the actable plays of the day there is not the poetic touch, the inner illuminating beauty that would make them great art. In the dramas of Galsworthy and Barrie there is a poetic element, a literary distinction, a pervading beauty that cannot be defined, and yet is always sensed by the reader or spectator. It is the touch of the poet, the artist, the dreamer, that has distinguished all great drama from Æschylus to Ibsen; it is the quality that makes plays eternally lasting and universally appealing. That quality is seldom felt in American plays.

The American playwrights as a group have been severely criticised by foreign commentators for pandering so largely to public taste. It is only too true that the majority of them have sacrificed their independence of viewpoint and their ideals of art, to give the public what it wants—or rather what the manager supposes it wants. In one sense art exists vitally only in its resultant effect upon an audience. There is no more futile abortion in the whole field of art than a true drama that is never acted before an audience. So the dramatist to a certain extent must shape his plays to the demands of the audiences of the time. But that is not a valid excuse for debasing the drama for the ever-present vulgar portion of the public. The fine thing about the situation in the dramatic world to-day is that there is a very large cultivated, serious-minded audience that is ready to accept sincere drama. One can call to mind half a dozen recent American plays that would have been just as effective and just as appealing, had they been stripped of their comic relief, their super-

fuous sensationalism, and their insincere endings—provided, of course, the dramatist making the changes had been possessed of true dramatic power, had been a true artist of the theatre. There is nothing inherently repelling about sincerity in a drama. But it is much easier to write a play that will entertain with comic relief, and melodramatic situation, and insincere sentimentality, than to fashion a drama at once sincere and grippingly interesting. The American playwrights, with very few exceptions, have failed to show themselves capable of producing drama that is true enough to art to be able to draw audiences without the aid of added insincere and inorganic attractions.

Having recognized some of the qualities wherein they have failed, one may well ask *why* they have failed. The causes are many, but it is worth while to trace one or two of the principal ones.

The lack of subtlety and lack of depth are due in some measure to the fact that our playwrights have been recruited largely from the ranks of newspaper writers. To mention only a few who come to mind immediately: Eugene Walter, Augustus Thomas, George Ade, William C. DeMille, and A. E. Thomas. The newspaper men have brought to the theatre an admirable directness and a "dramatic sense." But necessarily they have been trained to see rapidly the surface aspects of life, rather than to ponder deeply on the underlying motives and causes. They have the reportorial instinct for outward sensational situation, but not the dramatist's insight into motivation and character growth. They display a wonderful facility in grasping vital stories and setting them forth in quick, forceful strokes; but they too seldom free themselves from journalistic haste and shallowness.

Another large group of writers for the theatre—and especially of the older men—have been brought up within the playhouse, and find it difficult to get away from what is inherently theatric. They have witnessed so many times the effectiveness of the old stock situations that they mistake them for the dramatic elements of life. Men like David Belasco, who were schooled in the theatre of the eighties and nineties, cannot bring themselves to part with the melodramatic poses, the comic relief



figures, and the distracting naturalisms of setting, that were so large a part of the stock in trade of the past generation of playwrights. One cannot but feel that they often see the right goal, that they catch glimpses of the ideals of the new movement, but that theatricality and artistic insincerity are so deeply bred in them that they never can contribute vitally to American drama.

A very potent cause for the failure of the American dramatist is that he generally is too close to the glittering lights and glittering dollars of Broadway. There is in his hurried life a constant temptation to commercialize his talents. Again and again men of solid promise have lowered their ideals to produce plays that were melodramatic, or farcical, or sentimentally sweet enough to catch the "popular" taste; and others have turned their hands to the fashioning of musical comedy librettos, to satisfy the jaded appetites of the tired business man. It happens that artistic ideals once compromised are difficult to regain. Men who once have set the dollar standard above the art standard seldom return to significant creative work. There is something pathetic, as well as something fine, in the spectacle of Charles Klein—perhaps the most successful of American playwrights according to Broadway standards—breaking all his ties in America, and sailing for England and quietude. He was big enough to see that he had lost his artistic perspective in the environment of commercialism into which he had drifted in New York. Many another writer might with advantage to his art get away from the atmosphere of "the show business" which pervades Broadway. There is no intent to suggest that the dramatist should isolate himself away from New York and the other big cities. On the contrary the great American dramatists will be distinctly of the city. But they will know the bigness and the solitude of the country as well. When they come to New York's truly remarkable dramatic centre, with its swirling life and its immense risks and gains in theatrical ventures, and its temptations to lower standards and imitate and make "successes," they will keep their heads and see that there are more significant achievements for the man of independent thought and high ideals. They will live the life of the city intensely; but they will remem-

ber that dreaming and pondering are part of the battle. They will accept Broadway at its true value and no more.

A more fundamental reason for the failure of the American playwright is that in the American theatres the play has not been the thing. The drama has been of secondary importance to the acting and the setting; the work of the playwright secondary to that of manager, producer and actor. Fortunately the condition is passing, but without doubt it has had a retarding effect upon the growth of a vital American drama. It was not so very long ago that the name of the playwright was as often as not omitted from the programme; and even now it is not unusual to see the manager's and actors' names much more conspicuously displayed than the author's. Inevitably such lack of consideration tends to degrade the position of the playwright to that of a tradesman rather than an artist. The "star system" has made it appear that the work of the actor was more vital as art than the work of the dramatist; and many a play has been marred by being strained to fit a certain "star." We are at last learning that it is the playwright's art that is truly creative, and that the actor's work should be interpretative. The dramatist should be recognized as the artist, the actor as the tool for the accomplishment of that artist's purpose. The average American play has been buried, too, under all sorts of "scenic effects" and superadded vaudeville "stunts." The manager has counted as so much clear gain any trick of setting or any added incident that would bring a laugh or a round of applause from the audience, without regard to relevance or organic connection with the essential plot. The practice has tended to degrade the production to vaudeville standards, and to discourage the writing of plays of unified structure, designed to evoke a single sustained mood. Both the star system and the managers' craze for "stage effects" have contributed substantially to the failure of the American playwright.

It is worth while to turn for a moment to the consideration of individual playwrights: to measure individually the achievement and the promise of the men who are writing to-day for the American stage.

One is apt to turn more hopefully to a man of marked poetic

ability, like Percy MacKaye, than to some others who have shown more strength and dramatic directness but less literary distinction. For the poetic touch and the imaginative element are more difficult to cultivate than forcefulness and dramatic technique. Percy MacKaye began his career as dramatist with a series of plays which are more significant as literature than as drama. The most important of these, *Sappho and Phaon*, has admirable flashes of true poetry, but its beauty is too reflective, and the development of its action is not quite swift and direct enough to make it emotionally appealing on the stage. *The Scarecrow* is a finer piece of work, both from the stage viewpoint and as a contribution to American literature. It strikes a note of fancy, of fantastic beauty, that is one of the saddest needs of American drama. More recently MacKaye has turned to contemporary life for his stories, recognizing perhaps that he had been working too far from the life of the people. In *Mater* and *Anti-Matrimony* he attempted to treat the social and political life in which we all are interested, in a vein of subtly bantering comedy. In *To-morrow* he tried to dramatize a great social problem. No one of the three plays has been eminently successful in the theatre; but all combine the insight of the poet and a story of the life of the day. One feels that the fault that keeps them from being great American plays is rather one of form, of technique, than of material or of imperfect imaginative conception. It is pleasing to think that perhaps these plays mark the dramatist's transition period between his early "literary" work and a coming group of dramas that will combine his newly acquired conception of the significance of contemporary life with his early evidenced poetic qualities. American drama needs his fancy, his wit, his tenderness, and his wide reach of imagination and depth of insight. But he must gain a little more strength, a feeling for the forceful intensity of American life; and he must mould his stories in a form more compact, that will be emotionally appealing and dramatically persuasive. Then he may take rank as the foremost American playwright. At present he has in very generous measure those subtler qualities that his contemporaries almost totally lack; but he lacks to a certain extent the force, the

dramatic directness, that is the only claim to recognition that some of the others possess.

It is hardly necessary to touch upon the work of Josephine Preston Peabody (now Mrs. Marks). She has been so successful in her chosen field of poetry that it would be unkind to judge even *The Piper* by the standards of actable drama instead of those of literature. Her plays, like the early plays of MacKaye, are dramatic poetry rather than poetic drama. But whereas MacKaye has latterly turned almost entirely to drama, and has achieved fame chiefly as a playwright, Mrs. Marks remains always first and foremost the poet. Her plays will live, but even on the stage their interest will always have a literary or historical flavor, rather than dramatic emotional appeal. In subject matter, in the author's emphasis on material, in method of treatment, they have little in common with the work of the men whose ideals have here been set up as a standard: Galsworthy, Barrie, Shaw, and the others. Nor would any of us desire to have her strain her art to come within the limitations of the playhouse as these writers have had to do; we prefer her as the poet.

What a contrast to MacKaye is Eugene Walter! If only one could have the poetic conception and the tenderness of the one combined with the sheer power and strength of the other! Walter is without a shadow of doubt the most forceful of American playwrights. But if MacKaye is too much the poet and dreamer, and too far removed from the life of the people, one feels that Walter, on the other hand, is almost too close to life, and certainly not sufficiently the thinker and the literary artist. His early play *Paid in Full*, despite its great popular success, can not be considered vital work, nor is it representative of the author. But in *The Easiest Way* and *Fine Feathers* Walter is at his best. And his best is significant, very significant, in the present development of American drama. But it is not great art. It is realism without the inner illuminating light of an Ibsen or a Galsworthy; and stark realism, without the poet's touch of ennobling beauty, is never universally great. Walter's plays have admirable strength, but without subtlety. They are excellent reportorial transcripts of certain brutal truths of life; but they do not give the impression of being deeply conceived:

they are life itself rather than life transformed to beauty in the crucible of the writer's soul. They leave the spectator with the feeling that Eugene Walter is still the dramatic journalist rather than the dramatic seer. But he has shown a marked advance from play to play, and perhaps the next step will bring him the depth of insight and the delicacy of touch that will make him equally the forceful playwright and the penetrating artist.

Percy MacKaye, Eugene Walter, and Augustus Thomas are the three dominating figures among the American playwrights. Augustus Thomas is an older man than the other two, and has travelled a more difficult road. He has had to outgrow successively the ideals of a period of successful melodrama writing, and those of a period of producing farce-comedies. When he had made his name by fashioning a long series of popular but unimportant trifles, instead of being satisfied with his success he began to realize the underlying seriousness and dignity of his art; he saw that to be lastingly worth while a play must have a theme or idea of solid value. In his most recent work he occasionally has gone to the other extreme of preaching at his audience; having seen the need of driving home the idea, he has confused the *methods* of reaching their understanding, and has directly stated to them in words, has preached to them—instead of making them emotionally experience a story which would carry the same conviction. He seems not to have realized that the theatre, while it is a great moral and educative force in the life of the people, properly stimulates them to thought by suggestion rather than by statement, through emotional experience rather than intellectual understanding. But the hopeful thing is that Thomas is a master of dialogue writing and of dramatic technique, and at the same time he recognizes the essential seriousness of his art. If he learns to weave his theme more organically into the story, he will continue to hold a leading place on the American stage. Even as it is, his *As a Man Thinks* is in some respects closer to the ideals of the drama of sincerity than any other American play.

Charles Klein, though not a native American, has written more plays dealing with the problems of American life than any other dramatist. From the writing of *The District Attorney* to

the writing of *Maggie Pepper* he has treated a series of serious problems in dramas that have been immensely popular. He is generally known as the most "successful" playwright in America. And yet this is the man who is leaving for England to escape the commercial atmosphere of New York's dramatic centre. He has seen just what the critics must see: that he has lost his freshness of viewpoint in his too close connection with the business side of his profession; that he has sacrificed some of his artistic sincerity to his desire to make his plays popularly appealing. In *The Lion and the Mouse* and *The Third Degree* and *Maggie Pepper* there are touches of theatricality and of sentimentality that are entirely out of keeping with the seriousness of the themes. He is deeply interested in the social, political, and industrial forces of American life, and he is sincerely desirous of dramatizing them seriously; but he has a dangerous knack of fashioning pretty and sweet romances that are shallow rather than deep. One can only thank him for waking the country to the realization of the value of American life as dramatic material, and wish him success in his attempt to regain sincerity by a change of viewpoint.

George Broadhurst is another playwright who chose a serious theme and then failed to treat it seriously. *Bought and Paid For* was a good and gripping American play, as American plays go. But it was obviously moulded to please the public, rather than to satisfy a burning desire on the author's part to dramatize sincerely and adequately a vital problem. "Comic relief" is a fine thing in serious drama when used as a foil to tragic tension. But the play leaves the impression that Broadhurst has made comic relief an end instead of a means.

Many other playwrights have fallen into the same vice of beginning with a serious theme and then drifting into farcical or melodramatic byways. Comedy treatment is always legitimate, no matter how serious the theme, but true comedy avoids the exaggeration of melodrama and the empty laughter of farce, quite as rigidly as does true tragedy. David Belasco is one of those playwrights who cannot keep clear the line dividing comedy and tragedy from farce and melodrama. His plays suffer from melodramatic turns; and often the core of drama is buried under

a mass of unrelated naturalistic detail. The younger men who have worked with him necessarily have suffered from this taint of theatricality. Thus one may trace the faults as well as the virtues of Belascoism in the work of William C. DeMille. His play *The Woman* is a significant American drama in the same sense that Charles Klein's work is significant, but there is an underlying note of theatricality; it does not ring true. Certainly it does not realize the ideals of the drama of sincerity. Richard Walton Tully also collaborated with Belasco, in *The Rose of the Rancho*. The result was a play with a sweet story, and characteristic richness of extraneous detail, but with the Belasco faults. Unfortunately Belasco's influence is to be detected in the recent play of Tully's sole authorship, *The Bird of Paradise*. Starting with a big and a serious theme, the dramatist allowed the interest to be drawn away from it by "scenic effects" and by a suggestion of theatricality in treatment. But both DeMille and Tully are of the younger generation of playwrights; they have done hardly more than their 'prentice work, and may yet write vital plays.

Edward Knoblauch's *Kismet* suffered from the same faults as *The Bird of Paradise*. The production was of less value as a drama than as a spectacle. It was an interesting picture of Oriental life and customs, but the play was lost in the magnificence of the setting. And yet Knoblauch has a touch of poetry, and—if one looks back to *The Faun*—a fantastic turn, that American drama as a whole sadly lacks. It is probable, however, that he will never contribute anything essentially American to the national drama, since he so long ago expatriated himself. He is spoken of as an English playwright almost as often as an American.

In looking for the promising names in any new development of art, it is wise to give special attention to what the younger men are doing. In a search for signs of the drama of sincerity in America, two or three of the very young playwrights must be taken into account. Edward Sheldon especially gives promise of wide achievement. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that he has lately cultivated the romantic charm and rather shallow sentiment of his first play, *Salvation Nell*, instead of the wider sweep and serious

outlook of *The Nigger*. His two plays that are at present being acted, *The High Road* and *Romance*, are graceful and interesting story-plays; but it is difficult to believe that they are deeply significant productions, or that they will long be remembered. But Edward Sheldon is sincere, and he is a master of dramatic technique; moreover he is independent and ambitious to strike into new fields of experiment. Granting him increasing breadth of vision, he soon should fulfil the promise contained in *The Nigger*. If he makes as much advance in the coming ten years as Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter have in the past ten, his will be a vital contribution to the American theatre. Joseph Medill Patterson is another of the younger men whose work probably will help to establish the note of sincerity in American drama. A story has gone the rounds of dramatic circles to the effect that the touches of theatricality which mar *The Fourth Estate* were infused during the process of popularization by "professional" playwrights, after the manuscript left the author's hands. Certainly there was in the play a suggestion of seriousness of purpose that marked its author as the thinker rather than as a mere dramatic reporter. Charles Kenyon is another of the very young men to contribute seriously to the new movement. One turns to his *Kindling* as one of the most hopeful indications of the new note of truth and sincerity in American drama.

Passing in rapid review the plays of the season of 1912-1913 in New York, one must feel that the year's contribution to the body of significant native drama is small. Edward Sheldon's new work was interesting, but less important than might justly have been hoped for. Eugene Walter's *Fine Feathers* was another of his bits of realism without poetry, which already have been discussed. *Years of Discretion* may be dismissed as a commonplace, rather than a deeply conceived, study of American life. *Peg o' My Heart* likewise may be dismissed because it is compounded of artificiality and sentimentality, owing its effectiveness to the charm of Laurette Taylor. The two remaining successes, *Within the Law* and *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, are significant in contrasted ways. Bayard Veiller confesses that he wrote *Within the Law* simply to prove that he could achieve a popular success by lowering his standards. The result indicates



two things: that the author is concerned with something deeper than surface aspects, and when working with serious purpose may write truthful and vital plays; and that the public now prefers melodrama dealing with serious contemporary problems to the old sort that left the mind without the least food for thought. Eleanor Gates, in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, has made a more important contribution to the American stage, because she has brought to it the note of fantasy and the touch of poetry that it so sorely needs. Her play has a certain literary distinction, and a fantastic mingling of the imaginative and the real, that are reminiscent of Barrie. And American drama does so need a Barrie!

The season as a whole is a failure when judged by a set standard of sincerity and truth, just as the American playwright is a failure when compared with the dramatists of the English School of Sincerity. But what a success when compared with the seasons of ten or fifteen years ago! The failure is comparative only. The American stage is far from the ideal, but it is progressing in rapid strides away from its stagnation of other days.

Certainly the outlook is promising. If the lover of the theatre is discouraged at times, when he looks for the actual achievement, at others he must feel a very comforting optimism. For he must sense that the time, in the theatre as elsewhere, is pregnant with great quickening forces. How fine and how beautiful the flowering may be, none of us may say. But if we are alive to all that is transpiring in the playhouse—from Broadway to the universities, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific—we cannot but feel the strength of the current of change and of progress. And if we are concerned with the growth of the drama of sincerity, we may juggle with a score of names of promise. The group whose work has been discussed, from the men of long experience in the theatre, like Percy MacKaye and Eugene Walter, to the comparative beginners, like Charles Kenyon and Eleanor Gates, surely should yield one or two dramatists worthy to stand with the world's finest. And if they fail us, there are others who may step into the front rank at any moment, whose names have not been so much as mentioned: James Forbes, Austin Strong, Edward Locke, A. E. Thomas, Rachel Crothers, Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, John Corbin, George Ade, George

Bronson-Howard, Channing Pollock, Mary Austin, George Middleton. Some of these playwrights have commercialized their talents and pandered to the lower instincts of the public; others have as yet written only plays that are passively interesting rather than important; others have put their hands to serious, dignified work, but are not complete masters of their craft. But somewhere and somehow each one has shown a desire and an effort to contribute to vital drama.

The American playwright has developed the beginnings of a great drama, of an American drama of sincerity. He has touched on the surface of the rich mine of native material; but he has not as yet worked with the exquisite balance of poet and dramatic craftsman—with high purpose and the sense of inner beauty. In this year of our Lord nineteen-fourteen, one can only say definitely that he is progressing; for the rest, one may only wait and watch and pray—and utter words of encouragement. But brooding over all the signs, one need not stretch the imagination too far to see emerging out of the future the man of wide vision, the poet who yet is the perfect technician, who will weave the material of the time into a gripping story, at the same time revealing the beauty of his own imagination. With that figure in mind one need not weep too copiously over the failure of the American playwright.

## JOHN REDMOND

L. G. REDMOND-HOWARD

**I**T is probably not too much to say that not since the days of Oliver Cromwell has there been such a strong personal domination of the English Parliament as exists at the moment under the dictatorship of the present Irish leader:

Daniel O'Connell, himself a democratic giant, never during the whole course of his power employed more than persuasive force—in fact during the whole of the Palmerston alliance (the exact counterpart of the Asquith alliance), he gave his support to that Minister without once insisting upon his own terms. It was a policy of trust. Parnell and his great captain pursued the tactics of intimidation and lost every victory by reason of the fear which he had himself inculcated that his triumph would be the triumph of disloyalty, the beginning of disruption.

Redmond, on the other hand, combining all the strength of these two policies without their inherent weakness, has while himself possessing the power always very tactfully insisted that all initiative should come from his opponents: and it is probably by this means that he has been able to see his case go through all the courts of legislation—the electorate, the Commons and the Lords. But the victory is none the less his: and friends and foes are alike ready to recognize that the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords for resisting the will of the people is the greatest constitutional change which has taken place in the country since the execution of Charles I for resisting the will of Parliament.

It is hardly twenty years ago since Joseph Chamberlain at the very height of his power was declaring defiantly to the young champion of Parnell, the dead leader, that "Home Rule was as dead as Queen Anne." To-day, it is not only the one living issue which dominates all others, but one might almost say it is an accomplished fact: while it is Tariff Reform, the very policy of the Unionist leader himself, which is as defunct as that celebrated monarch.

Yet this revolution has been no easy work: but as far as one

may give the credit to any one man it belongs undoubtedly to the dogged and I might say almost "Saxon" perseverance of John Redmond—a personality which has been described as the most typically English of any living Irishman to-day.

It is always a strange metamorphosis of mind by which one comes to look upon one who used to be "in loco parentis" purely from the philosophical or political standpoint: and this was the difficulty which, as I had been brought up in his own household as one of his children after my mother's death, presented itself to my mind when I was asked to undertake a biography of my uncle: but I have always recognized that it was this view of the inner life of John Redmond which has ever since enabled me to understand the Home Rule Movement. The personality of an Irish Leader is the psychology of the Irish Question: but unlike most leaders, Mr. Redmond shrinks from the limelight whenever and wherever he is able to escape its glare, for he is probably the most private of all public men. In this he is the very opposite of such men as O'Connell or Gladstone, who were often the social centre as well as the dominating figures of their causes—nay, of their age. Once Redmond has left the lobby he is lost to view as far as the reporters are concerned: the dictator once more relapses into the hermit; and the time he enjoys most in the whole year is not the height of the London season or the American tours, but those quiet months in Parnell's old shooting lodge, where, surrounded by his family, he spends his days amidst the wilderness of the Wicklow hills grouse shooting; but, throughout, it is the private life that explains the public attitude.

Like most Irishmen he is not a pure Celt—but, like so many of the Anglo-Norman settlers, the family has become "*Hibernior Hibernis Ipsi*": and it becomes a curious coincidence by which the descendant of the first invader of Ireland under Henry II in 1172 should now become not only the champion of the whole National movement, but the bitterest opponent of English rule in the world: yet such is the fact.

The Redmonds of to-day are lineally descended from Raymund FitzWilliam, commonly known as Raymund Le Gros—one of the ablest lieutenants of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who,

as is well known, was first called over to Ireland by Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, in order to help the latter to regain his crown. Raymund le Gros was the advance guard of this expedition, so to speak, and landing at Wexford won the Hastings of the English Conquest of Ireland—taking the town and imprisoning its inhabitants, holding them captive till the advent of the King: for in the words of the old chronicler:

“ At the creek of Bagibunne  
Ireland was lost and won.”

John Redmond is thus the lineal representative of the Conqueror of Ireland. Settled upon estates in Wexford granted in the first instance by Henry II, the family intermarried with the native race and took part in the native movements, keeping true to the old faith and the old king—in fact Redmond Hall, the family seat, was besieged by Cromwell and the land confiscated for the loyalty of Alexander Redmond, and it is now Loftus Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Ely.

Impoverished by persecution, however, the family never abandoned the national cause, taking part in the Rebellion of 1798, while, always prominent in municipal and county matters, ever since Daniel O'Connell opened the door of the English Parliament to Catholics, they have represented the county in the English Parliament—Mr. William Redmond Junior forming the fourth generation. Redmond is thus by ancestry, by faith and by education a politician.

Born in 1857, the son of a well known follower of Isaac Butt and member for his native town, John Redmond was at an early age sent to the large Jesuit college of Clongowes in Kildare, where he at once distinguished himself for his wonderful powers of oratory, gaining the debating medal, the most prized distinction in the school, with ease. He was the favorite pupil of the late Professor Bell—the well known elocutionist—and first made his name as a distinguished amateur actor, playing the parts of Macbeth and Hamlet and most of the leading rôles in the Shakespearean tragedies while yet in his teens: thus laying the foundation of that dramatic power which makes him such a commanding figure in an assembly of the colder and consequently

less effective British orators, where his speeches have caused him to be generally looked upon, according to the late Mr. W. T. Stead, as the lineal descendant of Edmund Burke. He is probably for this reason the one whom a French or American audience would most appreciate—that élan and enthusiasm of the Celtic temperament having a great deal in common with the qualities that produced a Bossuet and a Roosevelt.

His education therefore prepared him in a singular way for his future profession: he is essentially a pleader and hence was cut out for one of the four great pleading professions—the Church, the stage, the bar, or politics.

The position of his family naturally excluded him from the profession of an actor: and though, according to the testimony of one of his old schoolmasters—Father Robert Kane, S.J., the great Jesuit preacher—"one of the most religious boys who ever passed through the college," the historic associations of his home life in Wexford early taught him that the Island of Saints had priests enough, and hence, after a short time spent at Trinity College, Dublin, he gave up his university career and went over to London, becoming a clerk in the Vote Office of the House of Commons—a small position, worth about £300 a year—and filling up his time between this and studies for the legal profession at Gray's Inn.

The sudden death of his father, the late William Archer Redmond, member for Wexford and a personal friend of Cardinal Manning, left a vacancy in what had come to be looked upon as the "family" seat. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate, but retired at the instance of Parnell in favor of the leader's own private secretary (Tim Healy), securing a seat a few months later at New Ross (1887).

The circumstances under which the young man began his career were in every way unique. It was the occasion of the famous all-night sitting when Parnell's new obstruction methods had kept the House up for some fifty hours at a stretch. The party consisted at the time of only a very few members and accordingly every single individual was an asset. Redmond, just elected, was wired for at once by Parnell, and hurried over immediately to Westminster, where he found the Irishmen still

holding the attention of the House. A cry of welcome arose as they saw the new recruit and he had the unique experience of being introduced, making his maiden speech and being suspended all in the same day—the Speaker bringing the sitting to a close upon his own discretion, in a scene which has since passed into history, amidst angry cries of “privilege”—a word which had not had occasion to be called out since Cromwell had ordered his soldiers to dissolve the Long Parliament and remove the Mace.

A young country squire with already a college reputation, excellent social qualities and, above all, tact, John Redmond was first made whip of the new Parnellite party—a party which, as is well known, had already begun to break with the conciliatory if somewhat academic methods of Isaac Butt, and which was then only beginning that policy of active agitation and obstruction which was eventually to prove the only method of extorting any measure of relief for Ireland.

From this position Redmond began to acquire “inner experience,” and soon became known as one of the ablest of the party’s platform orators, being continually despatched to the provincial towns of England and Scotland in order to win over the electorate, which in those days was vastly ignorant of the real nature either of the grievances or their remedy in Ireland: but as a politician strictly speaking he did not shine at once.

Indeed when I was engaged in writing his biography I remember the late Mr. Justin McCarthy—who knew him well at the time—telling me that up to the very end Parnell, in his opinion, never seemed to have realized or done justice to the qualities of the young man who was one day to become his champion: and it was probably for this very reason—namely, because he was a moderate exponent rather than an enthusiastic admirer—that the Uncrowned King specially singled him out for that Australian lecturing tour which brought in some twenty thousand pounds to the party coffers and gained for him the affection of his first wife.

Upon his return, in fact, it seemed as if the bar and not politics would become his sphere, for he at once began completing his studies for the law, was called to the English bar at Gray’s

Inn, started practising, and in all probability would have continued what was already becoming to him a most lucrative profession had not the Parnell crisis suddenly brought him forward as a politician.

The hideous disaster of the O'Shea divorce case at the very moment of victory has now passed into history: but it is doubtful whether it was ever a necessary consequence and for a time, at least, it did not seem at all probable that the disgrace would cost Parnell the leadership—and had the party followed the initiative of John Redmond the "split" need never have occurred.

The verdict in the divorce proceedings had no sooner been reached than a meeting was hastily assembled in Dublin, presided over by John Redmond, which declared unanimously in favor of Parnell's retention as leader in spite of everything. The rest of Ireland, including several of the most prominent clergy, was already beginning to accept the situation when suddenly, like a bombshell, came Gladstone's letter refusing all further dealings with the disgraced leader. A week later the Irish bishops thundered forth a cry for his deposition and for days there was enacted in "Committee Room 15" a trial which for sheer tragedy and national importance would not have been unworthy of Westminster Hall—Parnell all the while in the chair listening to his erstwhile follower passing sentence of judgment upon him.

It was during these proceedings, when Parnell's own secretary was calling upon his followers "to drive him into the grave or into a lunatic asylum," that John Redmond first came out of his shell, so to speak, as his leader's champion; declaring that to submit to Gladstone's letter would be a violation of the independence of the Nationalist party and that this independence, symbolized by the retention of the leader notwithstanding his disgrace, was the only security Irishmen had for the redress of their grievances.

The result of the meeting is well known: Justin McCarthy called upon those who were in favor of a change to leave the room and there were left only a handful, mostly young men,



around the deserted leader. Chief among them was John Redmond.

For a period—the short phase between the deposition and the death of Parnell—Redmond became an “anti-clerical” and was everywhere denounced from the altars, so fierce was his devotion to the chief: and it is difficult to say where the battle would ultimately have landed him had not the struggle been brought to its tragic conclusion by the sudden death of the Un-crowned King.

John Redmond at once came forward as the dead Cæsar’s Mark Antony, taking charge of the funeral which took place in Dublin amidst the largest concourse of people since the death of Daniel O’Connell—the general feeling of universal sorrow and regret being indicated by the muttered cries of “murderers” which were hissed out as those who had taken part in his deposition passed through the streets at night.

The battle, however, was not yet over. At the next elections the Parnellites were reduced to about ten: though their young champion was already becoming recognized as one of the leading debaters in the House. He stood out for the old methods of obstruction, the Parnellite methods, and the others stood out for conciliation or the older methods of Isaac Butt: and for a decade there was one long fight between the Dillonites and the Redmondites.

It was not, however, until the South African war was beginning to shake the very foundations of the empire, that a sense of a common opportunity began to dawn upon Irishmen, and with that swiftness of action which is so perplexing to their English opponents, both parties suddenly met to consider the new situation. Within a few hours they had come to a decision: the new Liberal alliance, to obtain which Parnell had been sacrificed, was instantly dropped and they determined to go back to the old methods of independence which had been so effective under the dead chief. As was fitting, the leadership of the reunited Nationalist party fell to John Redmond, who for ten years—in spite of denunciation from priest and politician alike as the enemy of Ireland—had kept the flag of the old tactics flying.

His first action—one of prolonged agitation in favor of the Dutch republics—was in every way characteristic: and though it earned him the personal gratitude of President Kruger, who conveyed his thanks to the Irish leader in an interview with his brother, Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, it cost him no little English sympathy: for the jingo spirit was mortally offended. Nor was the public abstention of himself and his party from any official welcome to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her last visit to Ireland, with the refusal later of any official participation in the Coronation celebrations of Edward VII, likely to soothe the English public: but it was eminently typical of the man.

“Anything less than unconditional loyalty”—I remember his saying at the time—“would have been an insult: anything more would have been an untruth”: and I know of no words that indicate the Nationalist attitude in a more accurate definition. Possibly it would have been more diplomatic to have been silent: but it would have been more insincere: and with Redmond sincerity is everything. He is not at heart disloyal: he merely postpones his loyalty till it can have a constitutional significance.

From the first moment that his colleagues had placed him in power, now nearly a dozen years ago, to the present day, John Redmond has more than vindicated the policy of independent opposition which Parnell had inaugurated: within a couple of years, in fact, he had thoroughly reorganized the party, prepared for a return to the old policy of combat: and since that moment both Conservatives and Liberals alike have been forced to comply with his dictation.

In 1903, for instance, after a long period of agitation, the Unionists in spite of every principle they had enunciated for the past century, were compelled to pass a land bill which for wholesale sweeping reform has had no precedent in English history: it practically undid in a decade all the three centuries of confiscation and definitely established the people upon the land of their country in a way which Henry George hardly dreamt of. The appointment of a professed Home Ruler in the person of Lord—then Sir Anthony—Macdonald, as assistant to Mr. Wyndham, who was at the time Chief Secretary, was another step in the direction of conciliation: and but for the Orange outcry which

was raised in protest the Tories would probably have carried a Catholic University and possibly a further extension of Local Government.

The limit of concessions having been reached, however, Redmond had no further use for the Government, and, the balance of power falling to his hand, he at once defeated the Conservatives and brought in the Liberals, whose huge majority in 1905 was in no little way due to the fact that the Irish vote was thrown into the scale of those who had been so many years "out in the wilderness" for Home Rule.

There was a time when it was thought that John Redmond had forever damned his cause and ruined his reputation: it was when he decided to refuse the famous "Councils Bill" which was to establish a central authority over finance and administration in Dublin. Subsequent events have shown that his policy was the very proof of his genius. As the limit of Liberal concessions and as an alternative to complete control it would undoubtedly have proved disastrous: for, coming between the party and the official, it would have led to infinite complications. Its only apology, in fact, would have been that Home Rule was impossible.

The event has disproved the main contention: it was no Pyrrhic victory, as the papers then contended: it was merely a Fabian tactic. In fact, it is a pleasant reflection of T. P. O'Connor, in his life of the last Liberal Prime Minister, to think that almost the last living action of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was to come down to the House of Commons shortly after the overthrow of the Councils Bill to interview the Irish leader with regard to the proposal of a great "Home Rule" resolution which only his untimely death prevented him from bringing forward in person.

The first full measure which Mr. Redmond wrung from the Liberals was of course the Catholic University, which was granted after a fight of some fifty years: but the work with which his name will probably be most prominently associated in history will be the Home Rule Bill, at present the topic of the hour, which has been rendered possible only at the cost of the greatest constitutional change since the days of the early Stuarts:

for it is hard to describe the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords in other terms.

It is not, however, merely as a politician that John Redmond is of interest: he has in addition to his public career an exceedingly powerful personality: a complex combination of aristocracy and democracy, orthodoxy and heresy, sentiment and science, progressiveness and conservatism, in which he is not untypical of the race from which he springs: and it is very hard to understand the Nationalist attitude without understanding the psychology of Catholic Nationalism in the person of the Nationalist leader.

Probably his most deeply rooted instinct is his patriotism: a patriot by birth and ancestry, he is equally so by sentiment and education. Poems, history, anecdotes, speeches—anything which has for its object or motives love of country—go at once to his heart; and it is from this patriotism that has sprung his democracy. France is to him not the country of Molière, Montaigne, Diderot and Anatole France, but the country where the Irish Brigade fought against England, the country which sent Hoche and a fleet to Ireland's help in the Rebellion: in a word, he is a French democrat in politics, but not in philosophy. In philosophy he is a Conservative of Conservatives, a Tory of Tories, beside whom—as a writer put it the other day—Balfour and Salisbury would be the wildest republicans and “sans culottes.” A Roman Catholic, he looks upon his Church as the centre of thought—above all science, above all authority, above all criticism—and yet, strange to say, he feels no enthusiasm for it such as, for instance, that of the Old Catholic of France or the New Catholic of Oxford: it is no thought movement to him: to his mind theology is an absolute blank. True, wherever a Catholic school is in danger it is sure of a champion in John Redmond: but no one would think of coupling his name with Montalembert, or Windthorst or Wilfred Ward. He looks upon the Church as an organic body with a sanctity of its own sufficient to command respect in the eyes of the politician: though he is equally insistent on the limits of the clerical power in secular affairs. Yet he has never raised the question of the definition of temporal affairs, so that, like a diplomat, he has avoided rather than solved that knotty problem.

Himself married to an English Protestant wife, he believes in toleration, but it is not upon the Liberal principle of the equal value of all denominations, but upon the Conservative principle of "belonging" to a Church "by birth." In fact I do not think the religious problem as such has ever come before his mind: the nearest approach has been in the Parnell crisis, when he was openly "anti-clerical" without going to the logical conclusion of "secularism"—a not uncommon type among Irishmen. But whatever his philosophical attitude, his political attitude is certainly commendably broad: all creeds have a right to equal liberties and nationality is a term comprehensive of all denominations: yet in his mind Protestantism is so much identified with Persecution in Irish history that it is doubtful whether he can be sufficiently "unpatriotic" to consider it merely as a philosophy.

His brother, Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, is more pronounced: they are as far apart as Louis Veuillot and Lord Acton. William is a Catholic first and an Irishman afterwards: John Redmond is an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards; and thus when Pius X welcomed him in private audience at the Vatican as the "Leader of the Catholic party," Redmond made one of the most characteristic retorts in his life: "Pardon me, Holy Father," he replied with dignity; "the Irish party is not Catholic, but Nationalist, like their country: though Catholics do happen to form the greater part of its subjects."

Yet there is nothing of the stage Irishman about his patriotism or the reckless geniality of Lever's Celts: I know of no Irishman who is more typically English. Brought up in his own household as one of his children when the death of his sister left me an orphan, I had ample opportunities of learning at once the dignity and the moderation of his Nationalism. His studio, covered with framed illustrations from the *Cabinet of Irish Literature*, was stored with political volumes of all sorts which he was always inculcating upon us to read instead of the trashy English decadence of the *Boy's Own Paper* type; and many a time would he recite whole passages from the older patriots like Burke and Moore to try and instill into us a respect for the fervid patriotism that even in these days was beginning to sink below the flood of Anglicization and indifference. Quiet, reserved,

almost taciturn, I never heard him say a thing he would withdraw or exaggerate a phrase to suit the moment's temperament: but always deeply earnest in his life-work to the sacrifice of everything else, he reminds me not a little of the stern parent in the play *Rutherford and Son*: though he could enjoy a *Punch* cartoon or a bon mot of Father Healy of Bray with the best.

For sheer determination and grim perseverance, however: for silent obstinacy in the face of obstacles and contemptuous indifference in the face of contradiction: for calm deliberation followed by irrevocable decision: for aloofness and distance to friend and foe alike, he has all the qualities of the English business man mixed with a certain old-world courtesy which saves him from the gruffness of the Saxon.

It is this spirit in fact which has given him the power to dominate—turning the very weapons of the English enemy against themselves: and he knows their value far too well to indulge in those shallow denunciations of England in which so many of his compatriots so recklessly indulge. I remember, for instance, during the Boer War, when every Nationalist in Dublin was expecting to hear from day to day that the Dutch had swept the English into the sea, how he would smile at the credulity of such anticipations: "No, not as long as they had two teeth opposite each other would the British Bulldogs give way," he would say; and in his heart he admired them for it: just as deep down in their own hearts they have the same respect for him, though it may assume the same metamorphosis which transformed Botha, the rebel general, into the loyal premier, before the English give vent to their sentiments.

It is the colossal determination and yet the absolute moderation of the Irish Nationalist demand which to my mind is its greatest strength at the present moment: the total abandonment of the rhetorical fireworks of the eighties: the absence of the phantom Fenians who were the nightmare of the sixties: the reduction of an abstract sentiment to a concrete grievance—much of which change is merely the substitution of the character of John Redmond for that of Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell was always accentuating the differences: Redmond is always accentuating the similarities. Parnell was essentially a man of

war: Redmond is essentially a man of peace. Parnell had much of the destructive spirit of the battering ram: Redmond has far more of the constructive spirit of the architect—though an architect who will not build on rotten foundations.

True, like Parnell, Redmond is a man of as many limitations as he has qualities: and the Home Rule Bill passed, his work will come to a natural end and he will make way for new movements and new men: but he will have accomplished his aim: he will have laid those conditions which are the *sine qua non* of future progress as well in Ireland as in England. A pioneer of democracy, he will probably end a premier of conservatism, just as *Milestones* shows is the case with every generation: but it will only be in retrospect that we shall see his true democracy, just as it is in the prophecies of evolution that we realize his conservatism. And it is with the movement as it is with the man: to understand the Irish Nationalist Leader is to understand the Irish Nationalist Movement: democratic, yet at the same time conservative and, like the problem of the age, it consists in doing by rational evolution what would otherwise produce an irrational revolution.

# THE UNITED STATES UNPREPARED FOR WAR

HARRY ALBERT AUSTIN

**F**OR some time past, the technical heads of our army and navy have been trying to impress upon Congress and the public at large the utter lack of preparedness of the United States for war, and while many startling facts concerning this lamentable state of affairs have been presented to Congress by these experts, the public at large seems to give little credence to, or rather to ignore, the opinions of these military and naval men. Evidently the public feels that there is some sinister motive behind these appeals for increased military and naval protection—perhaps a desire on the part of these men to secure a larger standing army and a greater navy by scaring the public into the belief that we are in imminent danger of attack by a foreign Power, and that through our lack of preparedness reverses must befall us, at least in the initial stages of any armed conflict in which we might be engaged. The American people, as a rule, are prone to boast of the fact that in our past military undertakings we always have been successful and that, with our great national resources, success must inevitably rest upon our banner. This, however, is mere patriotic sentiment. While it is true that in all past military contingencies we have met with ultimate success, with what needless loss of life and treasure this result has been accomplished a close analysis of our past wars alone will show. The War of the Revolution lasted seven years, the War of 1812 three years, the Florida War seven years, the Mexican War two years and the Civil War four years; and it is conceded by military authorities that all of these conflicts would have been less protracted had the United States been prepared to meet the contingency. The needless loss of life, the wasteful expenditure of money consequent upon this lack of preparedness cannot be estimated—it scarcely can be imagined.

The commanding general of an army who, through lack of judgment, or the Government which, by lack of thorough preparation, needlessly sacrifices life and treasure, even though



finally succeeding in the military enterprise undertaken, cannot be said to be a good general or a wise Government.

On January 7, Major-General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army, stated before a Congressional Committee that our army was wholly unprepared for war; that our troops were without even sufficient guns and ammunition, and that if they were sent into the field in their present condition, it would be absolute slaughter. The General made the further statement that if we were compelled to go to war at the present time, it would be at least a year before we could manufacture sufficient quantities of the munitions of war to supply our army at its present strength.

On January 28, Admiral Charles E. Vreeland, who is the first ranking officer next to Admiral Dewey, appeared before the House naval committee, and he likewise dwelt upon the unpreparedness of the United States for war from a naval viewpoint. The Admiral explained that in case of war with Japan, the Philippine Islands would be at the mercy of that country, although he believed that we could hold Hawaii and Alaska against attack by any other nation. This latter view, however, is not held by some of our military experts.

In some quarters, exception is taken to the policy of our military and naval experts in "exposing our hand" to foreign Governments by making public such statements, but these officers argue that other Governments are fully aware of these conditions, and that it only is the American people who are in ignorance of the real state of affairs; and they are of the opinion that the actual facts, humiliating as they are, should be laid before the people in order that they may be awakened to the danger of lulling ourselves into the belief that we are invincible.

One phase of this question which for the past few years has been giving our military experts grave concern is the lack of sea transportation to embark our troops in case of hostilities. It is only within the last decade that this question has been seriously considered. Prior to the Spanish-American War, and the subsequent development of the United States into a world Power, with many outlying possessions, the question of our ability or inability to transport over sea an army of any considerable

size was never seriously considered by our military authorities. Geographically isolated from the other important military nations of the world, our impregnability from attack by any European or Asiatic Power was never questioned, and the accepted policy of our Government to refrain from any entangling alliances with foreign nations precluded the thought of our ever having occasion to transport our army over sea. But the acquisition of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippine Islands, the building of the Panama Canal, and our interest in the internal affairs of Latin-America, injected a new factor into the problem of our national defence, i. e., whether in the event of war involving the protection of these possessions or the enforcement of these policies, we could embark an expeditionary force of any considerable size and to any considerable distance within a reasonable time after the opening of hostilities.

In the event of war, that nation which is prepared to and does strike the first blow has a distinct advantage. While the general impression prevails that it is customary for a nation to declare war before entering upon actual hostilities, yet history teaches us that this is the exception and not the rule. In a book dealing with this subject, Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice, of the British Royal Artillery, stated (at the time of its publication in 1883) that out of 117 wars during the past two hundred years, in only ten instances has a formal declaration of war been made. It is well to note also that there is a tacit understanding between nations that, even during a protracted diplomatic dispute which has every prospect of ultimately terminating in a resort to arms for settlement, war-like preparations on the part of one nation may be considered a *casus belli* by the other party, and the latter may take advantage of the fact to strike the quick first blow, so very important in war. Therefore, if preparations for our national defence are to be made at all, with any hope of initial success in the event of war, these preparations must be made during times of absolute peace. To adhere to a policy of waiting until the anticipated enemy has declared war or committed an overt act, before doing all in our power to strengthen our national defence, must undoubtedly lead to disastrous results.

In the matter of these preparations, the United States has

been lamentably lax. While, as stated before, it undoubtedly is true that with our vast national resources and our great wealth, the chances of ultimate success in war are preponderantly in favor of the United States, it also is true that the meeting of reverses during the initial period of war has a direct effect upon the general morale of the military forces and of the nation at large, and may tend to prolong what might have been a short and decisive campaign into a protracted and sanguinary war.

That nation which aspires to the position of a world Power, or has the honor thrust upon it, as may be said of the United States, must, from a strategic point of view, establish permanent naval bases, especially in those parts of the world where its possessions lie and its interests are most important. The question of the establishment and protection of these bases rests primarily with the navy, but inasmuch as the principal asset of the navy is its mobility, it should be free to perform its legitimate function of seeking the enemy's fleet and if possible destroying it. To compel it to remain in passive defence of our insular possessions would deprive it of its most valuable asset and principal function. Therefore, in order that the navy, in the event of war, may have a safe harbor in which to coal, make necessary repairs, or to flee for refuge in case of partial defeat, these bases must be held in absolute possession by our forces, and the army is called upon to aid in the performance of this function.

We have established such bases in the Philippine Islands, Guam, Hawaii, Guantanamo and, for all practical purposes, on the Canal Zone. In the event of a war between the United States and a foreign Power, especially in a war involving the Pacific Ocean as a theatre of operations, the first blow struck by our enemy would undoubtedly be at our insular possessions and naval bases in that ocean. With our comparatively small standing army and the slight prospect of its being increased in the near future, it is practically impossible to station a sufficient number of troops in these possessions to insure their successful defence against a prolonged and formidable attack. Speaking generally, therefore, in the event of war we must accept one of two courses—to attempt at the outbreak of hostilities to reinforce these garrisons quickly, or be content with their loss until we have

secured control of the sea on the Pacific and are able to embark an expeditionary force of sufficient strength to recapture them.

It has been stated above that in the event of war with an Oriental Power, under existing conditions, this nation could do little more than passively to accept defeat in certain quarters while concentrating and mobilizing its military and naval resources. Our military and naval officers agree, generally, that the United States could not hold the Philippines against attack by such a Power, and, as mentioned before, there is a possibility, at least, of our losing the Hawaiian Islands and our naval base in Alaska. It is not to be thought for a moment, however, that our Government would be content to allow possession of these bases to pass permanently out of their hands without a strenuous effort to recapture them. But even if we subsequently secured control of the sea, it would be a difficult if not impossible task to recapture them by naval attack alone, for in modern warfare it is considered impracticable to attempt to capture strong sea-coast defences by sea attack without a simultaneous attack in rear by land forces. The futility of sea attack alone has been demonstrated many times in the past, noticeably in the attack upon the fortifications of Santiago and later in the attack of the Japanese navy upon Port Arthur. In both these cases, the successful attacking in reverse of the sea-coast fortifications by the army, with the use of high-power, long-range guns in the latter case, not only caused the surrender of the forts but resulted in the annihilation of the fleets anchored in the harbors.

In the recapturing of these bases, then, it will be seen that the army will play a most important part. The question naturally arises, Have we sufficient sea transportation to embark an expeditionary force of sufficient size to accomplish this purpose? The casual observer probably will say that if we have not sufficient Government transports for this purpose, we can impress into the service sufficient merchant marine to embark all the troops necessary. But let us see if this is true. The size of this expeditionary force and the amount of transportation necessary for its embarkation would depend upon circumstances and cannot be foreseen, but with very little calculation we may arrive at an

estimate of the number of transports and auxiliary vessels needed by the army, and our present situation in this respect.

Speaking generally, the quantity of transportation which should be available or procurable is that which will permit the United States to put forth its entire strength at any distance and in any direction that circumstances may require. Sufficient ships should be in readiness to transport troops as fast as they can be raised, equipped and made ready for service. No force which is organized and ready to sail should ever be required to wait for ships in which to embark.

The suitability of ships for military purposes relates to their size, arrangement and fittings. The most important principle affecting size is that of unit loading; that is, capacity for carrying on one ship an entire regiment, battalion, battery, and so forth, with all of its supplies and equipment. This is considered indispensable to the best results. While it is not always practicable, in preparing for the transportation of a military expedition over sea, it is well to base our calculations with this idea in view. The principal units to be considered in the preparation of a campaign involving the use of marine transportation are the infantry regiment, the squadron of cavalry, the battery of field artillery, the battalion of engineers, the divisional field hospital, the signal corps company, the ammunition column and the supply column. These units, with their proper multiples, headquarters, etc., comprise what is known as an infantry division, which is the accepted fighting unit of modern warfare. Speaking approximately, such a division would consist of about 20,000 men and 8,400 animals.

To arrive at the amount of sea transportation necessary to embark an over-sea expedition, it is customary to base estimates on the gross tonnage of the vessels, allowing a certain number of tons per man and animal. Basing our estimates on the size and character of the merchant ships which we probably would be able to procure, five gross tons per man and eight gross tons per animal would about suit our needs. These figures would include all impedimenta, with two months' supplies for the army. Upon this basis an infantry division of 20,000 men and 8,400 animals would require sea transportation to the amount of about 167,000 gross tons, preferably in large ships of over 5,000 tons each.

In calculating the size of an expeditionary force which probably would be needed to conduct operations over sea, in the event of a war with an Oriental Power, it is considered a most conservative estimate to say that at least two infantry divisions, or approximately 40,000 troops and 16,800 animals, would be needed in the first instance. In case our outlying bases in the Pacific were still in our possession, these two divisions should be ready to embark immediately, or should these bases have been lost to us, they should be ready to embark immediately upon our gaining control of the sea. In the first instance, then, it will be seen that it would be necessary to have immediately available on the Pacific Coast at least 334,000 gross tons of shipping. On the principle of unit loading, it would require about 100 vessels of the size which would probably be procurable on the Pacific to transport such a force. According to the best available data, there are on that ocean about 50 vessels of United States register suitable for transports which could probably be procured for our use, but what percentage of these vessels would be in our own ports and immediately available is problematical. Even if all should be immediately available for our use, it will be seen from the above figures that we could not hope to move more than one infantry division, or one-half the number of troops necessary. It is true that merchant ships from the Atlantic could and probably would be brought around through the Panama Canal, but it must be remembered that the navy would require a great many merchant vessels for its use as fast cruisers, scouts, and other auxiliary ships, and these would have to be provided for at the very outset, while the navy was fighting for control of the sea. Our regular transport service comprises about 50,000 gross tons, half of which probably would be on the Pacific and would reduce our deficit in sea transportation by that amount; but in figuring on the use of merchant marine engaged in general commercial trade, it is necessary to consider the changes required in refitting the vessels before they would be suitable for use in transporting troops. The changes are mainly involved in the fitting of berths for men and stalls for animals, in the lighting and ventilation, extra water supply and provision storage, and additional messing and sanitary arrangements. It would require considerable

time to complete these changes, and even if the fifty ships available on the Pacific could be procured at once, it would be months before they could be refitted for the transportation of troops.

As an example of our lack of marine transportation facilities, it may not be amiss to state what was accomplished by our military authorities in the transportation of the Santiago expedition of 1898. The Quartermaster's Department chartered every American vessel that could be obtained in the Atlantic ports during the twenty days following the declaration of war and succeeded in obtaining a fleet of 36 vessels, averaging 2,500 gross tons each. The ships had an aggregate capacity of 90,000 gross tons, a little over one-half of the quantity required to embark an infantry division. The expedition was fitted out for a definite voyage of thirty hours to Havana, but circumstances finally determined that the voyage should be one of eight days to Santiago. The ships were poorly fitted, very little land transportation or mounts could be taken, the cooking and sanitary arrangements were crude, of ventilation there was practically none, and it is stated that this fleet of ships could not have embarked, under reasonable over-sea transportation conditions, a force of more than 8,000 to 10,000 men, and even then not without great jeopardy to the welfare of the men and the success of the enterprise. This is no reflection on the Quartermaster's Department of our army. That department performed the suddenly increased and multitudinous duties imposed upon it with its characteristic ability. But it was a physical condition which confronted it. The number of suitable ships which could be immediately obtained was greatly inadequate to our needs, and those vessels which were obtained lacked so many of the prerequisites of a military transport that it was impossible within the short time available to refit them for the proper accommodation of the troops.

In striking contrast to this expedition, it is well to note what Japan was able to accomplish in the way of transporting troops during the Russo-Japanese War. She had, subject to call at the beginning of that war, a merchant fleet of nearly 200 steamers, aggregating over 500,000 gross tonnage. As a simple illustration of her ability to embark quickly an over-sea expedition, it

may be stated that at Ujina, her principal port of embarkation in that war, she was able, practically at the outbreak of hostilities, to transport General Oku's army of 100,000 men in the short space of four days. Japan relies entirely upon her merchant marine for the transportation of her armies in war, and the wonderful results accomplished by her in this respect during the Russo-Japanese War were due largely to the fact that since the Chino-Japanese War she has been paying immense subsidies to almost all of her steamship companies. She learned a valuable lesson during the conflict with China, and realizing the absolute necessity of having available a large merchant marine at the very outset of war, she has been paying about \$5,000,000 yearly in subsidies, over \$2,000,000 of this amount going to one company. The contrast between the preparedness for war on the part of Japan and of the United States needs no comment. We are confronted with the fact that we have outlying possessions at the very door of a nation which could transport almost immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities 100,000 men to invest these possessions, or even to attack our continental frontier, while we would be compelled passively to accept defeat during the early stages of war, until we could collect sufficient ships to transport less than one-half the number of men which Japan could embark during the first few days.

What doth it profit us to boast of our Monroe Doctrine, of our declared intention of protecting our Filipino wards from outside interference until they are able to maintain a self-sustaining republic, of our policy to protect our southern sister republics from foreign interference, and yet, when these policies are seriously assailed by a foreign enemy, be compelled to rely for their enforcement almost solely upon our great wealth and unlimited resources, with a consequent needless loss of life and treasure, when a wise course of military preparedness might prevent war at all? We boast of being a non-military nation, and of advocating a peaceful solution of all international questions, which is laudable; but it must be conceded to be the height of folly to "beat our swords into ploughshares" while those of our neighbors are being sharpened on both edges.



# THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM OF THE EAST

J. INGRAM BRYAN

**T**HE paramount problem of the East is how best to promote a more mutual approach of East and West. It is not too much to say that in the estimation of every thoughtful mind in the Orient to-day this is the supreme international question.

The problem was created and set on foot by the Occident, but the Orient is now left to deal with it alone, and try to push it to a satisfactory solution. After stirring the greater half of mankind out of the lethargy and seclusion of ages, the masters of the world have shrunk in despair and cowardice from the duty of appeasing the commotion thus created. The hands extended for sympathy and the voices that cry aloud for intercourse are now only on the eastern horizon.

The Orient has long evinced a sincere desire for closer communion with western ways and western civilization generally. On every side is found to-day among eastern people a frank admission that the Orient has learned, and has still to learn, much from the West, and already owes to that half of the earth an endless debt of gratitude. And the West, too, concedes, if in a half-hearted way, that it is indebted to the East for much, and has yet something to learn from oriental life and thought. But, in spite of these admissions, the difficulty has been that, while the East has been putting its theory into practice, the West has for the most part been content to treat its indebtedness to, and its dependence upon, the East as a mere theory to be neglected and relegated to the region of the impracticable.

Among those that have sincerely labored to promote a closer mutual approach between East and West, Japan stands out as unapproached by any other nation. For more than fifty years, through her sons and daughters sent abroad to study in western institutions, through world-wide travel and through the literature of all nations, Japan has been imbibing all that is of permanent worth in occidental civilization; and through the welcome of foreigners, both as residents and tourists, as well as the publica-

tion of literature describing her aims and progress, she has done what she could to acquaint the world with her ambitions and the meaning of her civilization. Her incomparable compliment to Anglo-Saxon civilization is seen in the fact that English is an obligatory study in all her secondary and higher schools; while the names of British and American heroes are on the lips of every youth of Japan. How much does the average youth of Great Britain and the United States know of Japanese heroes and history? The reply to this question alone is sufficient to prove on which side lies the weight of desire for a more mutual acquaintance between East and West. There are a thousand Japanese who read literature about the West for every occidental who reads anything about the East. Yet the greater portion of international criticism comes from the West; for men are always liable to be cynical toward those they don't know. But is it fair to carp at and isolate oneself from those of whom one has placed oneself in a position to know little or nothing? The consequence of such ignorance is extremely dangerous in a world where the barriers of distance are fast disappearing and all races are being forced to mingle and reciprocate with sympathy.

The East, therefore, requires no special impetus to further study of the West. Japan, China and India have for years been almost wholly absorbed in this pursuit. What yet has to be done is to convince the stubborn occidental that he must give an equal and adequate degree of attention to things oriental, if the international approach is to be mutual and helpful.

How occidental thought and civilization are taking hold upon and permeating the East is an open book to the world. The practical and social idealism of the Occident has already laid its permanent impress on the oriental mind. Individual rights and individual liberty now form pressing themes in the practical politics of lands like Japan. The right of the individual to education, and to develop along the lines intended by nature, is commanding recognition in the national system of education. The right of woman to the same justice demanded by man; and the adjustment of rights between capital and labor, as well as the paramount influence of an intelligent democracy in national af-

fairs, all these characteristics of western civilization will soon be as oriental as they are now occidental.

And yet how much has the East been able to teach the West; and how much the West has lost by the failure to learn some of the imperishable virtues that Time has bestowed on the East! How much the rushing, hysterical life of the Occident has to get from familiarity with the dignity, quietness and mysticism of the Orient! There is an impression among some western people that the East is abstractly meditative and anti-social, forgetting that the West was decidedly so until recent times, and that the East is as capable of transformation as the West. Monasticism and Puritanism were as visionary and anti-social as anything to be found in oriental society. The West has advanced beyond this stage and is now engaged in developing the practical and social side of its high idealism, steering a happy course between abstract spirituality and sheer worldliness. The Orient is also approaching this stage, and is learning to adjust a balance between theory and practice. Such anti-social theories as the caste and class systems are beginning to break and dissolve in thin air. The same process has long been under way in western countries. The ideal is thus in all lands tending more and more toward a unification of the human race and a common brotherhood of man. The development of modern communications and resultant commerce is forcing the races of mankind to mix and harmonize. The nations are becoming members of one family of peoples, among whom there is to be no place for clash of tooth and claw, except at the peril of existence. Already race-prejudice is universally condemned if not quite abandoned; and we live in the hope that what is the theory of one generation may be the practice of the next.

Perhaps the brightest hope for the arrival of true international-mindedness lies in the fact that now things of beauty and deeds of righteousness are much alike in all lands. The beautiful face and the beautiful deed, the noble ideal and the ethical achievement are just the same in Japan as in America and Europe. Both extremes of the earth see the same revelation in all high art, however much they may diverge in minor details. Despite the barriers of race and language the West discerns

clearly what there is of poetry in the East, and Rabindra Nath Tagore is unhesitatingly hailed in England and America as from the heights of Parnassus with the same acclaim as in his own beloved India. Essays on Japanese poetry are beginning to appear in the western press, and translations of Japanese fiction find some relish among occidental minds. On the other hand the mind of the whole Far East is taken up with western literature and life. Thus in ethics, religion and art the East and the West are finding a way of mutual approach, because the beauty, the virtue and the character which mankind admires and emulates, must be the same.

One cannot observe the trend of social movement on either side of the earth to-day without being impressed with the conviction that democracy will have the greatest bearing on the future approach of East and West. In all countries in our time there is an inevitable movement from a governed to a self-governed state of society. The select and the few are giving way before the average of the mass; and the latter are disposed toward a condition where they desire not to do what is imposed on them but what they deem the highest standard of moral ethics. And so as time goes on the centre of international control will be in and not outside the heart of man, as is fast coming to be the case in society and the individual. This common ideal will draw the East and the West together along the same route.

Even now there is a mighty stirring of the people common to East and West alike. The races of mankind, for good or evil, are henceforth all in the same boat; and those that jump overboard or refuse to embark will be either lost or left behind. This rising tumult of the multitudes in their rush for the same ship and their determination to reach the same haven, is seen distinctly in the mass-meetings of Japan, the mobs of India and the repeated strikes and social unrest of Europe and America. Even the wealth of blood that war has shed during the past two or three years, is but the protest of man against what he deems injustice and infamy, as he marches toward the goal where all his fellows shall meet and be one. Thus even a common enemy is having its beneficial effect in promoting a greater mutual acquaintance among races and helping forward the brotherhood of man.

The campus whereon man meets his greatest common enemy in modern times is what might in a general way be called materialism. Materialism is somewhere at the root of all that in our time hinders the mutual approach of nations and the development of human brotherhood. It is eating out the vitals of spirituality and blunting the nobler perceptive faculties, thus retarding the arrival of the superman. It is of supreme importance for the future of the world that the new democracy shall have a soul, a moral soul, of which it may be fully possessed. If, as we are now assured, morals are no longer to be imposed from outside, but chosen freely by the individual, it is essential that the people shall be moral enough to be capable of rightly choosing. Where every man is left to himself the weight of responsibility on the individual is tremendous; and the cry of man might well be, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Already in America there is evidence of reaction against the sudden sweep in this direction; and people are beginning to ask whether, if the community is no longer to be responsible but the individual, the latter is really capable of answering for his beliefs and their consequent actions. In fact there seems a disposition to revert to the old theory that it is society and not the individual that must be held responsible for vice and crime, and social imperfection generally. Increased personal liberty must in every land mean increased personal responsibility; and the result will mean moral and spiritual emancipation or death. The man truly free will either make or mar himself. He will either rise or fall. How to enable the free man to rise to the responsibilities of freedom is the problem laid upon both East and West now to adjust, and they cannot successfully face the task except in mutual coöperation; for should they be unwise enough to seek independent solutions, the difficulty would yet remain unsolved, for the question is one that has to be adjusted between races as well as between classes and cliques in the same family. In this all-important question the East has its eye on the West, learning what is of value toward the adjustment of the difficulty; but the West is yet blind to the meaning and movement of the East. Herein the danger lies! The settlement of the problem is left for the most part to the press, to academicians,

and to the immediate disputants themselves, forgetting that this is a question for all the people, and will never be settled until sufficiently interesting to all to demand adjustment.

As the rock ahead is materialism, or heartlessness and consequent intellectual blindness, the only hope for escape is through the following of a common ideal, noble and worthy of man. If there be no supreme standard, nothing to live up to, shipwreck is sure. Probably this will adjust itself locally before it will universally. But the day is fast approaching when the nations of the world will be obliged to adopt a standard and respect it. Happily they are already looking in this direction, but the matter is being considered too much to the exclusion of the East. The smaller half of mankind can hardly expect to choose for the entire human race, without so much as "by your leave." One thing seems certain: in the world-ideal that mankind is to choose and follow as one brotherhood of nations, the benighted toiler, the mere wealth-seeker, the pleasure lover, will have no place. When internationalism rules mankind all labor will be the result of intelligent purpose and personality; for the universal code imposed will involve every act and deed of the individual being for the good of self and the race as a whole.

And thus the East and West to-day are face to face with the same problems and share the same moral freedom as to the future. This moral freedom is essential to their highest good, just as in the case of the individual; but having attained it, if they do not choose the right, they court disaster. In so far as freedom means license it is an evil, but the responsibility must rest on the individual race, as upon the individual person. The East equally with the West is breaking away from conventional morals; the whole world, in fact, is striking out on new and perilous seas. Whether society on either side of the world is yet capable of sane self-control without extraneous assistance is a grave question. But the nations will make more progress toward a solution by putting their heads together than by striving to arrive at independent conclusions. The hopes of the future lie largely in the direction of moral education, involving a survey of world-wide thought and practice. Man in all lands must be taught the good he ought to seek, and the best way to attain it.

The essential principles of human conduct must be the same everywhere and among all. Here is where the schools of East and West are alike deficient. There is no adequate instruction in the art of living, in the true science of conduct; youth is instructed how to get money, how to surpass materially its fellows, but not how to get life and to be human. Moral teaching to-day affects manners more than morals and motives. Our schools should teach those who attend them to think morally, to criticise and test life. In both East and West our best writers of fiction are doing more in this direction than our national systems of education. But, until it becomes a sacred burden upon the hearts and minds of the educational authorities, the future must remain internationally anything but reassuring. The problem of the schools must also be how to promote a closer approach between East and West. And this problem is not material in any but a sense that will adjust itself: it is essentially a moral and spiritual problem, which only careful education and mutual knowledge can solve.

## THE PROGRESS OF EUGENICS \*

C. W. SALEEBY, M. D.

TEN years have now passed since the newly formed Sociological Society asked Mr. Galton, as he then was, to use it as a platform for the public launching of what he has taught men to call eugenics. He accepted our invitation, and addressed a small audience in a London class-room on *Eugenics, Its Definition, Scope and Aims*, in May, 1904. Soon afterwards, thanks to a kind invitation from him, and his appreciation of an article on the subject, it was my privilege to serve that great man in his earliest efforts to obtain a hearing for eugenics, and a place for it among academic studies. At one time I very nearly persuaded him to write a book upon eugenics, but a survey of the literature which would require to be studied led him regretfully to abandon a task too heavy even for his superb old age. Thus it came about that, five years after that memorable meeting of the Sociological Society, and following upon three lectures at the Royal Institution, in 1907 and 1908, I essayed the writing of an outline of eugenics, under the title of *Parenthood and Race Culture*, in which the ideals and scientific principles of "race-culture" or "race-improvement" were presented to the reading world. It need hardly be said that every line of that book was read before publication by the critical eye of my master, to whom it was incalculably indebted, and without whose help and approval it could have had no authority whatever.

### THE LAST LUSTRUM

Five more years have passed, and the time seems ripe for an attempt to survey the progress of eugenics, less in the past decade as a whole, than in the latter half of that period. We have learnt much, and have had to unlearn scarcely less. Events, scientific, academic, legislative, have crowded upon one another, not merely in England, but notably in the United States, where

\* This article contains the substance of the lectures, of the same title, delivered before the Société Française d'Eugénique in Paris in January, and the Royal Institution, London, in March and April, 1914.



my presentation of Mr. Galton's ideas, as I understood them, was much more widely considered than in his own country.

A few notes will suffice to show how much needs to be added, or re-stated, thanks to the extraordinary lustrum which has passed. After receiving the meagre honor of a knighthood, some forty years overdue—an honor entirely unsought, and one which gave him a real and charming pleasure—and after giving to the world his *Memories of My Life*, as delightful and valuable and modest an autobiography as literature can boast, Sir Francis Galton passed away; henceforth eugenics must develop as best it can without his judgment, his prestige, his knowledge, his wise enthusiasm, and the beautiful tolerance of a soul in which there was no bitterness at all, even for those who unscrupulously and persistently misrepresented his aims and attributed to eugenics a character of stupidity, immorality, and materialism which they alone were capable of conceiving.

But Galton lived to see great developments in the external appanage of eugenics, some of them due directly to his own munificence, and more have followed since his death. He began by founding a scholarship in National Eugenics at University College, London, and the days seem indeed remote when those whom he asked to serve on a kind of advisory committee used to meet under his direction, or that of the late Professor Weldon, whose premature death was a great loss to eugenics. We had no room really to call our own then. But now there is a great department of eugenics at University College, and the University of London can boast the first, and, at present, the only Chair of Eugenics in the world, handsomely endowed under Galton's will, and occupied by Professor Karl Pearson, one of the most distinguished of living mathematicians. Furthermore, eugenic societies have sprung up in many parts of the world: the Eugenics Education Society in London, with many similar societies in the provinces, and one in Ireland, the New Zealand Society of Eugenics, another in New South Wales, and, founded only last year, the Société Française d'Eugénique, with its excellent journal *Eugénique*.

But the United States has really done more for the progress of eugenics than any other country in the world. Thanks to the

American Genetic Association and to the aid given by my distinguished friend, Dr. David Starr Jordan, the American Eugenics Record Office, under the leadership of Dr. Davenport, has applied the principles of a new department of knowledge to the study of human heredity, and has added more to our understanding of that fundamental subject, in the last five years, than all preceding time could record.

#### MEDELISM

That new department of knowledge is now known as genetics, a name applied to it by Dr. William Bateson, formerly of Cambridge, now Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, and President-Elect of the British Association, who is the chief student of heredity to-day. Ten years ago the work of Mendel had only very lately been re-discovered. Galton was broad-minded enough to recognize that Mendel had made a great discovery, but his principal mathematical follower held other views. Mendelism was strenuously fought, and for years the chief object of the biometrical laboratory at University College seemed, and indeed still seems, to be to prove that the inheritance of this or that human character is "not Mendelian." Five years ago I referred to Mendelism, and warned the reader against the view that this theory would be of no importance for the study of man—but nothing definite could then be said as to Mendel's law in man, though, in dedicating my book to Mr. Galton, I was compelled to repudiate his "law of ancestral inheritance," which would be of such importance for eugenics if it were true, but which cannot stand in the light of our new genetic knowledge.

The progress of genetics in the past five years has surpassed all expectations. The Mendelians have gone on from strength to strength. They established their case for numerous characters in plants and animals, but it was still possible for their opponents to deny the application of Mendelism to man. Major Hurst, however—soon afterwards confirmed by Davenport in America—showed that, in point of fact, so simple, definite and easily studied a character as the color of the eyes is inherited in man according to Mendel's law. The facts could have been ascertained at any time—by Aristotle as easily as by Major

Hurst; no modern instruments were required, but merely the right way of recording pedigrees, which Mendel conceived and applied in the monastery garden at Brünn fifty years ago. A few other normal traits, such as the color and form of the hair, right and left handedness, have similarly been shown to follow Mendel's law, but neither eye-color nor any of these is of eugenic importance. On the other hand, the American observers have shown that various morbid traits of the utmost eugenic importance, such as forms of epilepsy and mental deficiency, follow Mendel's law. In Great Britain, the same has been shown, by the late Mr. Nettleship and others, for a large number of extremely rare defects of the eye and the skin. And, last year, Dr. Kerr Love, of Glasgow, guided by the American methods to which it was my privilege to direct him, published a series of lectures—*The Causes and Prevention of Deafness*—in which he demonstrated the existence of a Mendelian form of deaf-mutism. These important discoveries must long hereafter be discussed, for their urgent practical importance. Meanwhile they serve to show the most significant of the changes which eugenics has undergone since its foundation.

The fact is that any practical science which depends, above all, upon heredity, must reconsider its statements and its intentions from first to last in the light of our new knowledge. To the breeder of wheat or roses or racehorses this statement applies, but it applies no less to those who seek to serve human parenthood and the future. The laws of heredity are not as Galton understood them, and they are not to be elucidated by the methods which he employed, and which Professor Karl Pearson has since elaborated and still employs. It was a tragedy for biology at large, and above all for eugenics, that Gregor Mendel should have been appointed Abbot of Brünn, and should have lost all interest in his own researches, so that Darwin died without having heard his name, and Galton studied heredity for decades, without the key which Mendel had already forged, but of whose existence no one outside Brünn was aware.

That cannot be helped, but what can be helped is the tendency to continue along the old lines, and shut our eyes to the

significance of the new methods—which are in fact older than Galton's, though our acquaintance with them is so recent.

Mendel and Galton were born in the same year, as the Englishman reminds us in his generous tribute to Mendel, and between them, had they known of each other's work, they could and would have carried our knowledge of heredity to a point which it cannot now reach for another decade or more. Our business is to go forward, honoring Galton none the less in that we find ourselves compelled to abandon his generalizations, and to restate the postulates of eugenics in many respects.

It is the importance of the individual that emerges from the study of Mendelism. Two children of the same parents can no longer be looked upon, from the standpoint of heredity, as being "as like as two peas." Or rather, we must recall the fact that the peas in one pod may be utterly different in genetic characters, as Mendel showed. Statistical statements of averages and probabilities will not do. When Galton gave the Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford, he chose as its title *Probability the Foundation of Eugenics*. It will not do. The probabilities of the statistical method are untrue as biological facts, and they are useless for the service of eugenics. It is the individual youth who wants to know whether he is justified in marrying and becoming a parent, and eugenics must either be able to state something definite about him as an individual, or hold its peace. Thanks to the application of Mendel's method to man, there are hosts of instances where positive statements as to the results of any given human mating can be made, and our knowledge thus becomes a guide of life for those who acknowledge any responsibility to the unborn.

Further, Mendelism has taught us the importance of the unit character. If three or four Mendelian factors may be involved in the production of the simplest anatomical characters in plants, and if the inheritance of such characters can be understood and controlled only when each of these factors has been unravelled, we shall be less ready than some of us have been to talk confidently about breeding for genius, which may be reasonably supposed, on any attempt at psychological analysis, to be a

few hundred times more complex in constitution than, say, the color of a sweet pea.

Most hopeful for the future of eugenics in Great Britain is the recent establishment of the Arthur Balfour Chair of Genetics at Cambridge. Professor Punnett's duties comprise the study of genetics in living forms at large, and no one will question that such a chair was needed, and that Cambridge does well in possessing the first chair of its kind in the world. But what we now urgently need in Great Britain is a Chair of Human Genetics. This is the subject which lies at the very foundation of eugenics, and nowhere in this country has it any adequate recognition, or anything approaching the advantages of the American Eugenics Record Office. It is to be hoped that, ere long, this urgent need will be met, and that the study of human heredity may be able to avail itself of as many material advantages and resources as if its subject matter were horses or pigs.

#### BIOMETRY

The rise of genetics in the last few years has had an inevitable corollary in the simultaneous decadence of the method which, elaborated from Galton by Professor Karl Pearson, is known as biometry. Ten years ago, biometry was in its heyday. No one was in a position to challenge its conclusions, Mendelism was regarded as a biological curiosity of hybridization, and the publication of reports on alcoholism and tuberculosis and infant mortality, which were demonstrably nonsensical, had not begun. Failing any other method of studying the facts of heredity, biometry held the field. Its results were accepted at their face value by students generally, including the present writer. Then came the advance of Mendelism, the work of de Vries and Johannsen, showing the difference between "fluctuations," due to the accidents of nutrition, and true "mutations," which have their seat in the germ-cells, and are inherited. Biometry, we saw, had failed to distinguish between these fundamentally different things, as it still does. Work done by the biometric method, as upon the inheritance of coat color in horses, was done again by the Mendelian method, which observes the constitution of each parental pair, and it was shown that the

essential facts had been missed by a method which ignored altogether the details of the individual matings, as biometry necessarily does. In the words of Professor Bateson, "To those who hereafter may study this episode in the history of biological science it will appear inexplicable that work so unsound in construction should have been respectfully received by the scientific world. With the discovery of segregation it became obvious that methods dispensing with individual analysis of the material are useless. The only alternatives open to the inventors of those methods were either to abandon their delusion or to deny the truth of Mendelian facts."

Those who once believed in biometry and practised its methods have come to "abandon their delusion." Dr. Davenport and Professor Raymond Pearl, leading American eugenists, may be cited as illustrations of this statement. Sir Francis Galton died before the complete exposure of the biometric memoir on alcoholism, and his faith in the method was testified by the large endowment which he left for its practice. But it has no home outside University College, London, and whilst we must regret the lamentable waste of energy and money which its continued prosecution involves, we need pay no further attention to it here. No reliance can be placed on any conclusions which depend for their authority upon the use of this method alone, and I can only express my regret for having, nine years ago, based biological and eugenic arguments upon biometric evidence—as, for instance, regarding the influence of mating upon variation—which we now know to be worthless. From these few paragraphs American eugenists and the American public will learn that I entirely dissociate myself from and deplore the lamentable attack upon the American Eugenics Record Office which has just been published by the Galton Laboratory.

#### THE "QUESTIONNAIRE" METHOD

The biometricians have largely employed a method which is not, indeed, peculiar to them, and from which they would be the first to obtain valuable results if any students could. This we may call the *questionnaire* method, which consists in preparing lists of questions to be answered by interested persons, and

then submitted to statistical analysis. The recent American work has shown clearly that to rely upon *questionnaires* alone is to court disaster. Everything concluded from such inquiries needs re-investigation, and where such re-investigation has been undertaken the results based upon the *questionnaires* have had to be discarded. "Individual analysis of the material," in Professor Bateson's phrase, is essential. If that be true of peas, and their simple characteristics, it is a thousandfold truer of human beings and such traits as conscientiousness, which the biometricians, incredible to relate, have actually "studied" by means of *questionnaires*, and have pronounced upon as if it were a simple inheritable unit like blueness of the iris. I believe that the French Society of Eugenics contemplates the issue of *questionnaires* on a large scale to doctors and other students in France, but it is to be hoped that not too much time will be wasted in this way, which except for limited purposes has been tried and found wanting.

The reader will see that, whilst we know much more than we did ten or even five years ago, we know much less than we thought we did. Eugenics is an applied art or practice, like clinical medicine, depending on numerous scientific bases, and as these develop, eugenic practice, like medical practice, must be modified. To write a treatise on practical eugenics to-day, assuming the truth of all the conclusions reached in the memoirs of the biometricians, would be simple and might be convincing. The law would be laid down on conscientiousness, insanity, tuberculosis, alcoholism, and a host of other subjects with clearness and confidence. Such a task might have been essayed a few years ago, but the case is different now. The cautious eugenicist must confine himself to stating conclusions and demanding public action accordingly, only in so far as he has genetic, microscopic, or experimental evidence. We have such scientific evidence for certain cases of the highest eugenic importance. This evidence is practically all due to the work of the last five years. But the lay reader must be forbearing if we speak with the utmost hesitation on many other subjects, on some of which many recent converts to eugenics have inclined to speak and demand as if we knew what will not be known for many years to come.

## EUGENICS AND NATURAL SELECTION

Just as modern eugenics needs to be based upon a theory of heredity which has only come into its own during the last few years, so also we require to recognize that a certain biological theory, commonly quoted as the ultimate argument of eugenics, stands no longer where it did. This is the theory of "natural selection," which was advanced in a moderate form by Charles Darwin, and is preached by the neo-Darwinians in a form which Darwin himself repudiated in set terms. Upon this theory of natural selection is based a eugenic demand which practically consists in the condemnation of charity and altruism in all their forms. Thus eugenics comes to be represented as an alternative to social reform, an enemy of love, and a new buttress for the selfish and fortunate members of society; and thus it makes hosts of enemies, as any such thing should. Galton hoped that eugenics would become part of the religion of the future, and it will hereafter be made clear that the shocking and disgusting perversions of eugenics which have been in evidence during the last few years, and which are contrary to every religion but Mammonism, have no sanction either in science or in morality.

Darwin always believed and asserted that some influences affecting future parents will affect the character of their offspring. *This was the teaching of his illustrious predecessor, Lamarck*, and it is involved in the biological philosophy of my friend and teacher, Professor Bergson, whose lectures in Paris this year have renewed the gratitude of many to him. The modern followers of Darwin, however, have rejected this view, and proclaim natural selection as the only means of changing the character of a race, for they declare that environment may modify individuals, but that the characters thus acquired are never transmitted. This is a cardinal assumption of eugenics as it is taught and advocated by nearly all eugenicists to-day, and from it I expressly dissociate myself in the light of the experimental work which has been done in various parts of the world, but unfortunately not at all in Great Britain, during the past few years. If the neo-Darwinian view were true, we should be completely discharged from the necessity, on eugenic grounds,



of taking care of future parents. On that theory, such young people are the trustees of a certain type of germ plasm *which nothing can alter*. Thus, the circumstances may affect them, as individuals, for good or evil; they will not affect the race as such individuals are capable of reproducing it.

In this preposterous form the neo-Darwinian theory was never held by Darwin nor by Galton, and has been expressly repudiated by Weismann, who is commonly quoted as its great authority. But nothing is better established in biology, thanks above all to the great German student, than the fact that a great many changes effected by the environment in the bodies of future parents are totally without any influence upon the germ plasm and the future. On the other hand, the new experimental work, such as that referred to below, has shown that some influences may and do act upon the germ plasm, through the parent, with most important consequences for eugenics.

Observe, then, the difficulty in which the eugenist finds himself to-day, if he is determined to fit his practice to the facts. All is clear if we follow Lamarck, and assume that every change in the individual means a corresponding change in his potentialities as a parent. All is clear, no less, if we follow the neo-Darwinians, and assume that no influence acting on the individual will affect his potentialities as a parent. But now we find that neither of these statements is true. Some influences affect the individual but not the race in him, and some affect both. No generalization on this subject is true—and hitherto we have dealt in nothing else. Henceforth, however, we must be prepared to make a separate inquiry, not as to what can happen on a given theory, but as to what does happen, in every case that concerns us. Does education of the parent affect the child's mind? Does parental alcoholism affect the child's body, or the mind? These are questions which must be separately answered, and then we must try to act, for eugenic ends, as the answers dictate.

But it is already certain that, in numerous instances, influences acting upon individuals affect their offspring profoundly. Thus, recently, my friend Professor Houssey, who is one of the leaders of eugenics in France, *has shown by experiment that to feed fowls upon a meat diet is to cause extinction of the race in a*

*few generations.* It is probable that luxury and over-nutrition may have such an influence in ourselves, and nothing can be of greater importance for eugenics. Again, Bertholet in Lausanne, and Stockard in New York, within the last five years, have proved that parental alcoholism causes degeneracy in the offspring, and, finally, sterility.

#### PREVENTIVE EUGENICS

A new department of eugenics, we see, needs to be recognized, which never came into Galton's purview at all, and for which it has been my business, during some years past, to attempt to obtain recognition in Great Britain especially. It is clear that, by injudicious nurture of future parents, we may injure the race. It thus becomes a eugenic duty to recognize and fight those substances which I call the "racial poisons"; and we find ourselves involved in the task of what I call Preventive Eugenics, which prevents degeneracy due to parental malnutrition.

When eugenists can be persuaded of the facts upon which this contention is based, we shall hear no more of the arguments about the relative value of attention to "nature" and "nurture," which occupy most of the time at eugenic meetings. We shall see that the nurture of the future parent may affect the nature of the offspring, and that eugenics consists in much more than the mere practice of selection, regarding all individuals as immutably good or bad for parental purposes, and ignoring their individual nurture altogether. I am convinced that the importance of this part of eugenics will be steadily found to increase in the light of increasing knowledge, and that it will reduce to the level of a meaningless farce the present efforts of many eugenists to discount the value of the care which is being increasingly devoted to children and adolescents of both sexes. These will be the parents of the future, and though they differ widely in parental possibilities there is not one of them that may not be utterly ruined, as an individual, and as a parent, by such malnutrition as we contentedly witness to-day at both ends of the social scale.

## POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE EUGENICS

As here presented, eugenics will therefore be a very much larger and more difficult matter than the eugenics of my master, Galton. Recognizing the vast differences in human stocks, and the great value of fine people to a nation, he argued that we must encourage parenthood on the part of persons belonging to fine stocks, and to that project he gave the name of eugenics. But it is no less necessary to discourage parenthood among defective individuals, and to this, with Galton's approval, published in the last lecture he ever delivered, I gave the name of negative eugenics, calling his own scheme positive eugenics. No sooner was this seen and formulated than the overwhelming new evidence as to the influence of parental nutrition upon offspring made it apparent that eugenics required much more than selection and rejection for parenthood; the nurture of future parents is essential also, and we require to invoke the help of many sciences which were formerly thought to be of no account for our purpose. Eugenics as thus presented differs widely, in scientific assumptions and in practical proposals, from that which is commonly taught and advocated in Great Britain, to say nothing of the amazing reports one hears from America, and most of which, one presumes, are inventions. On the other hand I expressly disclaim any association with or approval of the perversions of eugenics which find utterance on many sides to-day, which have no science behind them, but only the echo of dead formulæ from the nineteenth century, and which seem to me to be brutal in spirit, immoral in principle, inaccurate in theory, and wildly impossible in practice. I cannot prevent anyone who advocates the neglect of infancy, or marriage without love, or the lethal chamber, or the measurement of "soul vibrations," from calling himself by the name of eugenicist, which I introduced now many years ago; but I write these words with the prime intention of showing that eugenics as I learnt it from Galton, and as I have always advocated it, differs *totò calo* from such views as those.

## RAILWAY MAIL PAY

WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER

**T**HE controversy that has been on for several years over the question of compensation for the carrying of the mails by the railroads, promises to become more acute during the present session of Congress. The Bourne Commission is about ready to get down to the task of writing its report, which, with all of the conflicting evidence that has been brought out by the inquiry, is not an easy task. The railroads claim that they are underpaid to the extent of about fifteen million dollars a year. In discussing that claim with Postmaster-General Burleson recently, he said to me:

"I am sure that there can be no reasonable ground for such a claim. My own view of the matter is that if we could know the truth, it would be that the railroads were more overpaid than underpaid. If they are so much underpaid, why am I so constantly being waited upon by railroad representatives who importune the Department to send more mail by their routes, and who agree to make all sorts of special and additional facilities for handling the new business they seek?"

Between these two extremes there is a possible difference of many million dollars. And Congress has appropriated liberally for the Bourne Commission and for the Post Office Department for the purpose of finding where, between these extremes, the truth may be found. In trying to arrive at a conclusion all sorts of avenues of investigation have been opened up, all kinds of bases upon which to predicate a judgment have been advanced, and innumerable grounds for argument have been brought forward. The best statisticians of the Government service and the best ones of the railroad world have engaged in a battle of wits with figures as their weapons.

Under these conditions it would seem presumptuous for me to come forward with the expectation of shedding new light upon the controversy. But there is an angle of the situation that to some extent has been overlooked by both sides which, it seems

to me, is somewhat persuasive in the direction of the truth. Rather, I should say that there are two angles, instead of one. Both are statistical, and both are taken from the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The first deals with the relative rates for carrying a pound of express and a pound of mail. Since Mr. Ralph Peters, of the Railway Mail Pay Committee, representing the railroads, has repeatedly declared that the roads stand pat on their contention that weight and distance are the true bases upon which rates shall be fixed, a comparison between the express business of the country and the railway mail business is most timely, as it sheds some light on the question of what the commercial world fixes as the rate for handling such business as the carriage of the mail involves.

In 1908 the total amount of mail carried by rail in the United States weighed 1,167,000,000 pounds. For performing that service the railroads received, according to the report of the Auditor for the Post Office Department, \$49,404,000, or 4.23 cents a pound. But this makes no allowance for mailbags and furniture carried, which would bring the total weight of mail and equipment up to 1,800,000,000 pounds, making a per pound rate, for mail and equipment, approximating 2.63 cents. The statistics gathered by the Post Office Department point to the conclusion that the average pound of mail and equipment is carried 500 miles, as may be seen by reference to page 100 of the Hughes Report on Second Class Mail Matter.

With this ascertainment of the per pound rates for carrying the mail, let us see what the per pound rate for carrying express is. We have that fixed at 74-100 of a cent, as is disclosed from an examination of page 19 of the Interstate Commerce Commission's report on express companies for 1909. So, pound for pound, mail cost 5.7 times as much to move as express. We must allow, however, for the equipment that moves with the mail, which gives a pound rate of 2.63 cents, so that the railroads got nearly 3.6 times as much for moving a pound of mail-and-equipment as for moving a pound of express without equipment allowance.

Now there is another principal factor in this weight com-

parison, and that is distance. We know, in a general way, that express has a shorter haul than mail, and from that viewpoint should get a lower rate. If we assume that the average weight of an express car load is five tons, as the railroads claim, and that the express car earnings per mile are 23.15 cents, the maximum earnings claimed by the railroads, that gives a ton mile rate of 4.63 cents. Thus, taking the lowest claim of tonnage and the highest claim of car mile earnings, we get what must be an outside ton mile rate. Applying that ton mile rate to the flat rate of \$14.80 as it was ascertained by the Interstate Commerce Commission, we would get an average haul of 319 miles. On this basis it would cost \$21,000,000 to move 900,000 tons of express 500 miles, where it cost \$49,404,000 to move the same weight of mail and equipment the same distance.

I agree that this seems to be an overstatement of the average express haul even though it is based on the lowest estimate of express load and the highest estimate of express car earning that have been made, and applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission's statistically ascertained flat ton express rate of \$14.80 per mile. Let us go to the other extreme, taking an average haul of only 200 miles—fifty-six miles shorter than the average freight haul. This haul, applied to the flat ton rate of \$14.80 fixed by the Commission, gives an express ton mile rate of 7.4 cents; and this, in turn, applied to the highest car mile earnings on express cars that has been claimed by the railroads—23.16 cents—shows an average load of only 3.17 tons. As no one claims that the express load is so small, and only the railroads claim the car mile earnings are so high, it must follow that the average haul is more than 200 miles. Yet even on this basis we find that pound for pound and mile for mile, we get a gross difference of \$14,000,000 on a transportation service of the extent and weight rendered the United States in the transportation of the mails in 1908. Yet with this difference against the Government the railroads claim they are underpaid to the extent of fifteen million dollars; so that, even assuming that express moves only 200 miles and that mail moves 500, we still find that pound for pound and mile for mile the railroads demand \$26,000,000 more for moving 900,000 tons of mail 500 miles than

they get for moving the same amount of express the same distance.

How can we explain this difference in the cost of the two jobs, which are identical in weight and distance? The railroads claim that three million dollars of it is explained away by extra services, outside of actual haulage of the mail. The remainder, \$23,000,000, they attempt to explain away by saying that it is due to lighter loads of mail than of express, and to the use of heavier mail than express cars. But suppose it should happen that we should find that the light-loaded mail car earns as much for every mile it travels as the heavy-loaded express car. What then would become of this argument that the difference in the weight of the load entitles the railroads to increased mail pay? Would it not become a case of the boot being on the other foot?

We hear a great deal about car-foot miles in these days of the Bourne Commission investigations, but they are all based on a month's inquiry in November, 1909, during which time figures of car-foot mileage were gathered by the railroads and the Post Office Department. After they have these figures, they still differ to the extent of 35 per cent. as to their interpretation.

But fortunately there are figures which were prepared without thought of making out a case, about which there can be no room for difference of opinion as to what they signify, and which are almost entirely full-year figures. In the report of the Post Office Department for 1909 it is stated that there were 1,111 full mail cars in the service, and 3,116 apartment or half cars. Counting two of the latter as one full car, their total mileage for the year, ascertained by the simple process of computing the number of trips and the distance covered per trip, was found to be 190,000,000 miles. This represents, according to the November investigation, 85.9 per cent. of the total space used, the other 14.1 per cent. being made up of storage space, dead space, and closed pouch space. The total mileage, including these items, some of which the Post Office Department contends ought not to be included, was 221,000,000 miles. Dividing that into the \$46,606,000 received by the railroads, after allowing them a credit of \$3,000,000 for other-than-train-transportation service, we find a rate per car mile of 21.1 cents. Remembering that

85.9 of this is based on all-the-year figures, of a most simple nature, we must accept this result as a close approximation of the total mileage.

Now, let us turn to the express companies and see what their cars earn per mile. This November report assigns to them 10.62 per cent. of all the train space in the passenger train service. That seems an understatement of the percentage from several standpoints. It assumes that not one car in nine on the road is an express car, which flies into the face of common observation. It is based on a month when passenger revenues were higher by about 2 per cent. than during the average month of that year, which would tend to indicate a heavier-than-average passenger car mileage for the month. But most of all, it is based on a light express month rather than an average one. November is in a measure comparable with April in express traffic volume. Turning to the Interstate Commerce Commission Report on Express Companies for 1909, we find that the total tonnage for December was 401,000 tons; for August it was 421,500 tons; while for April it was 342,500 tons. Therefore, with the passenger car space above normal, and with the express car space below normal, we must conclude that 10.62 is an understatement of the proportion of express cars in the average all-the-year-round train. But, in the absence of anything better, let us accept it and apply it to the total passenger service car mileage of 1909, which was 2,746,000,000 miles. This results in an express mileage of 291,723,000 miles, and gives, when divided into the railroad revenues from express for 1909, a car mile earning of 20.4 cents.\*

\* How unreasonable is the claim of the railroads that their express cars were earning \$3.16 cents a car mile in 1909 is illustrated by these total mileage figures. We know, based upon their own annual reports to the Interstate Commission in 1909, that they earned a total of \$59,647,000. It follows that if we divide the earnings per car mile into this we ought to get the total mileage. The result is 257,000,000 car miles. Now, if a comparison of relative space taken in a month when passenger mileage was above normal and when express traffic was below normal still shows a total of 291,723,000 miles, how can we escape the conclusion that a mileage of 257,000,000 car miles is far and away too low, and consequently the car mile rate proportionately too high? Such a mileage is only 9.36 per cent. of the total of all passenger train car mileage, as compared with the 10.62 per cent. the railroads themselves admit. It would call for only one express car in every movement of 10.7 cars. Yet the rate that Dr. Lorens fixes



From all this we cannot very well escape the conclusion that the express car was earning less per mile than the mail car, in 1909. I am sure that nowhere else are there any figures so reliable as those I have quoted. They are in the main the product of the annual statistical compilations of that most sterling of all economic statistical institutions, the Interstate Commerce Commission.

And now, seeing by them that the express car earns less per mile than the mail car, by what right can the claim be made that the lighter load of the mail service is to the hurt of the railroads? Starting in with an attempt to find out how much of the great difference in per-pound-per-mile rates in the transportation of mail and express should be charged to the lighter load in the mail car, we come out with the conclusion that it must operate to the advantage rather than to the disadvantage of the railroad. We come out with very persuasive evidence that the light-laden mail car earns considerably more for every mile it travels than the heavy-laden express car. So, by all fair inference, this claim of light weight as being the principal justification of high relative mail pay, becomes a piece of captured artillery to be turned on those who bring it forward.

In order to drive this fact home I risk being tedious, for it seems to be the crux of the whole situation. If the two types of car carry identical loads and earn identically the same revenue per mile, they must move on the same footing, provided they are the same type of car, in weight and length. Therefore, as the load of the one increases over the load of the other, it must follow that its load becomes an increasing burden, and that the revenue per mile derived from its movement ought to increase. Indubitably the car carrying five tons of load ought to pay more per mile than the car carrying two tons of load. Yet, by the most reliable statistics we have to date we know that the express

per car mile for the mail service is only two-thirds of a cent below the rate the railroads claim they get out of express car mile, based on this absurdly low assumption of mileage—a rate that their own figures do not justify. This railroad claim of \$3.16 cents a car mile earnings is based on figures of a time when express rates were 16 per cent. too high. They are based on a mileage that is 10 per cent. below their own conclusions as to proportionate train space. And yet Dr. Lorenz fixes a rate only two-thirds of a cent below this \$3.16 cent rate.

car, with its five tons of express was, in 1909, moving at a lower car mile rate than the mail car with its two tons of mail.

And what has the Interstate Commerce Commission said about the rates of the express companies then in force? It has said they were 16 per cent. too high. It must be assumed that at least a part of this 16 per cent. is assignable to the railroads. But let us be reasonable with the poor roads, and assume that only one-fourth of this "unreasonable part" of the then existing express rates was their share. That would drive the "reasonable" car mile rate on express down to a little less than 19.6 cents.

Judged by every fair standard that we have through which it can be gauged on a long term basis rather than through a month's snap judgment, we find the statistics inevitably pointing to a larger car mile earning on mail cars than on express cars—the express cars, with their heavy loads earning less for each mile they travel than the mail cars with their light loads. Then we will have to quit using the weight-of-the-load argument as grounds for an increase in railway mail pay.

There is one other argument for the increase, to wit, that the mail car is heavier and costs more than the express car. I find that more than half the mail car mileage of the United States is made in apartment cars, the mail end in which averages 24 feet. Out of a total of 190,000,000 miles only 86,000,000 miles is made in full cars, and the average length of these is only 58 feet. Furthermore, I find less than a third of the mail cars are steel. That leads me to the conclusion that there is about a stand-off between the heavier load hauled in the express car and the heavier weight of the mail car. But on that there are no reliable statistics.

Dr. M. O. Lorenz, statistician of the Bourne Commission, recommends a rate of 22½ cents a car mile for the transportation of the mails. But why should we fix that rate for mail cars, when the railroads were getting, at most, only 20.4 cents a car mile for moving express cars, at a time when, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, express rates in general were 16 per cent. too high? Especially is this a pertinent question when it is remembered that the car mile rate with which the

Lorenz rate is compared is higher than the truth seems to warrant, because it is based on a proportion arrived at when express movement was low and passenger movement high.

The rate fixed by Dr. Lorenz as the car mile rate would increase the pay of the railroads by several million dollars, when the statistics I have quoted indicate that they are getting more per car mile from the Government already than the express companies pay. To show the difference in the rate fixed by him and the rate of 20.4 cents a car mile earned by the express companies let us express it on the basis of the 1909 mail car mileage. At the express car rate of 20.4 cents, the mail pay that year would have amounted to \$45,100,000. At the Lorenz rate it would have amounted to \$49,700,000. I cannot find any process of reasoning that can justify the Government in paying more for the movement of a light-loaded mail car than the express companies pay for the movement of a heavy-loaded express car, mile for mile. And when the statistics for 1909 indicate that it was paying more, even at a time when express rates were, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, 16 per cent. too high, then certainly I can see no excuse for raising the mail rates at this time.

But, convinced as I am of the justness of this conclusion, I would like to see one real, genuine comparison made between express car mile revenue and mail car mile revenue. Let the Interstate Commerce Commission make that comparison, covering a year, and then let us fix our mail rate on that basis. These are the only two services that are comparable, since they are the only passenger train transportation sold at wholesale. Furthermore, whatever rate the railroads are willing to accord the express companies ought also be accorded the Government, for the Government, if any one, is entitled to preferential treatment.

If we fix the rate at 22½ cents we fix it at a rate at least 10 per cent. higher than the express companies were paying in 1909, and Congress puts the stamp of its approval thereon. Forever after we shall have to go on and on paying that rate unless we get affirmative legislation to the contrary, or unless the Government, with the burden of proof against it, is able to establish that overwhelming evidence the Interstate Commerce Commission re-

quires before it will overturn the judgment of Congress as to a rate.

In other words, with very persuasive evidence that the railroads are already getting from 3 to 10 per cent. more per car mile revenue out of the Government than they are getting out of the express companies, we are asked to raise their pay still further, on the Lorenz rate, by several million dollars.

My conclusion of the whole matter is that we ought to let matters remain on their present basis for the time being; meanwhile instructing the Interstate Commerce Commission to ascertain just what the car mile earnings of the express business actually are. Then let us wait for that report, and when we get it, fix the rate it discloses as the per car mile rate for the transportation of the mail. While we are waiting for that action let it be understood that if the investigation discloses a higher rate than is now being paid by the Government Congress will appropriate the difference as back pay, so that the railroads will not be out of pocket any by waiting for this determination.

# THE CRY OF WOMAN

VICTOR STARBUCK

**T**HERE is a cry from the untrodden places,  
The inarticulate striving for the Word;  
Beneath the graves, above the starry spaces,  
Beyond the sails on far horizons blurred,  
From city streets, from deserts and oases—  
A Voice . . . that shall be heard!

The Cry of Woman—the eternal bearer  
Of pain, the watcher at the bolted gate,  
Humanity's primeval drudge and darer,  
Undaunted pillager of death and fate;  
Yea, she, the weak, the strong, the farthest farer  
On pathways desolate.

She—denizen of brothel or of palace,  
The courtesan that launched the Grecian ships,  
The crystal-clear and undefiled chalice  
Of life—the popped death to hearts and lips,  
The soother of dissension and of malice,  
The star . . . and the eclipse.

“Behold we come, for Womanhood is waking!  
Before us break and fall the rusting bars.  
Lo, to the winds new banners are we shaking,  
The olive-leaf for ancient wars and scars;  
We stand, at last, where fadeless morn is breaking,  
Our feet upon the stars.

“Before our eyes undreamed horizons widen;  
The shadows vanish and the vapors shift.  
We ask not for the trump, the torch, the guidon,  
But for the wings that soar, the dreams that lift;  
And from the mists where we have long abiden  
We claim the perfect gift.

" Yea, we—the queen in ermine and in scarlet,  
The toiler at the spindle and the loom,  
The ministrant to emperor and varlet,  
The first to stand before the broken tomb,  
The wife, the nun, the shop-girl and the harlot—  
We rise from out the gloom.

" We cannot fail. Behind us press the others—  
The million generations yet to be.  
They urge us ever on, O men and brothers,  
To bear the torch for all humanity.  
And we, who have been and who shall be mothers—  
Shall not we, too, be *Free?* "

There is a cry from the forgotten reaches;  
The voiceless deep-below-the-deep is stirred.  
The hills give tongue, and earth's remotest beaches  
Fling echoes of the message long deferred—  
A voice that prophesies, exults and teaches—  
The Cry . . . and it is heard!

## WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE PRESS?

### *A View from the Inside*

I AM not a "journalist." I am not a "star reporter." Once in a while my stories are featured. Oftener they are edited into insignificance by those who know more about journalism than I may ever know. Fully as often they are thrown out for lack of space. As a newswriter I am able to "get by" and draw an average salary. I do not know what the public wants. I am not supposed to know. It is my business to know what the management thinks the public wants and just how far the management is willing to go in that direction.

Much is said about the "wilful suppression of news," the "subsidized press," the "commercialized press," the "capitalistic press," or, as the recent Socialist candidate for mayor always said, the "kept press." Nothing much has been said about me. My opinion is that I am the most vicious element in the newspaper world to-day.

When a man with large commercial interests invests in a newspaper, he may have any one of a large number of reasons. It may be his idea of fun. It may be an outlet for his vanity. He may have "principles" which he wishes to propagate. He may not be thinking of furthering his commercial interests, but it is safe to say that he will not use his newspaper to attack them.

If his paper directly helps those interests, or manages to draw the popular attention away from all attacks upon them, is he therefore insincere? By no means. He believes in his interests. His convictions and his morals lie that way. Just as the slave-owner believed religiously in slavery and the monarch in royalty, so the plutocrat believes in plutocracy. He stands steadfastly by his convictions, and his privileges. There is nothing insincere about him.

But what is the great indictment against the newspaper of to-day? It is insincerity. The modern newspaper rattles with

it. The insincerity, however, is not at the top. It is ingrained in the very composition.

There are two ways to explain this insincerity. One is to say that the newspaper, run for some owner's individual profit, must depend for its success upon its circulation; its acceptance by the masses or, at least, by a large portion of the reading public. That is only half an explanation. It assumes to tell why the press claims to represent interests which it does not represent: but it leaves the impression that the actual editors and reporters are a lot of conscious liars.

The actual fact is that we are far more degraded than that. We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the "story"—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants.

"Don't blame the reporter," you will hear the Socialist cry. "He is a working-man just like the rest of us. He would tell the truth if he could, but his paper won't let him. He knows that he's telling a lie, but it can't be helped."

The actual fact is that we do not know we are lying. If we could only tell lies for a living until we could get an opportunity to tell the truth, it wouldn't be so bad. But nature's laws do not permit that. When we begin to "root" for something other than our own convictions, our convictions take flight.

It is all right to say: "Don't blame the prostitute." But it is all wrong to think that she will become pure just as soon as she gets an economic chance. A prostitute forced into the life of shame is still a prostitute. She may be blameless in the sight of God, but she is just as vile as if she were personally guilty. Prostitutes and reporters are damned by the very nature of their calling. We have sold our souls for so long that we can't think of any other use to put them to.

I killed my conscience during my first year of newspaper work. It didn't die without a struggle, for I was 28 years old. Sometimes I think it is coming back to life, but I find in the end that it is not.

Why am I writing this article if my conscience is dead? Simplest question in the world. My dominant reason for writing it is the hope of getting some money. My reason for being so



frank is the same. I am banking on the very frankness catching the editor's attention. If I had a straight tip that I could make more money by writing the exact opposite, I would do it readily. Only last week I did write such an article, full of "inspiration" for young men and women who are starting out in life. New York magazines have paid me well for those inspiring articles. I didn't believe a word they contained.

And you can't believe a word of this. I do not ask you to. But just weigh what I have to say and see if it does not offer an explanation. If it does, call me all the names you like. And then do some thinking.

We all have to live. At least, we all think that living is quite essential. Political economists are forever pointing out that we must sell our "labor power," either of brawn or brain, and that we are compelled to sell it in the "labor market." So the locomotive engineer sells his labor to the railroad company and the reporter sells his labor to the newspaper. The bell-boy sells his labor to the hotel and the minister sells his labor to the church. Awfully simple—yes? Let us see.

There is a difference between the labor of the engineer and the labor of the reporter, a difference which I have never known the economists to analyze. It is not that one is physical and the other mental. The engineer uses his brain full as much as the reporter, possibly a great deal more.

I was once a locomotive fireman and I failed in my examination for promotion. I had little difficulty in "making good" as a newspaper man. I haven't been very successful, to be sure, but I have made somewhat better wages than I could have drawn as an engineer. In other words, I didn't have brains enough to be a railroader, so I became a moulder of public opinion.

Here is the difference in the two callings which I think the economists have overlooked. As an engineer I could sell my brains and not sell myself. I could conscientiously drive an engine where the company wanted it to go without changing my own views in the least. I might have been morally ruined in some other ways. The life might have made me a grouch. I might have contracted the habit of beating my wife and kicking the cat and cursing everybody after the fashion of several engi-

neers I know. But it seems to me that I could have kept the soul of a working-man; at least, as long as I was drawing a working-man's emoluments.

There are certain trades or professions, or whatever you wish to call them, in which this is impossible. A preacher must preach his own convictions or lose them. An artist cannot paint ugly pictures intentionally and still retain his sense of art. A lawyer cannot sell his ability to win cases and retain a sense of justice. A professional writer must likewise write his own convictions or become a prostitute.

There are preachers and editors and lawyers and artists whose ability is such that they do not have to yield an inch. But that is not my case and it is not the case of the average writer. Our ability is such that we can make a better living by writing than we can by manual labor. But we should starve if we limited our output to what we individually believe.

That is the sore spot in the American press. That is why it rattles with insincerity. It is not the big grafter who is corrupting the press. It is the little grafter, like myself, who presents a far more serious problem.

Suppose for a minute that we had no big grafter. Suppose a hundred of us are shipwrecked on an island and we institute a coöperative commonwealth. Suppose the question arises as to whether we shall dig a well. The answer will certainly depend upon whether or not we need the well. If we decide that we have water enough without it, we will not do any digging. We enjoy exercise but we don't dig wells for fun. That is work.

Now suppose the question arises as to whether we shall talk or draw pictures or discuss philosophy. The answer will not depend at all on our socially conscious need. We want to do those things and we will proceed to do them. They are not work. The talker, the writer, the artist and the preacher are not working-men.

Now suppose we do recognize the social need of talk and we make a social bargain with the best talker in the crowd. He will do the talking for all of us and we will do the digging. What will be the result? If he has a natural aptitude for talk, he is bound to cultivate it in an unnatural way. He says all that

he has to say and then he says some more. When he has run out of everything worth while, he'll begin to look for sensations. He's talking for money now and everything goes. There's no end to the game when it's once started. And it isn't necessary to be subsidized by any plutocrat either. Probably, if the plutocrat were removed, no such fool bargain would be made. But the bargain has been made and we, the talking-men, are not struggling to uphold the plutocracy. We are doing that without trying. What we are trying to do is to maintain our own little parasitical position. Add plutocracy to this and we have the insincere rattle which the press is making.

We can't write the news and so we do the next best thing. The bizarre, the sensational, the three-legged, two-headed, freak-of-nature stuff is necessarily featured. The public mind is "educated down" as far as possible. There is no influence in the office to educate it any other way. We don't know what the people want. We know they won't get it from us, if the boss doesn't want them to have it: and we do just what any fool father does when the baby is crying with the colic. We give the public something to play with—something with bright colors and topsy-turvy ideas—anything to occupy its mind for a second or two. We give it comic supplements, and World's Series play by play, and divorce sensations and endless twaddle about the human aura and the turkey trot and the slit skirt.

True, the public does not know what it wants. When it does discover, I am quite sure it will have no further use for us. For we have paid for all this by the sacrifice of everything which an enlightened public could possibly use.

But how about the actual gathering of news? That is the thing to which I particularly refer. The modern reporter has no schooling in the art. His education is all away from that. If a policeman clubs a working-man, it is not "news" to-day. The police reporter must never notice a little thing like that. But let the working-man club the policeman and it's good for a two-column head. It is part of the police reporter's business to stand in with the police. He must be a good fellow—to the policeman, not the working-man. Unless it happens that the paper has a special object in attacking the police force, there is

no wilful suppression of news in regard to police outrages. The suppression is something worse than wilful. It is habitual. The police reporter soon "learns" that the police "have to use these methods." So brutalities unmentionable are perpetrated right before his eyes. If it were only that the reporter did not dare to speak—if he were simply afraid of the police or afraid of losing his job—it would not be so bad. Then we could hope that his wrath would be stored up for some propitious occasion and there would be nothing more than a little delay at stake. But there is no wrath. After the first rude shocks, the cheap parasite finds it possible to be on friendly terms with the brute who does the clubbing.

A chauffeur in a large city up-state "borrowed" his employer's automobile and ran it into a ditch. Thinking he was unobserved, he left the wreck where it was, sneaked back to the garage, tore off the lock and then ran to his own home as fast as possible. He was tried for grand larceny, although everyone knew that he did not intend to steal the automobile. At the trial he insisted that he had not been away from the house. His wife, in order to save her husband from a prison term, lied loyally in his behalf. He was convicted and sentenced to five years in State's prison, the court saying that he would have been let off lightly if he had not stubbornly insisted on a trial.

The wife was indicted for perjury. Remembering the fate of her husband, she did not insist on a trial and pleaded guilty. The court told *her* that that was no reason for clemency and sentenced her to four years at hard labor in State's prison. The miserable wreck of a woman shrieked and fell upon the stone floor of the court room. Deputy sheriffs carried her away and the dignity of the law was sustained.

I was the court reporter on one of the afternoon papers. I turned in an infamously mild account of a "woman fainting in court." I could have turned in a story that would have turned the city upside down. It would not have been printed, of course, but that is beside the question. I could have quit my job or gone to jail or done something else to retain my self-respect. Instead I turned in the story that my paper wanted, tried to apologize to myself for a while and then got so I didn't care.

The main difference between me and the other "boys" is that of years. They entered the game earlier in life—before their convictions had had a chance to sprout. They are less conscious than I of the real nature of the vocation. They have been taught that such practices are respectable and, not having anything in their experience to compare them with, they have taken the theory for truth. They have been brought up in the brothel. I entered it after some years of honest labor. That is why I can philosophize about it while the majority of them can't.

The plutocrat owner of a newspaper has honest convictions. He is convinced that he should be a plutocrat. When he writes or speaks, he may dissemble to some extent and pretend to be a friend of the common people. But he is fundamentally true and never attacks plutocracy in any vulnerable place. But he has neither the time nor the brains to fill his paper with sensations that will draw the minds of the people away from the operations by which he holds his place. He hires me and a hundred other talking-men to do all that. We are not working-men. Our dirty little profession is to fool the workers, to distract them, to tickle them and keep them from understanding what is going on.

Just a suggestion about a remedy. The socialists have hit upon a half-truth when they propose to take the means of production of wealth into the public's hands. The trouble with the socialists is that they are so everlastingly timid in their demands. To hear them talk you would think they still intended to pay authors and editors and artists and preachers and entertainers. If that is the result, the whole bunch of us will proceed to get upon the backs of the workers and ride as comfortably as before. In the name of common sense, put everybody to work: not merely the plutocrat, but the professional drone as well. It will do us all good and it will give everybody time to get in on the entertainment. Then we can have a free press and a free pulpit and a free stage. And those who function in them will not be removed from the common people by any professional wall—not if they have to help dig the well or lay the pavement before they begin to write their editorials and their sermons.

And if they don't feel like writing editorials or sermons then, who on earth will be the loser?

## BROTHERS OF NO KIN

CONRAD RICHTER

**E**BENEZER STRAINT, deacon, was not a man like you or I. In either your town or in mine, a hard-headed, shallow-minded religious crank he would have been, a church fool and stiff pedestrian in the straight and narrow path. Youth would have laughed and cynic would have sneered. There would have been many to point the man as a shaft example of miserhood and base hypocrisy. Any urban congregation would have been numerically better off without his name upon its roll. Even a doubtful Christian as you or I would have called him an obstinate, bigoted, old illiberal, and shaken our heads sadly over his good in this world of yours and mine.

But chance was kind to Straint and bore him among his own sort, down in a hemmed-in valley of Pennsylvania, south-west, among spurs of the Alleghenies, upon the hard clay soil that yields alone such kind of being as he.

Then in Bedford County was another man, a man perhaps like you or I, a man whom fate, in a fit of perversity, must have transplanted from the deck of some old-time African-coast trader. Wild, adventurous, thoroughly exotic, he utterly failed to be at any time tamed by the triad of school, stern church and stony, hilly farm.

To you and me, it doesn't matter why; but he and Ebenezer were friends. There are friends of business, friends of pleasure, friends of fellowship and friends who are friends only because they are. Such latter were Ebenezer and Ritter—that was his name—Jeremiah Ritter. But even the stiff-backed fathers of Bedford coves learned to forget and call him Jerry.

All this happened, and at twenty-three Jerry Ritter had left the hills of Southern Pennsylvania behind him.

There is a good book which somewhere declares that a genuine friend sticketh closer than a brother. Anyhow Ritter remembered and it didn't matter to him that Ebenezer was a hard-necked, puritanical Christian, even more, an obsolete, hell-believing, country deacon.

During thirty-five long years the post office at Heisler Cove brought often small packages and letters with queer foreign stamps. Once in twelve months is often during thirty-five years. Sometimes the stamps bore heads of queens, sometimes tigers, or waterfalls, sometimes the faces of curious-looking men. Anyhow, there were regular scrawls of a year's wanderings and adventures, much of pleasures, hints of toils and hardships, all crowded into the unprinted back of some floating poster or dissected envelope. Transposed into cool, wet type, they would have made literature. But Ebenezer read the letters over and put them away in a seasoned old chest with a lock like a wine room door's. There was no trunk in Ebenezer Straint's possession. Never had he felt the need of one. Then, too, Bedford County was settled early and in several generations a few heirlooms can be far divided.

Ebenezer never at any time re-read the letters. He remembered. Occasionally, for the sake of modest curiosity, he referred to the school geography of his youngest offspring. Neither did Ebenezer look twice at pictures of strange scenes and peoples that came in sporadic packages. They were reserved for future patrimony among his children.

There had not been a letter now for several years. Ebenezer thought often about it as he turned a moist furrow or steadily cradled yellow wheat. Never had he even mentioned receipt of news from the vanished Ritter to neighbors or parents of the absent boy. The night before Jerry Ritter disappeared, he had left behind him an empty whisky jug gotten God knows where, and two battered sons of the cove's church trustees. And four days later there was sticky Bedford clay between one of the youths and daylight.

Regularly year after year, Ebenezer slunk up to the cemetery evenings before Ascension day. The first letter had asked that. And farmers in Heisler Cove often watched a ghostly, yellow spark that glimmered from the church hill a night or two in May. When the moon came full, there was no light: which convinced all the neighborhood that spirits fear the moon. But it was not logically explained why the grave of a murdered young man

should be always trimmed of grass and flower-bedded long before the remainder of the family lot was done.

Things went on until Ebenezer Straint grew old, and was ready for his grave and what reward lay beyond. Then it was that one night in February a tall, gaunt figure, bent with the clutch of a disease that kills, crawled into Heisler's Cove and lay down outside the big Straint barn. Ebenezer found him there in the morning, and stopped short with two dull-tinned milk buckets on his arm. Nomads were rare in Bedford county.

"Get up, stranger, or you'll freeze," said Ebenezer, shaking the figure with a worn canvas-gloved hand.

The man stirred, then got stiffly upon his feet. For a minute he stood staring full at the stern old farmer.

"You don't know me, Eb?" he muttered deliberately, at length.

Eb! No one had called him so for forty years. Why, he was a deacon and everywhere had respect. To Straint the stranger's face seemed horrible,—sallow, hollow and worse. Besides, he was old, and when age is unkempt, dirty and ill, very ill, it is not pleasing to look at.

The man laughed, mirthless, shortly. Ebenezer still stared. But only for a moment. He knew that upward tilt of the head the second it happened.

"Come into the house, Jerry," he said; you and I might have thought harshly. But Ritter would have sworn it was soft and low.

The good family of Ebenezer Straint stood back in astonishment as, without a word, the old father entered and helped the disreputable-looking stranger to a chair between the oil-clothed breakfast table and the wood-burning kitchen stove. Silently Jerry Ritter was given three or four cups of hot, uncreamed coffee. Silently Jerry Ritter drank them. Then the two went upstairs. And the family below heard heavy footsteps on the heavy white-oak flooring of the front spare room, then creakings of unused ropes. In the parlor underneath, the worthy Mrs. Straint looked dazed. No one had slept in her spare room bed for years.

But there was never remonstrance, question or word, when



the father alone returned downstairs, and left the back door for milk pails and the barn. Ebenezer ruled his own house, and never had tongue or whip been called in.

That was the immediate all the family of Ebenezer knew. It watched the old Heisler Cove doctor go up the winding stairs and putter down again with wonder in his face and white, shaking head. It saw Ebenezer three times a day carry upstairs victuals and deep, wide cups of long boiled coffee. The food nearly always came down untouched, but the coffee never. Ebenezer also performed various nurse's duties at which his family marvelled. Finally it was April.

One Sunday morning, Ebenezer found his patient cowering against the wall.

"Nice and sunny out to-day, Jerry," began Ebenezer with misgivings, despite him.

There was no answer from the bed.

"Jerry!" said the deacon sharply.

Then the long frame stirred under Ebenezer's washed-out flannel night-shirt, and turned its face to the unpapered wall.

"I'm going to die before night, Eb," the voice came tremblingly. "To-day's the last sunshine, and Eb, I'm not ready for the going."

The deacon was silent.

"Is it too much to ask you to get a new doctor, Eb?" the voice, still to the wall, continued. "Ten or twenty years ago I'd have turned my pockets inside out for you without thinking once. But now I don't have it, Eb. I'm a wreck. And I'm old and afraid." The skin-clothed skeleton shook convulsively in bed.

Ebenezer sat down on the heavy linen coverlet quietly.

"It isn't a doctor you need, Jerry," he said gently. "This morning we'll go to church."

"Church!" The decrepit man turned face about.

"The old stone church, Jerry. You haven't been there for many a day. The house of your God will do you good."

Slowly, strainedly, the man on the bed drew closer to the wall. Then convulsively he began to curse himself in a long abusive strain of raped English and foreign blasphemy.

"Don't do that, Jerry, please," pleaded the deacon simply.

"I never heard anything like that before. Besides, thou knowest thou shalt not take His name in vain."

The anathema stopped, but the voice went on.

"You don't know, Eb. Little a church can help me. You found Billy Houser, when I went. That wasn't all, Eb. On the *Belle Marie* the second engineer and I never could hit it together. Coming into Rio, in the night, I found him taking air. And the grog in me pushed him off the stern, into the Niagara Falls behind the propeller. And a week after in the harbor, the old man found the back of a head floating on the water. And it was him, with his face and his nostrils full of mud. They never guessed it was me. But if there's a Somebody watching, It saw me."

"Thou shalt not kill," said the deacon steadily.

"I deserted my mother and father, Eb, and me the only son they had."

"Honor thy parents," came sternly from Ebenezer.

"In London, in Paris, in Cape Town, in Sydney, in Melbourne, in Halifax, in a thousand places I've worked countrymen of mine for money when I had money. It's the dirtiest trick of them all."

"Thou shalt not lie," repeated the deacon.

"I've gone through the pockets of dead men that fought for their country, which I never did. And I've done it to men that walked."

"Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet, thou shalt not bow down to graven images."

The derelict was silent. Then, slowly: "And thou shalt not commit adultery," he said.

White and gaunt, in a green-black suit of Ebenezer's, Jerry Ritter managed up into the indestructible Straint spring wagon. And later parishioners stared as their venerable deacon assisted the helpless, aged stranger up the aisle to the Straint front pine pew.

There was no opening anthem, only an old familiar hymn, sung for the most part untunefully. And all the while the worshippers watched the white-haired deacon up in front support his companion to stand. Jerry Ritter made no protest. Well he

knew that with Ebenezer no custom of church, not even for a dying man, could be bowed.

There was Bible reading, another hymn and a prayer, and the wayward son of Heisler Cove nearly died during the physical agonies on his knees. To regain the bench, he had to let Ebenezer lift him.

The strings of life were now so loosely let that Ritter, who had seen many a fellow being flicker out before, knew well his proximity to the Stone of the Stepping Off. The long-unshaven preacher had just, for the third time, repeated his text, when a high, awful voice, freighted with fright and despair, hushed the Biblical words.

"Eb! It's getting dark! I'm dying! I'm going, Eb! And I'm going to Hell! Help me, Eb! Where are you? Eb, where are you!" In his sudden blindness the old derelict was reaching about with bony hands.

"Here, humble thyself, Jerry," the startled congregation heard its deacon say. "Get down and pray—pray for thyself—no matter how weak. He will give thee strength."

"Pray, Eb! Here! I couldn't anyhow, Eb. I don't know——"

"Thou dost not pray to the people here," rebuked Ebenezer. "Humble thyself and pray."

Falling stiffly upon his knees, Jeremiah Ritter forthwith prayed a prayer, a sequenced, incoherent, agonized prayer, of astounding confession and strange phrases, such as never in the old stone church of Heisler Cove had been heard. He cried as he prayed, but the thing that sapped the congregation was the terrible note of despair in it all. Suddenly the pleadings to an unseen Maker broke off abruptly with an awful cry of agony that quavered down the vertebræ of strong-backed Bedford worshippers.

"Eb, it's no use! I can't find anyone. The door is shut between us and it's blacker than night! Oh, Eb, pray for me! Tell everybody to pray for me!" He ended in silence that chilled warm country blood.

Deacon Straint rose to his feet, unshrinkingly.

"Brethren, sisters," earnestly he began. "Let us pray."

Then he bent his own bony knees in a deep-toned beseechment of cant form and ecclesiastical phrase. Others rapidly took up the cause and soon the church was a mingling of fervid supplication that would have sounded bedlam to you or me.

After a half hour the heavy emotionless voice of Deacon Straint alone continued. Finally it, too, had stopped.

When Ebenezer raised his eyes, he found his old friend crouched in the corner of the pew.

"It's no use, Eb, no use," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm going to Hell—no use." There was little lurid terror now in the cry, just dumb, hopeless despair. Desperate but helpless, Ebenezer watched the twitching face.

"Oh, Eb," in new abandonment the other suddenly called, "you're all slipping off and I can't hold you back. Oh, Eb, do something quick! Only a couple of seconds and it'll be too late! Eb! You never can be happy in Heaven and see me in eternal torment down below! Do something quick, Eb, quick!" There was a hopeless appeal in the agonized tones that made even the strongest young farmer shudder. Then the congregation saw its deacon fall again upon his knees, and strain over the rough altar railing. The minister with the worshippers heard every word.

"Lord Father, it is I, thy servant, Ebenezer"—surely you and I should have pronounced him Bedford Pharisee. "Thou knowest I have been a good and faithful servant, Father, and have kept Thy commandments all my life. Laid up for me is a Golden Crown in Heaven. But Lord, I come before Thee to pray that my reward be taken from me and given this dying brother of mine, this son of Thine. Give Thou to him what is mine, O Lord, my portion, my crown and passage to Heaven, And I take the sins of Jeremiah Ritter on my own head. For, O Lord, Thou art Justice, and nothing can be done by Thee but what is righteous and just. Amen."

The speaker finished and there was an oppressive hush. Then the church saw Jeremiah Ritter fight to gain his feet. He stared up blindly.

"No, Eb! No!" chokingly, he called. "I won't take it. It's too much. No!" For a moment his hard, rasped breathing

penetrated to the loft. Then oddly it softened. And a strange voice came out of the silence, a voice deeply gentle and low.

"Eb! it has come! The door is open and I feel Him when I reach. The Lord be praised, for His mercy endureth forever!" The minister and Ebenezer both knew the voice, for they saw a peace that passeth the understanding of you and me come over the dying man's face.

They buried Jerry Ritter in the graveyard behind the church. And everyone went about his business. Quibbling over the last half dollar, the deacon sold his farm. To an astonished Methodist church board went every cent and a few hundred Bedford bank savings. The family of Straint moved to the farm of a married son, but not the father. Alone, pockets empty, with nothing but the clothes on his back, the shoes on his feet and the staff in his hand, the old man struck westward over the mountains. No one tried to restrain him. That was something without the ken of people that knew Ebenezer Straint. Besides, he was going to give the rest of his now twilighted life to lighten in some measure the unpardonable sins on his head. Atonement was hopeless. Both man and people were sure of that.

With the words, "a murderer shall never enter the Kingdom of God," seared deep into his forehead, Ebenezer Straint went up the long mountain side. It was a steep and sandy Allegheny road, a stony, endless road, that has never been travelled by you or me.

## THE WOODEN DOLL

WILLIAM A. SULTZER

**S**HE was only a little girl, about four years old; but never had there been such activity in one small body. Morning, noon, and night she relentlessly followed her older brothers and sisters, doing whatever they did, regardless of their wishes in the matter. It was rather pathetic, the first few days of school, to see her wandering around the yard, hunting for something to occupy her attention. All of her dolls, some twenty in number, had been washed and dressed. Still she did not seem satisfied, but wandered disconsolate about the house.

One day, as she sat musing upon the rear porch, she spied a wooden plank some three feet in length, lying by the walk. For some moments she looked at it without moving; then slowly arose and walked a few steps, considering where the family might be at that moment. After listening and hearing no sound, she picked up the plank and retired to the side of the house. Here she laid her burden down and returned to the house. After searching some time in the laundry basket, she found one of her own dresses. Then she hunted through her father's desk until she found one of his favorite soft pencils. With these things she returned to the side of the house.

Picking up the plank she ran down the road and disappeared under a fence, to reappear shortly afterwards some dozens of feet from public gaze. Looking around to see if anyone was coming, and having satisfied herself on this point, she seated herself under a tree. With much labored breathing she fashioned upon the plank features resembling a human face. These she viewed with critical satisfaction, and then proceeded to clothe her newly acquired child. This was more difficult than appeared at first, as the dress had to be draped in such a manner that both sleeves fell in a way to make arms.

At last everything was finished, and with her treasure securely held in her arms she returned home.

For some days her mother wondered what made her so contented. One day she came upon the child rocking her plank to

sleep. Being a wise mother, she made no remarks about the doll, but accepted it as a matter of course.

Many and varied were the adventures of the pair. Finding that the mother was not critical, the little girl took her into her games. Often while her mother was busy with some sewing, she would seat herself on the extreme edge of a chair and gravely discuss children and the raising of them. Her baby had every ailment known, and some that were unknown. Five times had she been rescued from Indians and fire by her fond mother.

Then the Thanksgiving holidays came, bringing the older children. The morning after their arrival the baby was gone, and no amount of anxious searching brought her to her distracted mother. At last the matter was explained to the brothers. The truth came out. One of them had used the doll to finish the rigging of a most wonderful ship.

As this information was borne in upon the youthful mother, her rage and grief knew no bounds. In vain was she promised "a million dolls"; nothing would appease her. At last, late in the night, her sobs ceased. The brother, anxious to make atonement, stole into the room to ask forgiveness. A moist kiss was his reward, and as the heavy lids began to droop, he heard her murmur drowsily:

"Anyhow, she was a fine baby, and I made her all by myself."

## THE SECRET GUARDIAN

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

**I** CANNOT wreck the wanton wants that grow  
Out of my sight of this world's flame and flow;  
I dream the joy of lusts I dare not meet,  
I seek the wish of faces in the street;  
Faces that glance and look beyond and go.

The world's light ways obsess me and deride  
My weakness; I am fearful; I have tried  
To scoff at my own pity, my own fear,  
To crush a voice that lingers in my ear,  
To lose a presence walking by my side.

I have fared forward wantonly arrayed  
And some sad sudden thing has come and laid  
Its fingers dripping with an iron rain  
Over my heart and suddenly, in pain,  
I turn about, I fail, I am afraid.

I am struck down half blinded by a hand  
As though God's anger were a thing half planned  
To seek me out and censure me alone  
Of all this world for wants I have not known  
In peace from this tremendous reprimand.

My years have fallen on the burial  
Of heedless, effortless ways; I cannot tell  
Whether my frail demolished energy  
Shrinks from the whips of lust or whether He  
Has shown His way; His wish half audible.



## ABOUT "TIGER"

GERTRUDE TRAUBEL

SO far I have heard two people say that Witter Bynner's *Tiger* was unnecessary. Men, of course,—and young, equally of course. When a man gets older he is likely to realize that Mr. Bynner's little tragedy is just a very necessary bringing home of the question, "Well, gentlemen, *whose* daughter?"

When a man is young he is probably just playing with life. He is the eternal boy having a good time. Later he will change and look at things from a different angle.

"*Whose* daughter?"

The young man may shrug his shoulders, he has no daughter. To the older man Mr. Bynner says, "*Your* daughter, sir. And how do you like it?"

It is very easy to say wearily, "Oh well, it is a thing that has been from time immemorial and ever will be. It is one of the necessities of our semi-civilization, so what's the use of bothering about it?"

"*Your* daughter, sir!"

Listen to him. He is talking to you too, you boys. You will be fathers some day. Let your mind travel a little into the future. First you see a small bundle of pink and white—flesh of your flesh and of the woman you love. A new life. New hopes, new charms unfold with the growth of this tiny being. Taller, sweeter, more charming—innocence and happy carelessness laugh up at you from her young eyes. Is *she* to be a recruit?

"*Your* daughter, sir!"

Ah yes, it does mean you! You cannot hide yourself behind your own stupidity, or your "don't care" philosophy. It does not reach high enough. The problem leaps it at a bound and leers at you from the top of your little wall. You are no exception, you are one of the many. We are all in the maelstrom together. You are asked a question. Is the answer yes or no? There is no way out—evasion is impossible. You can only sit face to face with your own soul.

"*Whose* daughter?"

## THE FOURTH DIMENSION \*

FREDERICK A. RUDD

**A** CUBE will readily present to the eye, three dimensions; length, height and breadth. Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of the cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three; hence we have four dimensions. We should find it difficult to construct anything along the lines of these four dimensions for the simple reason that the work would have to begin at the point where the lines intersect and progress outward though within the four lines. We might call these four lines expansion boundaries. For if you would cause a cube to expand and maintain its symmetry or proportions, it would expand along these four lines. Any solid can therefore be considered a cross section of its greater self. The foregoing is the only practical demonstration that can be given of four dimensions.

We can be conscious of the four dimensions in all objects, by taking an imaginative view from the central point. Our attempts to conceive of the universe are based on this fourth dimensional idea. Thus we are enabled to acquire a sense of proportion, which permits our imaginative power to stretch toward infinity; taking into the mind's eye all the worlds and suns surrounding us. This central point of intersection is the astronomer's viewpoint.

\* See *Time, Past Master of Illusion*, in *THE FORUM* for last November.

## VIGOR OR DECADENCE?

CARL S. DOWNES

ONE who is courting popularity, in this self-confident age, had better not call anything decadent—not even Cubism. Much less ought he to point to symptoms of degeneracy in the popular literature of the day, the stories and poems of our magazines. Yet they exist; and when we are as old as the Elizabethans, our “conceits” and strainings for effect will be as clear to the eyes of the critical reader as the faults of Shakespeare.

If anyone ever longed to “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,”—and reason too,—it is the modern short story writer. If he says anything as anyone else has said it, he feels doomed. His characters, therefore, do not *speak*,—they *rasp*, *shrill*, *pipe*, *rumble*, *bark*, and *boom* at each other. A fat gentleman does not *walk*,—he *oozes* through a door. An office boy does not appear chewing gum; but there appears “a piece of chewing gum entirely surrounded by office boy.” Our American sense of humor even seduces us into quoting the Bible in up-to-date slang; witness the following: “What is it that Solomon says? . . . Once more we lean and pore over the pregnant thought that pride goeth before the rollers are slipped under, and a haughty spirit before the swift kick.”

The same tendency frequently reduces character-sketching to pure caricature. Men are spoken of as grasshoppers, bulldogs, or whatever other animal or plant they may resemble in the frenzied imagination of the writer. In a certain very “curt, compelling, and vital” type of story, one prominent feature is fastened on, and does duty for the whole creature, though it may be nothing more than a wart on the nose, a gold tooth, or a large Adam’s apple. It is not the man who advances toward you, but the Adam’s apple.

If we turn to our poets, we can find without much difficulty the same symptoms. Hills “heave a purple shoulder”; the night is “lampless of stars”; the brooklet goes “stumbling the stone

with one foot fluttering on." One thing must certainly be conceded,—these phrases *are* original!

Beyond this violence of language, some of our poets can be accused of degeneracy in their subject matter,—I mean these singers of fierce, physical, brutal passions. It is only the over-civilized, so our best thinkers tell us, who have this decadent tendency to return to the primitive. They are not healthily modern, but have sickened of modernity. They turn to the unexhausted vitality of the past for refreshment. We have watched them progress, (backward, like Hamlet's crab), from savages, to animals, to plants; even poor mother earth is credited with raging passions,—

"Weed ardors, and the mighty lusts of bogs."

Let me *live*, is the cry of these poets; give me rapture, ecstasy; or, if that is impossible, then wild longing, or even terrible grief,—anything but apathy! If our age is so "red-blooded" and "vital," why this fear of apathy?

Our best poets and story tellers, however, do not show these symptoms, and for them no one has more respect than I. Let us, then, discriminate; let us have more criticism. The faults to be pointed out are of a seductive nature; they often arise from an excess of cleverness. But though entertaining in themselves, when considered as verbal "stunts," they ruin any sustained effect, whether serious or humorous.

## THE RIDDLE OF THE GROTESQUE

MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

"I HAVE an addition to your collection of Grotesques," said a woman to a friend who was collecting pictures of those strange architectural ornaments. As she spoke she held out a picture of the Good Shepherd with a lamb in his arms—a copy of one of the crude frescoes of the Catacombs.

The Collector took the picture, studied it a moment, and then with some hesitation said: "It was very good of you to remember my fad, and I can assure you I appreciate your kindness; but really, you know, this is not the picture of a Grotesque at all."

"Not a Grotesque!" The other's tone told her surprise. "Why not? It is crude, and ugly, and not like anything that ever existed. It seems very grotesque to me."

"Yes, it is crude and ugly," agreed the Collector, "and very interesting, too; but the painter did not intend to make it crude and ugly. He made it as lifelike as he could. It is no more a true Grotesque than is a child's first picture of a horse."

"Do you mean," persisted the friend, "that whether a thing is grotesque or not is a matter of motive?"

"Not whether it is grotesque, but whether it is *a Grotesque*," replied the Collector.

The friend looked still more puzzled. "Tell me, please," she begged, "just what is *a Grotesque*."

The Collector laughed, then took a long breath. "To ask that question is much easier than to answer it," she said. "The Grotesque is the riddle of the Gothic builders, and like all other riddles is the more fascinating because it is hard to solve. But the critics say that there is no truer criterion of the vitality of any given art-period than the power of the master spirits of that time in Grotesque, so it is worth puzzling over.

"Of course it is easy to describe certain Grotesques. Everyone who has seen the great French and English cathedrals is more or less familiar with them. They are strange misshapen creatures sometimes with human members, but more often a re-

pulsive composite of beast, bird, and fish; for the gruesome effect is usually obtained by the unholy union of incongruous parts. Those of Notre Dame de Paris are the very best examples. They lean over every parapet, staring, leering at the passer-by. They are the perfect Grotesque because their sinister charm rests in their very simplicity. There are no superfluous coils or contortions: just simple, strong, satisfying ugliness. There is a tradition that one of them is looking straight at the spot where once was buried treasure. Some years ago an employee of the cathedral became suddenly rich, and gossip said that he had taken the hint of the gargoyles.

"The average tourist looks upon the Grotesque as a huge joke in stone. He has been stunned by lofty towers and ceilings, he has been surfeited by Old Masters, and when he comes upon one of these grim, grinning gentlemen in stone he hails him with joy and relief. But the more thoughtful person looks the second time and asks: 'Why were these things made? The early builders were before everything else reverent. They built these churches to the honor of the most high God. Why then in His very sanctuary, besides representations of apostles, saints, and angels, did they carve these repulsive monsters?'

"There have been many answers to this question, but the majority of them have been mere random guesses. 'They made Grotesques just to see what they could do,' says one writer, who should blush before so superficial a statement. 'They were used simply to give variety,' writes another. 'They are expressions of grim humor,' suggests a third. A common understanding is that the Gothic builders were not content to present only one side of life, and as the lofty arch and exquisite carvings of fruit and flowers and angels portrayed the pure, and the good and the true, so these revolting grotesque figures stood for the evil of life, each typifying some deadly sin.

"The source of the builder's creations is not so difficult to determine as their meaning. Revelation was a rich mine of suggestion. 'And I stood upon the sands of the sea and saw a beast rise out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns . . . and the beast that I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion.

And I beheld another beast, coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spoke as a dragon.' Are not these builders' specifications for the Grotesque?

"Thus, after they had exhausted the earth and the waters, the Gothic builders began on the heavens above. Psychologists tell us that the imagination never creates—it only arranges, and rearranges. It uses the material gained through the senses, and by new combinations makes the product seem like a new creation. The Gothic sculptor took the ear of a donkey, the claw of an eagle, the face of an ape, placed them on the misshapen trunk of a man, and, lo, the Grotesque! The realistic imitation of the special part—the claw, the feather, or the wing—is as true to nature as the bit of mirror-reflected landscape in one of Holland's Little Masters.

"But, if the reverent intent saves the crude pictures of the catacombs from being Grotesques, deliberate playfulness serves the same purpose in some of the Gothic cathedrals. Take, for example, the series of capitals in Wells Cathedral, representing in true picture play fashion the attempt of a boy to steal some apples. These carvings tell the whole story,—how the boy creeps up to the basket, seizes an apple, is pursued, caught, and properly chastised. What an object lesson to generations of church-going children!

"One critic calls these humorous pictures in stone, 'Semi-Grotesques,' but they are in no true sense Grotesques at all. They are simple caricatures of real life. The Gothic builder lived in his cathedral, and he represented whatever he saw about him. So there are delicate, realistic carvings of shoemakers with their lasts, gardeners with their spades, musicians with all sorts of musical instruments, women with their distaffs, as well as birds with their prey, and every variety of leaf and flower.

"It was only a step further to tell a continued story in carvings. One can imagine the builder, using both his eyes and his imagination to find material for the variety that the Gothic builder so loved, working out his story in stone with the delight which a Scott or a Dickens found in weaving the plots of his novels. The Italian painters did not thus develop originality: they were content to paint scenes from the life of Christ or of

the saints in the conventional manner. The Gothic sculptors used these themes, too, but not content with these alone, they went to the every-day life about them for their subjects. One of the best places to study their versatility is in the marvellous wood carvings of Berne and Rheims.

"The early Egyptians and Assyrians used animals in their buildings, but they were grave, dignified, symmetrical beasts. No one would think of calling the Sphinx a Grotesque. But, if neither the unintentionally crude of the early Christians, the intentionally funny of Wells Cathedral, or the dignified animals of the Egyptians are true Grotesques, in what does the true Grotesque consist? According to Mr. Ruskin, whose chapter on the Grotesque in *The Stones of Venice* is probably the most careful study ever made of the subject, the Grotesque is always composed of two elements—the ludicrous and the fearful, and as either of these elements prevails, it becomes sportive or terrible grotesque. Of these the 'terrible Grotesque' is the more noble, but there is jest—'perpetual, careless, and not infrequently obscene'—in the most noble work of the Gothic period. The Grotesque is an outcome of the northern mind, and harks back to the Norse myths and folklore. It is close kin to Ibsen's trolls and the great Bourgeois himself.

"The gargoyle—the use of one of these strange figures for a water spout—is the most common form of the Grotesque. Readers of Thomas Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd* will remember the fine description of the one on Weatherbury Church. 'The gargoyles were of the boldest cut that hand could shape, and of the most original design that human brain could conceive. A beholder was convinced that nothing on earth could be more hideous than those he saw on the south side till he went round to the north. One of the two on the latter face was too human to be called a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal to be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide; it had short, erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers and hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. The lower row of teeth were quite



washed away, though the upper still remained. Here and thus, jutting a couple of feet from the wall against which its feet rested as a support, the creature had for four hundred years laughed at the surrounding landscape, voicelessly in dry weather, and in wet with a gurgling and snorting sound.' All Gothic buildings of the Decorated period were adorned with gargoyles, even the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse has its full quota of scaly monsters.

"A familiar Grotesque is the knocker at Durham Cathedral. This fierce grinning head with its Medusa locks becomes beautiful when its purpose is known. Its eye sockets were originally filled with lights to guide the fugitive who was running to the cathedral for sanctuary; while in the little room above the door, some one always waited to hear the knocker and to let the runner in.

"But probably the best known Grotesque is Lincoln's famous Imp. He is the most over-valued, over-talked about, over-admired bit of ill-shapen marble in all Gothic architecture. Possibly, however, my feeling toward the Imp is due to my own misconception of him. He had become so familiar to me from pictures and casts that I had rather expected him to meet me at the door. Instead I looked for him in vain. Other Grotesques there were—the Devil on the Hag's back—but not till the obliging sacristan pointed him out, actually took a long pole and poked his cloven hoof, did I discover his mischievous little impship, himself. I felt like quoting, 'You shall search all day ere you find him, and when you have found him, he is not worth the search.' But there is this difference between Gratiano's Reasons and the Imp of Lincoln: the Reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, while the Imp is just a bit of merry chaff, hid in that exquisitely lovely Angel Choir. The story runs that the old monk who carved the Imp made him because he had become so tired of angels that he felt he must have a little relaxation. Let us hope that he at least did not believe that the Grotesque represented sin, for if he could hold his sin so lightly as to represent it by this merry little Imp, he must surely have been damned for it."

## A FISHER OF THE MOON

### *An Appreciation of Edmond Rostand*

MARY ARMS EDMONDS

**I**T is an unwritten law of the French Academy that each new member shall, in the "discourse" which he must deliver on the day of his formal admission, devote himself to a critique of his predecessor. When, in 1903, Edmond Rostand came before that august assembly; it was to succeed the idealistic poet, Henri de Bornier; and in his graceful and brilliant tribute he has found one phrase which might not only be applied to idealists as a class, but is particularly expressive of the essential quality in his own genius. Quoting an old Provençal song that says

"The folk of Lunel go a-fishing for the moon,"

he characterizes Bornier as all his life long "a fisher of the moon"—one, that is, who had the divine faith which could make him cast his net again and again, "never despairing of pulling in the planet," and the equally divine and allied gift of being able always to see "topazes and emeralds in the common sand of life." From the very beginning of the world's history, it has been to such faith and seership—though they might be, and usually were, reckoned at the moment as the merest foolishness of fanaticism—that every vital movement has owed its origin; and to those who believe that genius lies in the skilled expression of the ideal and the eternal which abide in the actual and the fugitive, they are equally inherent and essential elements in every true work of art.

In our day it would seem that fishing for the moon, although it can become extinct only with the race, has measurably declined. We have too little time and too much science not to look with a certain careless scorn on so indefinite and impalpable a pursuit. Yet it is as true to-day as it has ever been that for the quickening in us of our finer perceptions and the happiness of the larger life we must look, not to the superficialities of what we

call modern progress, but to the silver drippings from these glistening nets. If there seem to be fewer of them, if too often the glimmer that catches our eye turns out on closer inspection to be only nickel plate, we must watch but the more keenly that no least sparkle of the real heaven-descended ray escape us. It was this sparkle which lent distinction to Rostand's first volume, even in a country where a man is scarcely held to have completed his education until he has "written his book"; and it is this sparkle in its increasing definiteness and depth which gives him a significant place and an assured value in the literary Golden Book of his own generation, whatever uncertainty must always hang about future verdicts.

Of the seven volumes which represent Rostand to the world, all but one have their contents cast in dramatic form. *Les Musardises*, with which he made his entrance into the tourney of letters, is a collection of poems written between 1887 and 1893, and possesses that subtler interest which, to so many people, gives an artist's sketchbook a value above that of his finished pictures. It is to an extent even rather unusual in literature a pencil shadowing of what he was later to render in colors. There is not a single fundamental idea and scarcely a fanciful thought anywhere in his work that cannot be found in embryo here. The verses are full of imperfections; full, too, of youth—of its egoisms, its vanities, its self-importance, but also of its generous enthusiasms and aspirations. From the very first is manifest the young writer's conviction that to be a poet is to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. There is more than the fantastic conception of a moment in the dialogue between St. Peter and the young man at the gates of Paradise, wherein the latter, convicted of most of the sins of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and about to be cast into outer darkness, bethinks himself just in time to plead that he has been a poet. St. Peter softens instantly.

“ ‘What? A poet? ’—Without delay  
The gates swung back, his sternness fled.  
‘Why not have told me right away?  
Come in—You are at home,’ he said.”

*Les Musardises* was followed by *Les Romanesques*, a comedy that is the daintiest piece of bric-à-brac imaginable, with "Made in France" stamped on its every line. It was produced at the Comédie Française in 1894; and a year later Sara Bernhardt brought out *La Princesse Lointaine*, perhaps the most characteristic, in its pure romanticism and idealism, of all Rostand's plays. *La Samaritaine*, in 1897, was another Bernhardt production; but it was not until the first appearance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in December of that year, with Coquelin in the title rôle, that Rostand's fame outgrew what had been its merely national—one might almost say Parisian—limits. The enormous success of this play, which proved the greatest literary and dramatic sensation that French critics had had to encounter since the days of Victor Hugo, was followed up in 1900 by *L'Aiglon*, and then, after a further lapse of ten years, by *Chantecler*.

In going over the honor roll of these dramas, there is only one which, from the literary viewpoint, can be reckoned a failure. The reader of *La Samaritaine* can hardly refrain from wondering if it were not a made-to-order piece rather than a spontaneous outpouring, so lacking is it in any genuine poetic value. The language of the Bible paraphrased in verse—which is the language of almost the entire play—seems not only to put shackles on the poet's power of expression, but to lose in the process much of its native dignity and beauty. The figure of the Christ, too, is disappointing. Putting quite aside the question as to the advisability of any presentation of Christ on the stage, the fact undoubtedly remains that Rostand, handling his subject with the most profound reverence, yet fails signally to convince or impress. His Saviour is puerile beside the ideal conception that alone could satisfy; and by a curious contradiction, one gets more of the Christ spirit, one is brought nearer to those waters of eternal life promised to the Woman of Samaria, in almost any of the other plays than here where the Christ himself is the central figure.

If *La Samaritaine* is the only literary failure that can be laid at Rostand's door, *Cyrano* might be classed with *Les Romanesques* as the only purely dramatic success. Although the drama has been his chosen form of expression, and although

everything he has done has received brilliant presentation, Rostand remains a poet rather than a playwright, and his plays are dramatic poems rather than poetic dramas. *Chantecler* affords perhaps the most striking example. Here we have an allegory worked out with exquisite poetic feeling and under forms which in reading the imagination accepts without any sense of shock. Once, however, promenade the C6ck, the Hen Pheasant, the Dog, visibly before our eyes, once let us hear them speak their lines aloud in unmistakable voices of men and women—the illusion is gone, and with it the whole effectiveness of the play's meaning and appeal. From an imaginative creation it has degenerated into a mere spectacular sensation. I venture to believe that only about one in a hundred of those who saw the play given in this country, carried away from the theatre more than an admiring sense of the heights to which the stage-producer's art has attained of late years. Another instance of this same lack of correspondence between the thing conceived and the thing produced occurs in *L'Aiglon*, in the scene where the Duke is left alone on the Field of Wagram with the dead body of Flambeau. The coming-alive, as it were, of the whole vast plain before this boy who, heir to its glory and its tragedy, has just seen his hopes of a tangible inheritance done to death; the voices that rise of the thousands who died to give Napoleon victory; the groans and lamentations of the wounded that change into a song of triumph—"the pardon for the glory's sake"—as the Duke offers up himself and his ambition in expiation, this as a conception is tremendous; it has the grandeur of Greek tragedy. You thrill as you read; but once in an orchestra chair you can only sit unmoved, wondering what has become of the mental illusion the poet's magic had once succeeded in creating and vivifying.

The exception to this general statement, I have noted above. *Cyrano* is unquestionably, as an *acting* play, Rostand's masterpiece. The movement is rapid and dramatic, and there is no time when the imagination of the poet passes into a region where it is forbidden to actors and scene-setters to follow. The opening of the first act is admirable in its animation, its picturesqueness, its immediate establishment of the Seventeenth Cen-

ture atmosphere. The insolent noblesse, the bourgeoisie, the soldiery, the professional cut-throats whose swords were at the service of the highest bidder, the professional pickpockets who exercised their trade in every public assembly, the fair ladies of the court, and the equally fair if more learned *précieuses*—all these are sketched in with a touch as vivid as it is light. Nor can we turn to any one of the succeeding scenes without finding in them material equally adapted to stage presentation. Manifestly, Rostand is fully capable of producing an acting drama of the first order. That he has not more uniformly done so—that *La Princesse Lointaine*, *L'Aiglon*, and *Chantecler*, are best of all as “closet plays”—is to be attributed in a large measure, I believe, to an element in his genius which comes out very markedly in his character-drawing. He is interested primarily in ideas, in thoughts rather than in persons. He looks on his characters, one feels, not so much as individuals, diversely composed of an assortment of traits, some important and many frivolous, but rather as instruments by means of which he can develop and emphasize his philosophy of life. This does not mean that his people are mere puppets—christened abstractions. They are mostly, on the contrary, admirably executed portraits; but their appeal is intellectual and spiritual rather than human and personal. One cannot imagine Rostand ever being so dominated by one of the creatures of his imagination as to change in the least degree the preconceived line of conduct he had laid out for that particular character. Squarciafico, in *La Princesse Lointaine*, the crafty Genoese merchant, shrewd, of the earth earthy, seeing things always in their lowest aspect, is a sketch drawn in vivid colors; and yet we never find ourselves visualizing him as a man, as we visualize Shylock, for instance. He is primarily the foil necessary to throw into highest relief the fundamental ideas of the drama. The same thing is essentially true of Flambeau, in *L'Aiglon*. There is no one of Rostand's minor characters who stands out more strikingly, but it is as the embodiment in flesh and blood of the almost fanatical devotion of Napoleon's soldiers to their leader. In his ringing lines, with their slang, their atmosphere of the people, their underlying grandeur, we feel the very throb of that enthusiasm to have inspired which is, per-

haps, in the ultimate analysis, the "Little Corporal's" clearest claim to genius. Even Cyrano, the most human of all Rostand's people, is almost more a national figure than an individual. In him we are given a supreme expression of that peculiarly Gallic spirit which Rostand calls "having *le panache*"—the spirit which "is not greatness, but something that is added on to greatness and stirs above it . . . something fluttering, excessive. . . . *Le panache* is the wit of valor. . . . To jest in the face of danger is the supreme mark of good breeding, a delicate refusal to take oneself tragically." \* It is a spirit which, in its gay defiance to life's buffets, appeals strongly to Rostand. The story of the lame Beggar † who in each fresh opening of his rags stuck a flower, who carried a garland on his crutch, and hid the holes in his weather-beaten hat with a wreath, is one that we find repeated again and again, under varying forms, in his work.

In *L'Aiglon* alone of all his plays, Rostand has chosen to centre the interest in the development of a character rather than of a thought. On the title-page the poet has written:

"Great Heavens, I am not writing  
For or against the cause of strife—  
This history that I'm reciting  
Is only of a poor child's life."

This drama is indeed a profoundly interesting psychological study. In his presentation of the eaglet whom Metternich's policy is trying to convert into a tame song-bird, content in his golden cage, Rostand has selected for his leading theme the blending in the Duke's veins of the two bloods—the blood of the Corsican upstart and the blood of the long line of Austrian royalty. The genius of his father is constantly being held in check by the traditions of his mother. In the struggle that inevitably ensues—a struggle of the spirit against the subtle forces of heredity—l'Aiglon's failure and death are in the very nature of things assured. As he himself says to his friend Prokesch:

"It is from no such vulgar poison as  
They give in melodramas on the stage,  
The Duke of Reichstadt's dying—it is from  
His soul!

\* *Discours de Réception à l'Académie.*

† *Les Musardises.*

PROKESCH

My lord!

THE DUKE

From my soul and my name!  
 That name that holds within itself the sound  
 Of bells and cannon, and is thundering loud  
 Against my languor, and reproaches ringing  
 Forever with its cannon and its bells!"

This recognition of the presence in himself of warring elements leads to a pathetic distrust of his own worthiness and ability to take up the heritage of his father; and the whole play is simply the presentation in dramatic form of the alternations in him of exaltation and despair, enthusiasm and inertia. We see him rebellious, beating his wings against the bars of his Austrian thralldom, learning avidly, in secret, that part of his history which his teachers are under orders to expurgate; and then again bowed to the earth under the overwhelming tragedy of the gloomy Habsburg heritage which claims him, too, as one of its heirs, trying to stifle memory, hope, ambition, in the pleasures of the senses. Finally, in the pathetic last act, we have the end of it all—the frail body succumbing at last in the battle of the mighty forces among which it has been buffeted—and the reader is left echoing pitifully the words of Thérèse as the epitaph that goes above the proud titles of King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt—"Poor little one!"

In *L'Aiglon*, as in the other plays, the first and most clearly defined impression that detaches itself, is one of extraordinary poetic richness and vitality. In the spontaneity and fertility of his poetic expression, in his power of creating atmosphere, in the haunting music of so many of his lines, Rostand takes place beside the few, the very few, genuine word-singers of his day. It is his almost magical power of translating his own inner vision to his readers' senses that so enchants the imagination in the balcony scene in *Cyrano*, recreating the moonlit, flower-scented night with its under-throb of passion; that lends such an eerie thrill to the scene of the "Nocturnes" in *Chantecler*, with its sense of black night, of the burning eyes that open as the name of each Night-Bird is called, of the ferocity alive in all this dark-



ness, this mystery; and that is used with such tremendous dramatic effect in the scene in *L'Aiglon* where Metternich comes to the Duke's room at Schönbrunn. One feels with an almost physical intensity the darkness of the room; one sees the little hat before which kings once bowed, black against the whiteness of the paper on which it lies, and the form of the old veteran of the Guard drawn up, erect and menacing, in the gleam of moonlight; and one shivers with much the same sensation of half superstitious awe as must have thrilled through Metternich when, as the door from the bedroom opens, there comes the solemn announcement: "The Emperor."

Moreover, as part also of his poetic dower, Rostand has a very exquisite insight into and power to present the element of tenderness which flowers in some corner of most human hearts. A scene such as that between the Duke of Reichstadt and his grandfather in the third act of *L'Aiglon*, to quote but a single instance, could have been written only by one who understood that off from the great, passion-swept highroads of emotion there branch a hundred little bypaths, each with its own fragrant, tender charm. Yet the sentiment with which again and again he touches our heart-strings, never degenerates into sentimentality. He himself has given us an apt illustration of the union in his genius of the profounder things of life and art with an iridescent and often keenly satirical wit.

"How like we are, O Drummer-Boy of Love!  
I'm playing still a medley sad and gay,  
With for the drum, so grave and deep, my heart—  
A heavier weight to carry than your weight.  
But ever, while it makes its muffled plaint,  
My wit goes whistling like a mocking flute." \*

Repeatedly we catch the flash of a rapier thrust that pricks a folly or lays open an hypocrisy, and in *Chantecler*, where there is more sustained satire than in any of the other plays, we find the point bared through entire scenes—notably in the third act, where we have the Guinea Hen's "At Home." Here the modern craving for novelty, for sensationalism, for notoriety; the whole superficial, pseudo-intellectual, fad-worshipping cast of a

\* *Les Musardises.*

certain sort of society is mercilessly drawn. Rostand, however, loses in artistic effectiveness in proportion as he yields too free a rein to what is not of the essence of his gift. The scene at the Guinea Hen's becomes intolerably wearisome. The prevalence of every sort of slang expression, whether of the salon or of the street, with the local limitations it necessarily imposes, and the constant recurrence of that word-jugglery which is one of Rostand's besetting weaknesses, end by rasping the reader's nerves. One cannot but feel that the poet must take a quite impish delight in his own ability to play with words—to make, as it were, a rhetorical hodge-podge. At times one's brain grows dizzy in the attempt to follow his meaning through the wild contortions of his diction, even while one gasps with a sort of painful admiration for the mental ingenuity and flexibility that can devise and perform such astounding intellectual gymnastics.

There is no question that, for the foreigner, *Chantecler* is the most difficult of any of the Rostand plays; nor does it stand on a level, in its entirety, with the best of his previous work. After the first two acts the poet seems to lose grasp a little, the action drags, and there is a decided falling off in the beauty of the lines. Yet it is in *Chantecler* that we get the most definite expression of certain significant elements in Rostand's thought. A thorough "romantic" himself, he holds that the romance lies in the individual soul, not in the outward event. To him life presents itself as a glorious and wonderful experience quite independent of any apparent limitations of place and circumstance. He would have us believe that there is nothing commonplace, there is nothing mean, unless we choose dully to go along with eyes closed to the daily miracles; and that it only needs a sense of all that is in and around and beyond what we see in the world, to make of the quietest, most circumscribed existence a thing of throbbing interest. Closely allied with this is the other leading motive of *Chantecler*—the cosmic importance of the individual life. In the great scheme of things there is given to each one of us his place, his little garden patch, the cultivation or neglect of which is going to affect for good or ill the universal estate. Faithfulness to the trust that is bestowed on us at birth, with a proud and glad appreciation of its potentialities—this is the

lesson taught by the Cock who thinks that his song brings the day into being. Rostand is not launching a satire in this instance—Chantecler is not a type of the boaster who believes that the universe hangs on his nod. The true significance of his attitude is revealed to us no less than to the Hen Pheasant in the wonderful scene of the "making of the dawn," and in lines of such lyric beauty that they linger like music in the memory. Even when, in the end, there comes the bitter disillusionment of finding out that it is not, after all, his song which summons the dawn, Chantecler still remains true to his *métier*, choosing to go back to his farmyard, with its jealousies, its bitternesses, its hypocrisies, because there lie his place and his work. If it is not he who brings light to his valley, at least he is the herald of light, charged to dispel the lurking evils of night with his proclamation of day and sunshine and all the wholesome forces of work and energy they set free.

In this emphasis which it lays on enthusiasm, on the need of living one's life with a will, *Chantecler* brings out anew that which sets Rostand very definitely apart from the undistinguished throng of "idle singers of an idle day." Although he himself would be the first to disown any direct intention to point a moral or preach a sermon, the most casual reader can hardly fail to realize that his entire work is simply the expression, under however varied phrasing, of an intense belief in the beauty and value of idealism—the golden vein running through the world's dross and which alone can make the joy and the inspiration of living. Again and again he bids us realize that

"Above a roof,

A chimney-pot,

And over you and me,

Above the humblest working day—"

there is always

"A sky as pure, a sky as wide

As ever sky of Sicily"; \*

and that the one irremediable tragedy is to keep our eyes so persistently on the street that we lose sight of the blue. We are

\* *Les Musardises.*

so chary of letting ourselves go, the most of us, so fearful of what our feet may stumble over if we keep our heads too high, so desirous not to be caught straying from the solid foundations of the matter-of-fact into the foolishness of romance. We are afraid of the fate predicted by Maître Erasme for Frère Trophime—afraid we shall be excommunicated by a commonsense world that has no desire to pass beyond the limits of what it can see and touch, what its reason can account for and catalogue. It is Rostand's passionately held belief, and the burden of his message to our age, that this laziness of the soul should at all costs be shaken off, and that we should, each one of us, make of his life a voyage towards a "Princesse Lointaine." The gravest reproach he brings against modern life, is the atrophy of the power of enthusiasm under the tyranny of intellectual fashion and the dictates of "good form." When Chantecler pleads in favor of the Blackbird—

"Come now, admit he is intelligent,"

Patou answers:

"Ye-es—and yet not so very, for his eye  
Is never dazzled. Before every flower—  
Of whose supporting stalk he's too aware—  
He has a look that holds delight in check,  
A word that somehow makes all beauty less."

It is the regenerative and spiritually quickening power of idealism which is made the keynote of *La Princesse Lointaine*, and is voiced by Frère Trophime—the wise and tender monk who is the idealist in religion as Rudel is the idealist in love and Bertrand in chivalry—in his answer to the reproaches of Maître Erasme, the Prince's physician. Bitterly resentful at being stirred from a pleasant chimney-corner by the call of something so vague and glamorous, Erasme is descanting on the folly of the undertaking and ends by taking Frère Trophime to task for sanctioning with his presence an expedition which, alone in that age, was making for the East with no purpose of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. To which the monk replies:

"It is not this release which is God's will.  
 Believe that had he cared to chase away  
 The horde of infidels from round the Tomb,  
 A single angel could have done it with  
 Only a stirring of his mighty wings.  
 But no, what God willed was to quicken those  
 Living in torpor, sloth, and arrogance;  
 To take them out from their dull selfishness,  
 The drab indifference that kills the soul,  
 And thrust them, singing, proud, among the spears,  
 Drunk with devotion, eager to die afar,  
 In that entire forgetfulness of self  
 Of which they all had need."

And so this love of Rudel's—this love which is a dream of something unknown, pure and fair, and which has had power to waken his soul, to take him out from the little, fossilizing influences of his little court and send him to meet the larger experiences of life, hardships, danger, and even death—is working as truly for God's ends as any crusade of them all.

"Ah! inertia is the one vice, Maître Erasme,  
 And the one virtue—

ERASME  
 Is——?

FRÈRE TROPHIME  
 Enthusiasm!"

Even the rude mariners whom Rudel has hired to carry him to Tripoli—scum of the ports, pirates and cut-throats—have felt the influence that emanates from every noble and generous conception. Through storms and battles, in the midst of hunger and thirst, their courage has been sustained by the thought of this wonderful fairy-story in which they feel themselves to be taking part. There is a whole volume of suggestion in the cries with which they greet Bertrand at a moment when hope seems nearly gone.

"Sir Bertrand, I am hungry—tell me more  
 About the gold of the Princess's hair!—  
 And I, Sir Bertrand, I am thirsty—tell  
 Me once again the deep blue of her eyes!"

In his Discourse before the Academy, Rostand, defending the poetic drama, said:

"The true wit is that which lends wings to enthusiasm. . . . And this is why we need a drama through which, exalting lyrically, moralizing with beauty, consoling with grace, the poets shall be able, without doing it on purpose, to give lessons in soul. This is why we need a drama that shall be poetic and even heroic. . . . The personages of the drama are . . . intrusted with the duty of taking us out on a holiday from this eternal college which is life—taking us out in order to give us courage to go back again!"

There could be no better summary than this of the nature of the place which Rostand fills. In the stress he lays upon spiritual values, in the virile force and energy of his idealism, in the transforming touch of romance he lays upon life, he is giving a lesson sorely needed—he is taking us out from the ruts of the daily routine into the holiday joys and rich possibilities that lie in fishing for the moon.

# THE LITTLE KING

## *A Play in One Act*

WITTER BYNNER

### CHARACTERS

LOUIS XVII of France  
ANTOINE SIMON, his tutor  
JEANNE MARIE, the latter's wife  
BARELLE, a royalist  
ROBERT, a washerwoman's boy

*Time: 1793. A morning in July.*

*Scene: In the Temple at Paris: a room in which is imprisoned Louis XVII, the Boy-King of France, under the tutelage of Antoine Simon and his wife, Jeanne Marie.*

*Behind a large iron-barred door at the back is an anteroom from which one staircase descends to the courtyard and another ascends to a platform on the roof of the Temple. A closed door leads at the left into a bedroom. Near it stands an elaborate bird-cage in which a wooden canary moves when wound up and whistles "The March of the King." In the cage are also some live canaries, one of which has a red ribbon round its neck. A small barred window at the right overlooks the courtyard. Under it are a box of mortar and some squared stones, one or two of which have already been set into the window. Nearby is a table, a cupboard of dishes and on the floor a basket of soiled linen.*

*At the rise of the curtain, Jeanne Marie, with a dish in her hand, stands by a larger table where three people have just finished a light meal. She is a squat woman of fifty with thick features and a blotched face. She is conversing, as she clears the table, with Barelle, apparently a middle-aged stonemason, who is mixing mortar with his trowel near the window.*

JEANNE

*(As she carries soiled dishes into the anteroom)*

What?—block this too and shut out all the light?

BARELLE

The window first and afterward both doors.

A grating left there for his meals, but not

An aperture for light or hope or mercy.

JEANNE

And the blind chumps have chosen you to do

The job? Luck's with us, Citizen Barelle.

BARELLE

You mean God's with us. God Himself, not they,  
Selected me,—to be His instrument.

JEANNE

There's wonderful divinity in gold.  
I'll be the instrument. You be the God.

BARELLE

*(Removing from the window a cross-shaped iron bar)*  
Though France turns coward toward a little boy,  
Son of the King she killed, O Lord, my faith  
Still calls to Thee. For Jesus' sake, Thy Son,  
Suffer me now to save the Son of France!

JEANNE

*(Seizing the iron bar)*  
Here's holy water for your crucifix.  
*(She spits on it and throws it on the floor)*

BARELLE

I only pity you.—By noon expect  
Me with the boy. Explain it to the King.

JEANNE

Leave that to me. You fetch the other King.  
And, please, the puppy-dog has learned his change  
Of name. Not King, not Louis any more.  
Just call him Capet and he'll wag his tail  
With quite remarkable intelligence.

BARELLE

What was the understanding with Michel?

JEANNE

Michel will be on guard down there at noon.  
As soon as he's alone he'll signal us.

BARELLE

Where will your husband be?

JEANNE

Leave him to me.

And when the coin comes round, leave that to me.

BARELLE

One payment now. The rest as we agreed.

JEANNE

God in three parts! And one part now! Come pay it!

BARELLE

*(Taking from inside his blouse a bag of gold, which he hands to her)*  
At noon, at noon, pay me my King!  
*(Exit Barelle)*



JEANNE

*(To the bag of gold)*

Sweet God!

*(She kisses it, then hides it in her sewing-basket on the small table. Humming a snatch of the Marseillaise, she throws open the bedroom door and calls through it with her arms akimbo)*

Capet, your eyes are red. Go scrub your face.

Make it all red like a washerwoman's son.

THE KING

*(A boy of nine, his voice heard outside)*

I am a Queen's son!

JEANNE

Marie Antoinette

Now washes handkerchiefs, because she cries

So much and blows her nose. Listen to me.

You are to be a washerwoman's son

This very day.—Sh-h! Don't you tell Antoine!

*(She hears him on his way upstairs singing a revolutionary chant. She quickly closes the bedroom door and turns toward the anteroom where Antoine Simon enters. He is a big shoemaker of fifty-five, with straight black hair hanging long and a swarthy brutish face. He carries aloft two bottles of brandy)*

ANTOINE

I've brought two friends with me.

JEANNE

*(Seizing a corkscrew)*

Off with their heads!

ANTOINE

Let go my friends! I bring 'em here like this

And you—you murder 'em! You used to be

A stylish drinker, Jeanne Marie. But now

You're an old soak.

JEANNE

Only a soak would talk

Like that. I taste my glass the same as ever.

It's you who booze like a lout and waste a lot

On Capet, just to make the poor brat drunk.

ANTOINE

You like to see him caper round, yourself.

But you won't pay your share. You get two thirds

As much as me for staying in this hole  
 And you never spend a sou.  
*(He sits and changes his boots for slippers)*

JEANNE

*(Carrying dishes from table to cupboard)*

The nation takes  
 Good care of you, husband,—also of me:  
 Six thousand livres your share, four thousand mine.

ANTOINE

A patriotic cobbler and his wife  
 Shut up like marquises!

JEANNE

You make me sick,  
 Talking like that about ten thousand livres.  
 You don't know what you want, you lucky fool.

ANTOINE

Haven't I begged 'em twice to let me off  
 From tutoring the whelp; to rid me of him?  
 They won't. They've got me here. And here I stick  
 And rot. It's bad for the brain, that's what it is.  
 Capet's much luckier than we are, Jeanne,  
 For he has us, he has, for company,  
 But we have only him.

*(The King, a handsome, gentle boy, appears at the bedroom door. Antoine hurls his boot at the King)*

Get out of here!

*(The King looks calmly at them both, then returns into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie closes the door after him)*

JEANNE

*(In a superstitious whisper)*

He looked at me as my boy Raymond did.  
 He looked at me as my dead Raymond did. . . .  
 Antoine, I know he waked you up last night——

ANTOINE

With his damn prayers! I fixed him good. He'll not  
 Be trying Trappist tricks on me again.

JEANNE

*(Angrily)*

Yes, fixed him good and maybe fixed yourself.  
 Poured water on him, left him there between  
 The icy sheets, to shiver all night long!  
 What if he's caught his death?

ANTOINE

What did they say  
When I asked 'em, the Committee, about Capet,  
Whether they wanted me to poison him?  
They said, 'Well, don't you let him grow too much!'  
Wife dear, what did they mean?

JEANNE

They meant, 'Don't add  
A cubit to his stature,—cut him short,  
But not too short!' They know their business best.  
Why do you suppose they send a mason here?

ANTOINE

To block the window and make bats of us.

JEANNE

No, not of us,—of him. They're going to seal  
The door and lock him in.

ANTOINE

And lock us out?

JEANNE

We'll stay in the Temple, feed him through a hole  
Cut here and tutor him an hour a day,  
Talk through the hole to him—on Liberty!

ANTOINE

There'll be no fun in that. For what's the use  
Of talking to him if you can't get at him?  
I've half a mind to do for him to-day  
And end this job. Who'd care about a Capet?  
Nobody cared about old Louis Capet.  
And people say about the Austrian,  
'Why ask for cake when there is dust to eat?'

JEANNE

No, no!—France has her enemies abroad  
Who call the whelp a king. France has her game  
To play. And this one Louis,—see?—may be  
A lucky coin. A child's a child, Antoine,  
And a child's head looks ridiculous on a pike.

ANTOINE

No, it looks nice.

JEANNE

Hey, Antoine, listen! Drums.

ANTOINE

Some one they've got to guillotine, I guess.

JEANNE

The roof, the platform! Call if you can see!

ANTOINE

I'll bet you first it's Marie Antoinette.

JEANNE

An end of her? O no, not yet, my dear!

If it were women trying her, then yes.

But this Tribunal? Men, Antoine? Not much!

ANTOINE

Justice decides and Justice is a female!

JEANNE

They'll feast for days upon those dainty eyes

Before the garbage goes. If she's a beauty—

I hope I'm not.

ANTOINE

You're not.

JEANNE

Trust her with men?

She's got you, all of you, just where you're weak. . . .

She'd charm the hind leg off the Golden Calf!

ANTOINE

Bet me the brandy on it?—the cost of the brandy?

JEANNE

Double the cost! It's not the Widow Capet.

ANTOINE

I'll go and ask Michel. He's just come on.

JEANNE

O husband, how I wish the guillotine

Was near, was close at hand, to cheer us up!

In seven weeks I haven't seen one head.

*(Antoine goes upstairs through the anteroom. Jeanne Marie rapidly takes a piece of soiled linen and wrapping her bag of money tightly so that it shall not jingle, lays the bundle aside on the little table. Then she enters the anteroom and calls to her husband)*

Who wins, Antoine? Who wins?

ANTOINE

*(Outside)*

I win!

JEANNE

The Queen?

ANTOINE

*(Entering)*

The Queen! I called to Michel. Yes, the Queen!

She's due to lose her pretty neck at noon.

JEANNE

It's noon and more. The neck is overdue.

ANTOINE

*(Emphasizing his demand with his fist on the table)*

Pay for the brandy now, old woman!

JEANNE

Sh-h!

ANTOINE

Hurry him out. I've happy news for him.

JEANNE

No, no, he's sick. Wait till he's well again.

ANTOINE

I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make him drink.

And then we'll make him dance, dance to the bells,

The bells that ring when they lift up her head!

The brandy, open it! But pay me first.

*(He opens a bottle. She pays him, taking the money from her stocking)*

That's one on you, old girl. Now for the brat!

We'll celebrate. Capet! Aristocrat!

You snip-nosed wolf-cub, sulking by yourself,

What are you doing? Eating up those pears

You took from lunch so's not to eat with us?

Come out here! Join your betters!

JEANNE

Careful now!

*(The King enters from the bedroom. He has in his hands two pears, which he lays on a chair. Jeanne Marie intercepts Antoine)*

Come here, Capet, I want to talk to you. . . .

Citizen Barelle's calling by and by.

THE KING

You told me so.

JEANNE

You like him, don't you?

THE KING

No.

ANTOINE

You do, you little liar.

THE KING

No, I don't.

ANTOINE

Why do you lie to me?

## THE FORUM

THE KING

I do not like him.

JEANNE

Have you forgotten that he brought you these?

You like your birds, you ought to like him too.

THE KING

But if I did, they would not let him come.

ANTOINE

Your tutor, Simon, never goes away.

They let him come.

JEANNE

You're fond of him, ain't you?

ANTOINE

Come, answer us! You love me, don't you?

THE KING

Yes.

ANTOINE

You little liar!

THE KING

Why do you ask me then?

JEANNE

D'you like me, Capet?

THE KING

Where's my Mama-Queen?

She isn't walking up there any more.

I listen and I listen. Is she sick?

Where have they taken her?

ANTOINE

Don't use that word!

JEANNE

Don't you say Queen! Your tutor doesn't like it.

THE KING

Where is she gone?

JEANNE

She's sick.

THE KING

I thought she was.

O can't I go to her? Please can't I go

To her?

JEANNE

You can't.

THE KING

Then can't I send her these?

O can't I? Can't I send her my canaries?

JEANNE

You haven't heard that Citizen Barelle  
Will bring Robert, the washerwoman's boy,  
To stay a little while and play with you?

THE KING

O Master, can't I send her my canaries?

ANTOINE

Sit down. We're going to celebrate. Three glasses!  
(*Jeanne Marie brings the glasses*)

THE KING

Please do not make me drink.

ANTOINE

Sit down, I say!  
Drink to the Guillotine! Come, there's your glass.  
(*The King draws back*)  
Do you want it down your neck? The Guillotine!  
And my good-luck! Come on now.

THE KING

What good-luck?

ANTOINE

I won a bet, young man. I won this wine.  
(*He makes the King drink*)

JEANNE

Here's to the everlasting health of France!  
(*Antoine and Jeanne Marie drink, then he makes the King drink*)

THE KING

O let me send my birds to her! She's sick.

ANTOINE

You little devil!—it's the Guillotine  
That drinks this day to France.

THE KING

Who is it now?

JEANNE

(*Preventing Antoine from telling*)  
Some one you know who used to be at Court.

ANTOINE

There's no more Court.

THE KING

O dear, why do they kill  
Good people,—only good, kind people? Why?

ANTOINE

Dunno. They have a funny way with them.  
They'll take me next.

## THE FORUM

THE KING

They'll never take you, Master.

ANTOINE

Ain't you the little joker! Catch your ball!  
 Why don't you hold your hands out, blunderhead?  
 Can't even learn to catch a ball! We'll see  
 If you can sing. You know! Your favorite!  
*(He sings, Jeanne Marie joining him)*

Madam Veto thought she could  
 Make all Paris run with blood;  
 But it didn't come off  
 Thanks to a cough,  
 Dance, dance the Carmagnole,  
 Thanks to a cough  
 Of the cannon!

Put spirit in it, Capet. Now! Pipe up!

THE KING

'Madame Veto thought she——' O no, no!  
 I cannot sing that song.

ANTOINE

Why not?

THE KING

Because

You mean my mother. And it isn't true.  
 She hasn't done them any harm. She loves  
 Her people, Mother does.

ANTOINE

She loves her wolves,  
 Her Austrians! Her people aren't the French.

THE KING

Her people are the French. She told me so.

ANTOINE

You going to sing?

THE KING

How can I sing it, Master?  
 I cannot sing bad songs about my Mother.

ANTOINE

You sang it yesterday.

THE KING

Master, I didn't.

ANTOINE

Didn't he, Jeanne Marie?

JEANNE

You bet he did.



THE KING  
I didn't.

ANTOINE

Little fool, you don't know what  
You do when you've been drinking. Get a jag  
And sing. You're jolly when you're drunk. To France!  
(Offering him the glass again)

THE KING

No, Master, no!—not if I sang that song!  
What if my Mother heard me sing that song?

ANTOINE

She's heard you sing it! More than once! It's done  
Her good, shown her how well I keep my word:  
'He shall receive a royal education;  
We shall instruct him to forget the past  
And only to remember he's a child  
Of the one and indivisible Republic.'  
You sing your song. You won't? Then take this drink.  
The young wolf shuts his teeth. See, Jeanne Marie,  
What savage little teeth! He must be tamed.  
Where's there a knife to pry them open with?  
We'll cure his pride. Now will you sing that song?  
Down on your knees! Learn this——

JEANNE

Let him alone.

ANTOINE

Obedience comes first in Simon's course.  
(He forces the King to the floor)  
Open your mouth. Drink this. Well then, try this  
Instead!

JEANNE

Antoine! Give me that knife!  
(She takes it from him)

ANTOINE

Get up.  
(He roughly lifts the motionless King)  
Open your mouth and say you ask my pardon  
And we'll postpone the music-lesson. What?  
Won't talk?  
(Jeanne Marie turns toward the anteroom, where Barelle  
enters, followed by Robert who, looking like the King in  
height, color and feature, brings a basket of clean clothes

*and a bouquet of roses tied with the tricolor. They see Antoine about to strike the King with the cross-shaped iron bar)*

BARELLE

Antoine! Is that good tutelage?

JEANNE

For disobedience.

ANTOINE

The little snob!

I couldn't make him drink the health of France.

THE KING

You lie!—To France!

*(As he grasps the glass, holds it high and then drinks, the bells ring out)*

JEANNE

The bells!

ANTOINE

She's dead! She's dead!

The holiday! The Carmagnole! She's dead!

THE KING

What do you say? I'm dizzy. France is dead?

JEANNE

No! France was crucified—but comes to life!

ANTOINE

The resurrection! Dance, my darling, dance!

*(They start singing the Marseillaise and take his hands)*

THE KING

No!—not to that tune! Wait and I will dance.

*(He breaks away and turns on the catch which sets the toy canary whistling)*

I'll dance to my tune, mine!—The March of the King!

*(Jeanne Marie turns off the catch)*

BARELLE

*(Interposing between Antoine's anger and the King)*

Go slowly, Citizen, to cure a King.

The lilies flourished for a thousand years.

Uprooting them takes time.

JEANNE

Well,—time takes root.

BARELLE

*(Crossing to work at the window)*

How are your birds, Capet?

ANTOINE

They sing, but he?—

He has the pip!

BARELLE

I left an officer

Behind me on the stairs whose legs were weak  
With too much holiday. He's come, he says,  
'To mourn the dead with Citizen Simon.'

JEANNE

*(Handing Antoine the bottle and glasses)*  
The platform's pleasanter. Here! Comfort him!  
*(While Barelle fits a stone into the window, Jeanne Marie sees Antoine out and closes the heavy door after him)*

THE KING

*(Politely to Jeanne Marie)*  
He doesn't understand about the window.  
You said that he was going to mend the window.

JEANNE

That's what he's doing. There were holes in it.

BARELLE

Let's see which one is taller of you boys.  
*(They measure back to back)*

ROBERT

We're just the same.

THE KING

Why yes, we're just the same.  
*(Receiving from Robert the bunch of roses)*  
Thank you, Robert.

ROBERT

I thought you'd like them. Look!  
Look underneath the roses,—look at this!

THE KING

My flower, my flower!

BARELLE

A lily for the King.  
*(The King kisses the lily and hides it again under the roses)*

THE KING

Sir, you've been kind to me both times you've come.  
Last time you brought me my canary-birds.  
I have not anything to give to you  
But these two pears which I have saved from lunch.

And, just because I am so poor, I beg  
That you will please me, sir, by taking one.  
And will you take the other one, Robert?

BARELLE

I thank your Majesty.

JEANNE

Get up! Don't call  
Him that. It isn't done. You're right, they are  
As like as peas. Listen to me, Capet.  
Take off your things. Put on Robert's.

THE KING

What for?

JEANNE

*(On guard near the big door)*  
You're going to be Robert.—Obey Barelle,  
Do everything he says. For, if you don't,  
They'll kick you, whip you and cut off your head.

BARELLE

You'll come with me?

THE KING

I'll go with you and do  
Just what you tell me to. But afterwards  
They'll punish me.

BARELLE

You do not understand.  
We are your friends. And we shall set you free.

THE KING

My Mother too?—my Mother?

BARELLE

Where you go  
The Queen shall go. You may be sure of that.

THE KING

Then take me to her! That will make me sure.

BARELLE

Robert, your coat!  
*(Robert takes off his coat and waits by the bedroom door)*

THE KING

You are not making fun  
Of me?—You really are my friend—my friend?

JEANNE

*(Showing and patting her bundle)*  
He's counted out the proof of it in cash.  
He's paid me money. Think of it, for you!—  
A little piece of rotten meat like you!

BARELLE

*(To Jeanne Marie)*

You are the rotten meat I purchased!

JEANNE

Pooh!

THE KING

I wish you had not paid for me!

JEANNE

Pooh, pooh!

ROBERT

Come quick, for we must change our clothes, you know.

THE KING

*(To Robert, in the doorway)*

Mother will look at me that funny way  
And not know which to do, to laugh or cry,  
And not do either—but just look at me.  
Doesn't your mother look at you like that?

ROBERT

Come, little King, and change our clothes.

THE KING

Mine does.

*(He follows Robert into the bedroom)*

BARELLE

You watch the platform.

JEANNE

*(Opening the big door; a crack)*

The old stairway creaks.

I always hear him coming.

BARELLE

*(Looking through the window)*

What?—Two guards?

JEANNE

You'll have to wait till Michel's there alone  
Before you start.

*(She sits and sews by the big door)*

BARELLE

*(Setting another stone in place)*

I wish that you had told

Antoine.

JEANNE

Don't be a fool. I know Antoine.

He would have shilly-shallied half-a-year  
Before we ever brought him to the point.

Antoine's a coward. If I do the thing,  
 Saving him all the pains and half the cash,  
 He'll thank me when it's done. I know Antoine.

BARELLE

But what if he comes down?

JEANNE

I'll manage him,  
 Bottle him up again and think for him  
 And act for him,—then put a sum away  
 With which to make him love me by-and-by.

BARELLE

You care for him by caring for his money  
 As we took care of you by keeping yours.—  
 How little you have learned from our mistake!  
 There would have been no need of all this blood  
 If only my poor friends had learned and dared  
 In time, to be contented with enough.

JEANNE

Enough is not enough and never will be.  
 I tell you, Citizen, there's no such thing  
 As coin enough. Look at the two of us!—  
 You've had too much and you philosophize.  
 I've had too little and I kick up hell.  
 But those who have enough—lie in their graves.  
 Too much, too little—life! Enough—the end.  
*(The boys enter, each in the other's clothes. The King  
 has Robert's liberty cap in his hand)*

THE KING

I have on everything.—But not the cap!

JEANNE

Put that on too. No matter where you go,  
 You'll never wear a crown in France again.  
 Put that on too, my darling Citizen.  
*(The King still holds it in his hand)*

BARELLE

Run back again, if anyone should come,  
 And change the jackets—and the cap.

JEANNE

And then  
 Come out again like you'd been playing ball.  
 Here, Capet, take it, have it in your pocket.  
 When Michel's by himself, Barelle, don't wait

To talk. Just go. See, Capet, there's your load.  
I've lightened it,—so's not to strain your wings.  
*(She sits and sews again by the big door. The King tries  
the weight of the basket, then lays it down and stands  
watching Robert. Presently he takes Robert by the hand  
and leads him to the cage of canaries)*

## THE KING

*(Softly)*

I like the one you gave me best of all.  
My toy canary sings 'The March of the King'  
And the one you gave me tries to copy him.  
*(They sit on the floor by the cage)*  
I've tied a little ribbon on his neck  
To tell him by.—I think he knows me, Robert.  
He lets me take him out of the cage and talk  
To him. And he turns his head and looks. And once  
He sang to me sitting right on my finger.  
O how I wish my Mama-Queen could see him!  
They wouldn't let me send him up to her.  
She's sick and ought to have all sorts of things  
To comfort her.—Perhaps they'll let me send  
My flowers to her. Wouldn't you like to have  
Them comfort her, Robert, instead of me,  
Because she's sick, you know?

## ROBERT

Yes, little King.

## THE KING

I do not like to have you call me King.  
They might not let you play with me again. . .  
And then besides it means my Father's dead.

## ROBERT

The King is dead,—long live the Little King!

## THE KING

The night he left he took me on his knee  
And held my hand and made me swear, Robert,  
That I'd forgive his people everything  
And not be harsh with them when I grow up.  
And don't you think that that was like our Saviour?  
Next day my Mother helped me pray for him;  
But when I tried to think of the good God,  
I couldn't think of anyone but Papa.  
Why did they kill him, Robert?

ROBERT

Mother says

Because their hearts are bronze.

THE KING

I told my Father,

The day I lost Moufflet, my dog, the day  
 We came to the Temple and the men stuck out  
 Their tongues and knocked the statue down and called  
 My Mother names, I told my Father then  
 How bad they were. But he said, 'No, they weren't.'  
 He said that they would understand him some day  
 And find that we were just like them and ask  
 Our pardon for the way they treated us.  
 You ought to have seen how Mama looked at him!  
 And then she kissed him. Kissed me, too. And she  
 Was crying, Robert, for I think she knew  
 Better than Papa what was happening.  
 There's nobody so wonderful as Mama.  
 Why do they call her names and sing bad songs  
 About her, when she's good? My Mother's good.  
 She doesn't hate the people.

JEANNE

Shut your mouth,

Capet, and pay attention! Watch Barelle!

BARELLE

Has God forgotten us?

JEANNE

Don't drag in God.

Just wait and watch and, when the time comes, act.

*(They all wait a moment or two, silent)*

THE KING

*(Whispering, close to Robert)*

When I was little, Mama had her hair  
 Away up high with a hundred waves in it.  
 And on the waves were little ships, Robert!  
 O it was wonderful! She waked me up  
 To let me see it.—And I had a sword.

JEANNE

*(Jumping to her feet)*

He's coming! Quick, the both of you, get in there!

*(The boys run into the bedroom. Jeanne Marie shuts  
 them in, then sits again and sews. Barelle works at the  
 window)*

*(Antoine enters)*



ANTOINE

We want another bottle of that brandy.

JEANNE

Here, take it. Drink it up. To hell with Queens!

ANTOINE

What's the son of the she-wolf doing, hey?

*(To Barelle)*

I'm not supposed to take my eye off him,

You know. Even asleep, one eye must be

Propped up and watching him. A pretty job!

Where is he?

JEANNE

Here's your bottle.

ANTOINE

*(Brushing her aside and opening the door of the bedroom)*

Come on out

Of there!

*(Stopping short, then turning savagely)*

What's this, Barelle?

BARELLE

What, Citizen?

ANTOINE

They're changing coats!—Barelle, what game is this?

JEANNE

If brandy makes a muddle in your brain——

ANTOINE

Come out here, you two!

*(The King enters, his coat in his hand)*

Both of you!

*(Robert follows, cap on but carrying his coat)*

By God!——

What is this game you're playing?

ROBERT

Citizen——

THE KING

We're playing ball.

ANTOINE

Show me the ball.

THE KING

*(Finding it in the pocket of his coat)*

It's here.

ANTOINE

*(Knocking it out of the King's hand)*

Ball in a room that hasn't any light!

What were you changing clothes for?—tell me that!

THE KING

O first we played a game of masquerade.

ANTOINE

The hell you did!

*(He seizes the King by the throat)*

BARELLE

Come, Citizen, hands off!

ANTOINE

You mean—heads off! Yours first of all, Barelle!

JEANNE

Yours second, Antoine!

ANTOINE

Hold your tongue, you bitch!

You're in on it!

JEANNE

You lose your head like this

To-day, you'll lose it good to-morrow. Fool!

What do you mean to do?

ANTOINE

Accuse Barelle!

JEANNE

And me?

ANTOINE

And you. . . . And get ten thousand livres

For taking care of Capet by myself!

JEANNE

Try it and see! You send me to the scaffold,  
I'll just turn round and take you with me, dear.

Look at the evidence. Look what you did!—

You broke the rules,—left Capet with Barelle

And kept the officer outside.—Why that?—

Except to share the hundred thousand livres!

ANTOINE

What hundred thousand?

JEANNE

*(Lifting her bundle from the table)*

Here's a part of it.

BARELLE

This ring! The Prince of Condé's. Take him this

In Vendée and my note, he'll honor it.

I've sixty thousand here in Paris,—yours,

If you decide. Now, sir! your life is more

To you than mine to me. I've got you there.

But you can save yours, mine,—and earn, besides,

Another hundred thousand livres.

JEANNE

That is—

Besides my hundred thousand?

BARELLE

Yes.

JEANNE

Good God!

BARELLE

Nobody ever comes who knows the King.

JEANNE

And I'll fall sick and we can get away.

BARELLE

With all the cash you need for all your lives.

JEANNE

Just think, that means as much as ten whole years  
Of prison and the brat.—Go on upstairs!

ANTOINE

You should have let me in on this before.

JEANNE

Shut up with your 'before'! It's 'now.' Go on!

ANTOINE

Well, I don't know. I guess we'd better do it.

JEANNE

Here! you're forgetting what you came to fetch.  
(*She hands him the second bottle of brandy*)

ANTOINE

(*Brandishing it at Barelle*)

I'd like to smash your head, you Royalist!

BARELLE

God knows, my hand would like——

JEANNE

Quit quarrelling.

Wait till I see if Michel's there alone.—

He is!

BARELLE

Give me your jacket! Quick, Robert!

Come! and be careful, O be careful, Sire!

THE KING

(*As they put him into Robert's coat*)

My little birds, good-bye. Good-bye, Robert.

My Mother-Queen will love you when I tell her.—

O shall I see green trees again and sky

Spread out?—O think of it!—the sky spread out!

ROBERT

And lots of birds!

BARELLE

Good-bye, Robert.

ROBERT

Good-bye.

BARELLE

You are a brave and darling boy, Robert.

ROBERT

Good-bye, good-bye.

*(Barelle kisses him, then turns to the King)*

BARELLE

Be quiet now and follow.

Be careful.

THE KING

I'll be careful. I know how.

ROBERT

*(As Barelle and the King are leaving by the big door)*

Good-bye.

ANTOINE

Shut up your head!

*(With a sudden blow he knocks Robert to the floor)*

THE KING

*(Coming back and standing stock still)*

I had not thought

Of that.—I cannot go.

*(Robert rises)*

JEANNE

You fool! Robert

Is safe enough. I'm here. I'll keep good watch

Of him.

THE KING

You can't, you can't, when Master—No!

*(Antoine goes upstairs, laughing)*

O no, Robert! the people over there,

If they should find me gone, would punish you

And maybe kill you.

ROBERT

But they won't find out.

I'll turn my head away and I won't talk

To them.

THE KING

He'll make you talk. He'll make you sing.

And when he has you here alone, Robert——!

I had not thought of that. I cannot go.

BARELLE

They'll soon find out who Robert is——

JEANNE

What's this?

BARELLE

They'll think that he was used against his will,  
Without his knowing,—and they'll let him go.

THE KING

They'll never let him go. They'll keep him here.  
O no, Robert, give me my coat, take yours!  
(*He slips off Robert's coat*)

JEANNE

You little chump, keep on that coat! Behave  
Yourself! You're stubborn as your mother.

THE KING

Am I?

ROBERT

Please, little King, please, please!

BARELLE

Your Majesty!

THE KING

(*Resisting Barelle's attempts to put the coat back on him*)  
I will not go. You cannot make me go.  
Robert could never stand it as I can.  
A King can stand—O more than anyone!

JEANNE

Here, hold him, Citizen. Bring him your cap,  
Robert. Come now, Capet, behave yourself!

THE KING

(*Still resisting the coat, and throwing the cap down*)  
And then, besides, I've thought of something else.  
You might save me and not my Mother-Queen.  
She might be left here all alone upstairs.

JEANNE

She's not upstairs, you little whining fool.  
They should have killed you, Capet, with your mother,  
The whelp with the she-wolf, and saved us trouble.

BARELLE

O shame!

THE KING

My Mother-Queen?

JEANNE

To-day at noon,  
You heard the bells and danced the Carmagnole.

BARELLE

Great God!

ROBERT

*(Taking the other boy's hand)*

Poor little King!

THE KING

It is not true.

You wish to make me go. It is not true.

If it were true, you would have told me then.

I will not go and leave my Mother-Queen.

I will not go.

JEANNE

Tell him it's true and get

Him out of here. We haven't time to fool

Away like this.

BARELLE

*(Tenderly, gravely)*

Your Majesty, it's true.

THE KING

My Mama-Queen?

BARELLE

Is with your father, Sire.

She died to-day, as brave as she had lived.

They would not let her say good-bye to you.

ROBERT

Poor little King!

THE KING

*(With a sob)*

She isn't dead! no, no,

She isn't dead. My Mama isn't dead.

BARELLE

Be brave, your Majesty, as she was brave.

A man on horseback told me what she said.

She said: 'I was a Queen and you dethroned me.

I was a wife and you have killed my husband.

I was a mother and you tear my children

Away from me. Only my blood is left.

Make haste to shed it. And be satisfied.'

THE KING

O she was brave, my Mother, wasn't she!

I'm going to be like Mother.

ROBERT

Little King!

BARELLE

Then, don't you see, you owe it to your kingdom

And to her memory to come with me?

That will be brave, your Majesty.

JEANNE

Go on,

Flatter him up! Perhaps he'll take to that.  
I never saw such people as these Capets.

BARELLE

And you shall have your sword again and come  
Some day to punish murderers.

THE KING

O sir,

I promised both my Father and my Mother  
Never to hurt the people,—nor to be  
Afraid of them. My Father said to me  
He could not run away from them and be  
A coward. That was why we all came back  
Together from Varennes. He was ashamed.  
And I should be ashamed to run away  
And not be like my Father and my Mother.

JEANNE

Shut up his nonsense. While there's time, be quick!  
Take him!

*(Barelle and Jeanne Marie try again to force Robert's  
jacket on the King, who struggles against them)*

THE KING

No, no!

BARELLE

*(Passionately)*

I must, your Majesty!

*(They lead him into the anteroom, the King contesting  
every inch of the way)*

BARELLE

For God's sake!

JEANNE

Little fool!

THE KING

I will not go.

BARELLE

If you betray us, it will be the end.

THE KING

O won't you please obey me? Won't you please?—

*(He breaks away. Barelle follows and lays hold of him  
again. But, with a sudden royal gesture, he checks Barelle  
in the centre of the room)*

I am the King of France. Obey me, sir,  
And take your hands away!

BARELLE

God's will be done.

JEANNE

*(Seizing the coat from Barelle)*

God's nothing! It's the antic of a child!

*(Barelle holds Jeanne Marie back while the King helps Robert into the washerboy's coat)*

THE KING

But O be sure, be sure you come again!

*(Picking up Jeanne Marie's bundles from the table)*

Take all the clothes, Robert. Look inside this

And you will find a keepsake there from me.

*(He lays it in the wash-basket)*

JEANNE

O no, you don't!

THE KING

Then I shall tell on you.

*(Jeanne Marie stands back glowering while he gives Robert the basket. Then he takes the lily from his bouquet and hands it to Barelle)*

This lily is much better than the pear.

BARELLE

I ask you, Sire, to let her keep the money.

She will be kinder to you.

THE KING

I forbid you.

*(Barelle bows and hides the lily in his breast)*

JEANNE

You little cur—you devil out of hell!

*(Hearing the stairs creak)*

The officer!

*(Barelle crosses to the window and seals the next to the last opening)*

ANTOINE

*(Entering, at the big door, heavy with brandy, his finger on his lips)*

He's on his way downstairs.

BARELLE

It does not matter now. My work is done.

ANTOINE

*(Looking closely at Robert)*

Your work is done, you say? What do you mean?

BARELLE

All but one stone.



ANTOINE

One stone?

THE KING

Good-bye, my friends.

*(Barelle kneels and kisses the King's hand. The King will not let Robert kneel, but puts an arm about him and kisses him on the lips. Robert goes out with the basket at the big door)*

BARELLE

Surely you cannot punish him for this!

*(Jeanne Marie hurries Barelle out and closes the door after him)*

JEANNE

He wouldn't go.

ANTOINE

You rotten little snake!

JEANNE

He gave the money back. He said he'd tell.

THE KING

Because I am a King, the King of France.

You cannot buy and sell the King of France.

ANTOINE

But we can make him pay!

*(He goes to the cage of canaries and starts to bring a chair down over it)*

THE KING

*(In the way)*

What are you doing?

ANTOINE

I'm smashing up your royal bird that pipes

'The March of the King.'

THE KING

But not the other birds!

O not the one——!

ANTOINE

Which one?

THE KING

—that sings to us!

The little one! The ribbon's on his neck!

ANTOINE

So that's your plaything,—ribbons, orders, marks

Of royalty! We'll see!

THE KING

The ribbon's red!—

He's a republican canary, Master!

ANTOINE

Favorite of the King, come out here, you!

*(He thrusts his hand into the cage and takes out the bird)*

THE KING

O give him, give him to me!

ANTOINE

There he is.

*(He wrings the bird's neck and throws the little dead body on the floor)*

THE KING

*(Kneeling and taking the bird up tenderly)*

O listen to me, please, dear Heavenly Father!

JEANNE

Don't mention God again!—There is no God.

THE KING

—Help me to be as brave as Mother was.

ANTOINE

Get up. Give that to me. Here, Jeanne Marie,

*(Taking the bird from the King, he tosses it to her)*

Cook it for supper.

*(He jerks the King to his feet and points to the red cap on the floor)*

Now pick up that cap!

JEANNE

And put it on again!

*(The King faces them, not moving)*

ANTOINE

You dirty pup!

JEANNE

We've sealed the window. Shall we seal the doors,

Leave you alone all day, all night, forever?

Spiders and worms and rats and snakes will wait

For you to go to sleep!—Pick up that cap.

ANTOINE

Pick up that cap.

*(The King moves toward it and quietly stands on it, facing them)*

*(Antoine crosses and sets the last stone in the window, darkening the stage so that only shadows are seen)*

JEANNE

*(Pointing, trying to laugh)*

Behold the little King!

*(Then they open the big door and close it behind them, and leave him standing in the darkness)*

CURTAIN

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "*Tiger*"

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Last May you had the courage to print *Tiger* in THE FORUM. Its theme since then has been variously used in longer plays, it has appeared in book form, been barred from sale by the Comstocks of Boston, been played by students before members of the Dartmouth College Faculty and by a professional cast at the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. Though most of the critics have treated it with understanding and sympathy, it has received, as was to be expected, a certain amount of censure. And I ask leave, in the magazine which first published the play, to make briefly an accumulated reply to its official and unofficial censors.

*Tiger* has been referred to as a "white slave play" at a time when platitudinous people are obscuring the question with that easy quibble, "There is no such thing as white slavery." Whatever may be the fact as to an organized ring of kidnappers or system of procuring girls against their will, it is an indisputable fact that there are enough girls in the business of prostitution who have been betrayed into it by individuals and forced to remain in it by society to justify the use of the term "white slavery." And it is this wider kind of white slavery which *Tiger* symbolizes. I am careful to symbolize it fairly by including Annabel, corrupt and more or less contented. The trouble with the sentimentalist who declares prostitution to be a picturesque affair and no particular hardship to most of the girls concerned is that he finds in the type, Annabel, an excuse for him to believe as he comfortably prefers to believe. He prefers to say, "A white slave is a girl living in seduced circumstances," and to treat the whole situation as a joke and a convenience. The theorist abets him by insisting that virtue—even at five a week—is not only its own reward but its own protection. And the vacuist tries his best to draw into his vacuum not only vice, the dust, but knowledge, the floor. What I venture to suggest to this group, to the anti-suffragist, to the feudalism generally, is that, in my reading of Christ, we are all "members one of another," responsible to one another and eventually identified with one another. Objection to the coincidence in the play, that of a father meeting his own entrapped daughter in a disorderly house, is of no validity against the meaning of the coincidence in this essential tragedy of prostitution: Lust demanding and Greed supplying us with members of our own human family.

By some critics, by poets especially, I have been taken to task for telling the story of *Tiger* in blank verse. I started to write it in prose, but I soon found that the narrative in prose would require a more detailed account than I should need to set down in verse. I found that the verse carried

in its rhythm an edge of artistic suggestion which gave a truer effect than I could accomplish by the accuracy of prose. It was the same picture; but the verse heightened and yet softened it, like a carbon enlargement. I suspect that had I given the characters in the play the distinction of title or removed them to Persia, there would have been little or no objection to my use of blank verse, its heroic associations would not have been soiled. Certainly I have not written heroic blank verse in *Tiger*. It is rough, disjointed, sometimes almost syncopated. But running through it, here and there audible, I hope, is something of the rhythm of beauty, just as something of the grace of life runs through the *Tenderloin*.

WITTER BYNNER

NEW YORK

### *Vivisection*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I read with interest the letter from Mr. Brooks in the February FORUM, and wish to add my hope to his that you will publish a competent article on vivisection; or better, a debate in one or two numbers (the title *The Forum* seems to authorize such a manner of bringing both sides of the controversy before your readers). I am an anti-vivisectionist of long standing, yet I grow no less eager to hear both sides of every question, including this of our most "peculiar institution." By the last mail I have received from the Vivisection Investigation Society an account of Professor Carlson's recent experiments on dogs, while in the act of reading in this morning's *Tribune* Dr. Stephen Smith's prediction that doctors will be out of date when "people learn to live right."

Mr. Henry C. Merwin, Miss Agnes Repplier, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, Dr. Leffingwell, or Mr. Salt—these are names of persons competent to write about vivisection from the standpoint of those who think it "incurably unjust and damnably mean."

Should an article be published, I hope it will NOT be written by a partly informed, or passionate and bitter adherent of our side.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have recently learned that your magazine is considering the question of Vivisection or Human and Animal Experimentation as the subject of a series of articles dealing clearly with the matter. I have been requested to say to you, that if you contemplate anything of the kind I think you will be interested in the attitude of this Society, which is practically the attitude that England adopted more than thirty years ago as the result of a long-continued public investigation of the subject. Nothing

presents the Humane Societies of this country in a more humiliating aspect than the censorship of any expressions of opinion on this subject which the medical profession apparently exercises over these organizations. It will be found that a very considerable proportion of the medical profession will, in private, admit the necessity of some legal regulation of this practice so as to confine it to competent experts at least, and to legitimate scientific purposes. Nevertheless, strangely enough, the whole profession, through its medical societies, rises up to protest even against such legislation as simply proposes to incorporate in our statutes some of the restrictions which medical practitioners insist they habitually require. It seems to me that there is no subject of public interest to-day which requires an "Open Forum" discussion as does this practice of Human and Animal Experimentation. So long as healthy children in our public institutions are accessible, as unfortunately they now are, for use as "material" for experimentation of this character, the humane public may well inquire whether it is not high time that some law should be put upon our statute book to prevent abuse of this most questionable practice.

F. P. BELLAMY

Society for the Prevention of Abuse in Animal Experimentation  
BROOKLYN

*"Prohibitorius" or "Expurgatorius"*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I notice that in your last issue you repeat, without comment, but with the significant heading, "1914—or 1419," the extraordinary announcement that the works of Maurice Maeterlinck have been placed on the "Index Prohibitorius" by the authorities of the Catholic Church in Rome. But should this not have been "Index Expurgatorius"?

AMOS LESLIE

NEW YORK

[No. The "Index Expurgatorius" is a catalogue of books which can be read by the faithful only after certain passages have been "expurgated." The "Index Prohibitorius" carries the recommendation of complete prohibition.—EDITOR.]

*Music and Advertising*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—America has long been praised as the land of dollars; the land, that is, not merely where dollars are worshipped, but where they may be obtained. This reputation has aroused much admiration in foreign countries, and the American people have been estimated accordingly. An immense commerce in music has sprung up between our country and

Europe, a commerce of the greatest value, in which both parties concerned have gained their hearts' desire: we have heard music, the visiting artists have got money. Furthermore, this commerce has been educational. The foreign musicians have rapidly surpassed us all in esteem for cash; they have learned to advertise their personal peculiarities, to employ the methods of monopoly, and to sell their voices at high prices to be kept in cold storage for future generations. And on the other hand, we have gained higher and better notions of musical art. We know now precisely what it is that inspires men to song. We have become expert in the appraisement of voices. In fact, popular taste in music is fully on a par with the taste in jewelry; we can distinguish a \$10,000 tenor voice from a \$100 voice, and value it exactly as we prefer a \$10,000 diamond to a \$100 diamond.

But there is some indication that the artists have not learned as rapidly in all lines as they might. The piano used in the concert hall now has its name printed on its side in yellow letters a foot high. This is shameful. I do not mean that the musician should not advertise the piano, provided he is well paid; but he should not do it in this piffling, half-hearted fashion. Apparently either he or the manufacturer has retained some absurd delicacy, which stands in the way of the fullest development of the advertiser's art. But if music and advertising are to be married, let the union be frank and without reservations. Timid compromise is the very essence of mediocrity in art. Let no false modesty restrict us to plain yellow letters stencilled on rosewood. Let us imitate our billboard-painters, who cover the beauties of America with advice to see America first. Instead of lettering, let us have a painted back drop, showing St. Cecilia before a Chinich and Storck piano, or a roomful of well-dressed people meekly listening to a phonograph. Or suppose that we display an electric sign, bearing the well-known language of the piano advertisements of the magazines: "The full and soul-stirring resonance of the bass; the silvery clearness of the upper register, whose chaste and birdlike notes melt on the ear like perfumes of the springtide; the bell-like, harmonious stirrings of the middle tones, now sinking to the hushed whisperings of love or the dull monotone of the *Marche Funèbre*, now rising to glorious bursts of lyric passion and of epic force," etc. Maybe we couldn't get all this on the sign. But we must; it's too good to lose. A pleasing novelty would be a green-and-orange sandwich board, worn by the contralto. The heavings of the forward leaf would be a convenient guide to the singer's emotions and breath control, and the letters would name a high-priced piano. The boards would also partly conceal and supplement the gown.

But the details must be worked out by advertising experts.

RALPH GOODALE

MINNEAPOLIS

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Becker*

**T**HE Police System, of course, is fighting for its own hand. It does not like Mr. Mitchel's police reform bills. Naturally: for, with the passing of those bills, the System could be controlled, and, ultimately, eliminated. New York would have a police force. For many years, it has had a police farce.

The Becker case is surely a sufficient argument. The System, which he adorned, has fought for him; and it has won a notable victory. It would be wrong to grudge him the second trial that the Court of Appeals has granted. As an individual, he is entitled to every fair chance to save his life. The Court of Appeals, in its wisdom, has decided that the first trial was faulty. Very well. He has his second chance.

But it is a scandalous travesty of justice that so much time has been wasted. In a grave criminal case, the appeal should be settled, at the longest, within a month. Then there would be a chance of keeping witnesses together, or within suitable range. Such indefensible delay as we are altogether too familiar with vitiates the whole course of justice, and makes a mockery of a trial for murder. If an indispensable witness should vanish, a guilty man may well secure an acquittal at his second trial.

Men who consider themselves thoughtful are pooh-poohing the idea that Becker may ever be restored to his place in the Police Department, whatever may happen at the second trial. But, if there should be an acquittal, who can prevent his restoration to his former post, if he chooses to demand it? It is all very well to say that certain things can never happen. But they can.

In the meantime—that is to say, at the time of writing—the reform bills are being altered and mutilated, and may be rejected. This is the price that the people pay for their unbelievable stupidity. They accept Tammany, with the Tammany control of the legislature and the Tammany influence over the judiciary; and they wonder why popular government is not a success.

It is not a success because the majority of the people are ignorant, foolish, and—at present—unworthy of the privileges that they misuse. And the sooner the people realize that they have failed utterly to carry out the duties intrusted to them, the better for the country. Until the truth is recognized and admitted, the lies and pretence cannot be suppressed. *Vox populi, vox Dei*—yes, in theory; but not in reality, until the people discard their stupidity and self-complacency, and try to make themselves worthy to be the spokesmen of God. Democracy and theocracy are at present scarcely identical.

### *The Unemployed*

THE greater portion of the press and the public has condemned—not too temperately—the antics of the motley crew that followed the leadership of Tannenbaum and demanded lodging and refreshment from the pastors of New York churches. Yet the strictures of a capitalistic press may carry no more weight than the perfervid denunciations of a Tannenbaum and the partisan papers that support him. There is reason on both sides; and unreasonableness on both. A contemptuous sneer may dismiss for the moment, but it will not solve, the problem of the unemployed.

For, granted that many of these were wastrels, shirkers, blackguards—what you will. Are they not as much members of our complex society as the decently clothed men with adequate or excessive incomes? Society is not composed only of the prosperous, or of the respectable—as the canons of the day define respectability. Jesus of Nazareth was certainly not respectable: he consorted with the sinners and the outcasts, with the underworld and the underfed of his day. He was a vagrant, without visible means of subsistence. He did not rent a substantial house to guarantee his respectability. He did not care at all about “outward decency.” In our own highly civilized day, he would have found refuge in the Bowery, or with the derelicts who follow a Tannenbaum or any similar agitator. He would have been an agitator himself; perhaps he, too, would have been ejected from one of the churches that minister chiefly to the prosperous.



By the time this note appears, the winter may have passed, or be in its last stages; the summer is at hand, and the human wreckage of our great cities will be forgotten till another winter presses to unwilling ears the news that all's not exactly right with the world; that men and women and children are starving and homeless—though, of course, it is extremely thoughtless of them not to be prosperous.

It is not necessary to trace the history of the unemployed, to point out that so many are still eager to work, that so many have been unfortunate, and that others have been vicious, improvident, criminals, the scum of the tenements. They belong to our society precisely as our millionaires belong to it; they have as much right to our consideration. If we do not want them, let us pay a little attention to the causes that produce them, to the tenements where they breed, and where, in the majority of cases, they are tainted physically and mentally, by heredity or environment. We have no right to expect resolution, steadfastness, strong moral fibre, when we tolerate conditions that result in the criminal, the wastrel, the incompetent, as surely as the product of a factory is determined by its equipment and machinery.

Sneers on one side, resentment on the other, and exaggeration on both, are rather futile when we are dealing with our brothers and sisters, born to the same rights, but robbed by our indifference or cruelty of the chance to develop so that they may claim and enjoy those rights. They are very ragged and obnoxious now: yet, with a little care, they might have been respectable Pharisees, like ourselves, instead of merely such outcasts and sinners as Christ lived with. But Jesus of Nazareth was not modern, and perhaps would not have understood modern ways and the complexities of economics. No doubt the most convenient course will be to appoint a committee, and forget all about the matter.

### *The Irish Crisis*

MR. ASQUITH has made his proposals for excluding from the scope of the Home Rule Bill, for a term of six years, such counties of Ulster as desire to avail themselves of the concession.

But the present attitude of Sir Edward Carson is not encouraging, and it seems improbable that a definite settlement will be reached by agreement between the leaders of the different parties.

Mr. Redmond has gone, perhaps, as far as he legitimately can: Sir Edward Carson will no doubt go as far as may be permitted. Too much fanaticism has crept in, and the cause of Ulster is being referred to as "sacred," because the opposing factions do not agree on religious questions. It is pitiable, yet ludicrous. At a time when all the religions are being weighed, and most of them found wanting, professed Christians are preparing to leap at each others' throats, chiefly because they do not agree about the precise way in which to carry out the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

### *"Classics"*

A THOUGHTFUL student of literary questions, writing to the editor of a church weekly, concludes his letter with a passage which deserves wide attention: "In days like these, when novel-writing is in its decadence, it is a question with some of us whether we shall not do well to return to the practice of many people in a past age of excluding all novels whatever, save those which have become classics."

The sentiment is lucidly and temperately phrased, and is entirely worthy of the large section of humanity which believes that the chief duty of man is to avoid thinking. The suggestion, obviously, would meet all difficulties. *Tom Jones*, as a classic, would be welcomed to the study and the nursery, while the author unfortunate enough to be born in post-classic times would know precisely where he was destined to remain. For if only those works which have become classics are admissible, there can be no further process of becoming, and the genius of the twentieth century can no longer exclaim modestly, with Max Beerbohm, "I have acceded to my niche." There will be no niches. Instead, there will be a dividing line in history, and the child will be taught to believe (as with miracles) that "before this date there were classics: since then, none have been permitted."

An admirable suggestion, which will no doubt be appropriately received by those who prefer a human-being's brain to a rabbit's.

# THE FORUM

FOR MAY 1914

TO MY FELLOW-MILLIONAIRES

DEMAS

I

**I**F only I could make this letter a trumpet call to action! To-day, for the first time in my life, I really regret my inability to express my thoughts and feelings in words that should stir men's hearts and steel their wills. Generally I have been able to employ some unbusinesslike college graduate with a moving and facile pen; but to-day, when my heart is on fire, I cannot bring myself to trust any hireling, however loyal and capable. I write because I must. And even with all my shortcomings I cannot forgo the hope that the burning zeal within my breast may impart some unsuspected power to my halting pen. History is not without examples of devoted crusaders who have been so inspired by a momentous crisis that they have risen above their own weak mortality and roused their fellow-men by the innate justice and compelling truth of the cause that cried for utterance and would not be denied.

With this tiny grain of comfort, I plunge at once toward my central thought, which is, We must rally to the defence of our class. To any intelligent man it is dismally clear that our supremacy is not merely threatened, but on the verge of being utterly lost; and, inasmuch as I am writing to men of my own sort, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the welfare of mankind absolutely demands that our beneficent power remain essentially unimpaired. We all know that in our hands wealth and position are used for the greatest good to the greatest number; nor need I recall the eloquent argument made by one of our

most prominent industrial representatives to the effect that we had been intrusted by Divine Providence with these important charges and that therefore we ought not to be disturbed. To me that reverent and benevolent declaration has always seemed quite on the same high level as the beautiful old hymn I used to hear sung by God-fearing throats, during my earlier visits to restful England:

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

But as I motored through the dear familiar scenes last summer I heard no longer these goodly songs of peace and harmony, but raucous, discordant cries of upsurging rebellion. In our own land the situation is even worse. It is idle to shut our eyes. We stand before a fathomless abyss. A blind, unreasoning proletariat surges madly about us, not seeing that our downfall must inevitably bring confusion and misery to themselves and to all mankind. Yet we abide serenely calm, or even merry withal, as though we were sitting before some never-to-be-interrupted feast of nectared sweets, instead of tottering upon the horrific brink of an all-engulfing chasm.

## II

Why have things come to such a fearsome crisis? Simply because we have allowed men and women of the lower classes to develop a belief in their individual importance and in the feasibility of bringing about fundamental improvements in their condition. In this way they have been encouraged to make unreasonable demands upon life.

I must admit, however, that the responsibility for this attitude does not rest altogether upon our class as it exists to-day, or even as it existed in earlier generations. Certainly our historical representatives used to do what lay in their power to preserve a proper spirit in their inferiors. Through many centuries they were able to utilize the offices of the church: there is nothing like the Will and Word of God to keep an ignorant peasant or

upstart townsman in his place, when the books and swords are in the hands of his superiors. The healthful spirit breathing in the delightful hymn, from which I have quoted, was the safeguard of European morals and property for nearly two thousand years.

But to-day many of the churches seem to be turning against us. It is true that even now they are often rallied by intrinsic justice to the cause of wealth and respectability, as we saw in the action of a recent ecclesiastical assembly when it was dealing with the greatly overstressed problem of child labor; yet there is abundant and unmistakable evidence of a tendency to emphasize the lowlier wards of God. Even clergymen are showing a regrettable disinclination to leave the wages of sin and virtue to a future life, or the righting of wrong and alleviating of economic distress to the intervention of an all-wise Father, who is at the same time all-powerful and all-kind.

As for myself, I have always felt that the undiluted preaching of the religion of the Nazarene would mean nothing less than out and out socialistic equality in rights and goods. In fact, it would make the wildest of wild work in this best of all possible worlds. But, like all other respectable men, I have relied upon our pulpits to interpret His doctrines sensibly and helpfully. Accordingly, I must confess to a mood of exacerbad disappointment before the changing attitude of the churches; and I herewith make the practical suggestion that we bring more pressure to bear upon their leaders. We have become too tolerant. We have given money, and have neglected to see how it was applied. For instance, we have distributed millions for denominational colleges, and have failed to protest while they have been producing agnostics in religion and radicals in economics. It is time, I say, to call a halt. It is time to insist that the money we bestow shall promote the causes dear to our hearts,—orthodoxy in matters of faith and stability in social conditions. Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that we ourselves should not think our own thoughts and live our own lives; I am only urging a general policy that shall operate for the welfare of our class, and therefore of all mankind.

## III

If we turn from religion to science we find a situation equally discouraging.

The history of the movement is replete with interest; and I regard the original capturing of evolution for our side as one of the cleverest exploits of human thought. At first the doctrine wore the face of a foe; but soon the features became most friendly under the skilful manipulation of brilliant interpreters, whom I need not name. They simply applied to social and economic relations this well-established tenet: "The wear and tear of evolution has, so to say, brought the necessary elements into their proper places by a natural process." If history is simply a phase of evolution and therefore a "necessary and natural process," we must conclude it is a good process, and that "whatever has happened ought to have happened just so and no otherwise." It is clear that this interpretation explains most satisfactorily, as well as most justly, the position of the lowly and unsuccessful, while it is not less favorable to us than was the Will of God to our forbears. Whatever is, is best, whether we appeal to a Divine Providence or to natural selection. Obviously the weaklings fail because they deserve to fail, whereas we flourish because we deserve to flourish; and one would suppose that such a coldly reasoned verdict of science superimposed on the authoritative sanction of religion would have silenced our assailants once for all.

But of late the weaker and unsuccessful seem to be just as stiff-necked in their rebellion against "nature's inevitable tendencies" as against religion's Divine Providence. These unreasonable creatures insist on charging their grievances to the present social system instead of attributing them to the unalterable decrees of evolution.

Moreover, even as many churchmen have been untrue to their own high calling, so not a few socially imaginative scientists are asserting that the human will and brain have developed to a point at which they no longer have an excuse for failing to control evolution. Some of the least reasonable even suggest that the

upper classes, by criminal neglect or deliberate repression, have been responsible for the backwardness of the less fortunate. And all of them go on to claim that we must give natural selection a new meaning for the human race by insuring that it shall operate among men living under equally favorable conditions.

Now members of our own class are notoriously unplugged by imagination, so I cannot expect them to grasp easily and promptly the full significance of the foregoing arguments; but I have been pondering these questions for a long time, and I realize that if the children of the masses are to be as well nurtured as our own and provided with the same facilities for education, there confronts us the ghastly possibility that our sons and daughters might be outstripped. In fact, with the beastly vigor of many plebeian stocks before my eyes, I shudder to think of the outcome.

But here again I must make a few practical suggestions. It is obvious that the menace is rooted in the spread of popular education, and inasmuch as the impetus thereof cannot be checked, it must be guided. Accordingly, in the cities we should induce the poor man to demand industrial and vocational training for his children, instead of subjects that are more generally educative; and this ought to be accomplished rather easily, because it sounds so plausible to advocate useful studies which shall soon become a source of revenue. Thus we may widen the useful gulf between rich and poor by promoting a sort of laudable caste system.

Similarly we should induce the farmer to support only agricultural schools and colleges, and advise him particularly not to send his children to universities. In this way the great liberal pursuits and more influential professions may be retained most effectively on our side.

Again, in our endowed universities we must advocate self-perpetuating boards of control, thus insuring a desirable conservatism. Above all we should oppose extravagant grants to State universities. This point, I fear, will be lost upon my friends who have not followed the amazing development of these popularly supported institutions; but, as a matter of fact, they are becoming veritable hotbeds of opportunity for the sons and

daughters of obscure nobodies. Furthermore, with their pandering to so-called democratic rights and popular needs, they threaten to usurp the educational leadership of the country. Even at the best, education is against us, unless it is primarily æsthetic; and these State institutions represent one of the most serious factors in the undermining of our supremacy. They should be hampered and thwarted at every turn.

#### IV

Nor do I find myself enheartened when I pass from such considerations to observation of actual conditions in various lands.

It has long been my custom to spend in travel a part of the money wherewith a kindly Providence has blessed me. Indeed, I was the first American to cross the Pyrenees in a motor car; and I have never ceased to love the face of nature as one sees it from the yielding cushions of a Daimler landaulette. But of recent years even the beauty of the fleeting landscape and the soothing purr of the engine have not been able to distract me from a number of most discomfoting thoughts.

Last summer, for instance, in green-tressed England, I could never get away from Lloyd George, with his ruthless persecution of the nobility and gentry. Instead of being soothed by such songs as the sweetly submissive hymn referred to above, my ears were torn by rancorous murmurs about a living wage, or the right of the toiler to the land he tills. Hardly less significant was the heart-broken plaint of my honored old friend, Sir William Grandleigh of Saxon Towers, who confided to me that one of his daughters and most of his grandchildren were infected with one or another of the current economic or social heresies.

More disturbing still was my experience in Germany. My first visit to Prussia occurred some decades ago when the Iron Chancellor wielded such perfect control; and since those golden days I have never ceased to thrill with hope for our cause in a country whose citizens are so nobly capable of honoring the Hohenzollerns, with their Olympian insistence on the divine right of their house, and of submitting gracefully when officers



of the army jostle their wives and mothers into the well-kept gutters. But with each of my later visits the wings of my hope flutter less confidently. It is true that nothing could have been more reassuring and dignified than the uncompromising attitude of von Bethmann-Hollweg, when demagogic members of the House criticised the abuse of military power at Zabern. But the very fact that such a spirit was manifested in the Reichstag and that the people ventured to voice a protest against the decision of the military court of appeals must fill one with grave anxiety.

Above all, I am dismayed by the unremitting activity and insatiable demands of the Social Democrats. I shall never forget the jarring sensation I experienced on encountering some of their literature last year. It marred my whole trip through the Rheinthal: a mishap to the engine of my car could scarcely have been more annoying. I wonder how many of you have read carefully the programme of these relentless agitators. It is revolutionary. It is anarchistic. Every privilege of wealth is to disappear. And the malcontents seem to gain ground with fearful speed.

What a change in a brief span of years! It seems but yesterday that Bismarck's fulmination against "the party of destruction" was carried by an overwhelming majority. And what a delightfully thoroughgoing law it was! It not only forbade the existence of any organization that promulgated views contrary to the established social and political order, it placed a ban on meetings, processions, and publications, and wound up by giving the police practically unrestricted powers in dealing with offenders. Nothing could have seemed wiser and more beneficent. But what does one see now? A Social Democrat vote of 4,250,000 in the Reichstag election of 1912, despite the Emperor's admonitions and a wise suffrage provision that insures a tremendous advantage to the propertied classes. With the slightest modification of the franchise in the direction of equality these dangerous innovators will have a huge majority in the once stately Imperial Parliament. And therewith will come the end; for ministries will be made responsible to the Reichstag, instead

of to the Kaiser, and the waters of destruction will flood the ruins of this gloriously conservative constitution.

Nor could I derive any more solace from my aristocratic friends in Germany than from those in England. A few staunch hearts, perhaps inspired by Nietzsche, still believe that "the crude insensate creed of altruism" may be hurled back and buried in the abyss of time; but most of them feel that the old gladsome sunlight is darkening into a democratic night.

Eventually I approached a venerable Professor of Economics, and he threw out a thought that was the most sensational of all I heard. His point was this: "In our blindness we have turned to State ownership and have nationalized our railways, canals, harbors, telephones, telegraph lines, and what not. We have encouraged municipalities to undertake all sorts of projects—theatres, markets, warehouses, gas plants, improved dwellings for the poor, hospitals, and countless similar things. In our confidence we fancied we could keep the control of government in the hands of the wealthy and conservative by means of a sagaciously discriminating franchise. But these accursed Social Democrats are gaining every day, and when they come into power they will have all this socialistic machinery ready to their hands. In no other country will a wild-eyed democracy have such facilities for carrying out its dream. Was ever irony so grim? We have literally fulfilled the Scriptures by building houses that others may dwell therein."

But if the stalwart old *Vaterland* is giving way, what may we not expect from countries less staunch and stable? Sometimes I think that even Russia can be relied upon only because of the abundance of vodka and paucity of books. In every other land the death-birds are descending to their feast.

## V

Of our own beloved country I can hardly bear to speak. And even if I could control my emotions, I could not open my heart without trenching upon political issues and thereby exposing our cause to the dangerous friction of controversy. Yet I should not be found praising one party rather than another. In

my despair, I am convinced that if the Democrats do not nationalize the telephone and telegraph systems in six years, the Republicans will do it within fourteen. From these to the railroads will prove an easy step. Sometimes I am almost forced to conclude that the postal service should have been left in private hands, so powerful and pestilential an argument does it offer the advocates of nationalized control. The construction of the Panama Canal is hardly less noxious; and if this Alaskan railway enterprise is successful, the popular mind may well be excused for losing faith in the great adamantine law of competition.

Withdrawing, then, from these "woods perilous," I wish to point out two or three important considerations of a non-political nature, hitherto neglected even by the most serious and intelligent opponents of socialized democracy. For instance, if this present tendency toward political, economic and social equality is carried to a logical conclusion, as now seems alarmingly possible, what will become of our two noblest sports, polo and yacht racing? Last spring, as Blanchegarde, my little three thousand tonner, lay snugly anchored off the flower-scented Riviera, I kept pondering these momentous problems, until my soul cried out against the impending destruction of the old order. Any human being who has felt the quiver of his scurrying pony and heard the heart-stirring click as the well-driven ball started toward the goal,—any man, I say, who is a man, will fight to the death for the preservation of polo. Yet we all know that polo cannot be kept going without a wealthy leisure class. So, too, with the inspiring race of our white-winged darlings, when we become a part of sky and sea and breeze,—who could ever see yachting die? But even more than polo this regal sport demands a plethoric purse and days of freedom. Yet you and I sit supinely by, while our nation drifts toward a socialistic madness in which these God-given sports will be lost to man. I care not for pheasant preserves and vast hunting estates, although I have brought down many a good stag in Scotland; but the pony and the sail are sacred. Surely their threatened loss should rouse our dullard brains and sluggish wills, even though all other arguments fall upon deafened ears.

Again, under the new order, what is to become of that at-

tractive type of polished gentleman represented by the author of *Things I Remember*? During the last four decades of his life he spent practically every moment in High Society, now assisting at some fairy ball in New York, now devising some beautifully fantastic dinner, now enjoying some ducal country abode in England, frequently even conversing with King Edward himself. If ever any American learned to catch the fleeting glamour of luminous hours, or achieved the perfect repose and charm of Norman manners, it was my distinguished friend. But with all his fondness for the grandees of Europe, he never lost his love for his native land. Once, when he was lying ill of a fever at Beirut, "the sight of a ship in the harbor, flying the stars and stripes, the emblem of liberty," made him faint with joy. What could be more endearingly patriotic? Yet sneering journalists and even staid reviewers must jibe at him because he tells us proudly how his family cherished a cigar that had passed through the gracious hands of the Prince of Wales, or because he would make almost any sacrifice to meet an accredited representative of the *grand monde*. They not only deride such amiable qualities, but maintain that his idle luxury has been nothing less than a bane to his fellow-men.

But all this carping is due either to squint-eyed malignity or a plebeian failure to appreciate his attitude toward life. *A chacun son infini*; and our hero chose for his infinity the perfectly rounded social circle. Nor can those of us who remember his unfaltering devotion to smartness and the amenities of life easily forget that the world may never see his like again. Even the most enthusiastic advocate of the social revolution must admit that in the uniform soil of its levelling tendencies there would be no possibility of cultivating such a fine and beauteous flower of graceful personal development.

But if the noblest sports are to be followed into the all-devouring chasm by the highest types of social refinement, the world will become dull-hued and dreary beyond expression; and I for one demand that we rally to the standard of these finer things and fight till we win or die. The cup of life is none too sweet at the best, and it were infinitely better to dash it to the ground once for all than to see it embittered or defiled.

## VI

Omitting everything else, I must take time to utter a word of warning against some plausible generalities constantly adduced by our assailants. This may seem superfluous; but when I note the wealth and political prominence of some recent renegades from our cause, I cannot withhold my cry of danger.

Unfortunately it is easy to put an almost irresistible seductiveness or compelling logic into a specious plea for the rough mass of humanity or the humble individuals whereof it is constituted. Just the other day my eyes happened to light upon this epigram, written by an avowedly independent poet:

“Momentous to himself as I to me  
Hath each man been that ever woman bore;  
Once, in a lightning flash of sympathy,  
I felt this truth, an instant, and no more.”

But surely this emotion of a moment must imply an aberration from sanity of judgment. The dull lout working in a coal mine by a flickering light in his greasy cap, the brutish alien sweating before the clutching flames of a blast furnace, children with wasted bodies and drawn faces toiling by night in dreary factories, flat-breasted mothers bending half-blinded eyes over some pitiless sweatshop stint;—these creatures cannot be as important to themselves as a cultured gentleman of wealth and leisure to himself. The whole sensory and cognitive apparatus of the individual has had a different development. There is not the same physiological preparation in the nerve and brain cells for the enjoyment of pleasure or the estimation of one's place in the cosmos.

And yet I could wish the graceful poet had written I felt this *delusion*, or almost anything, rather than this *truth*. It is said that there are five or ten millions of human beings in this country suffering from poverty; and it would be horrible beyond endurance to believe, really and feelingly believe, that each individual among them is as important to himself as you and I to ourselves, as capable of pain and sorrow. If I admitted such a possibility even for a single moment, I fear I should resign my providen-

tially inherited wealth to-morrow and seek some useful employment. We simply cannot, and must not, believe it.

However, the philanthropic faddist, the irresponsible socialist, and the radical labor agitator give us no rest. Worst of all, a large number of literary men have joined in the outcry. Up to a few months ago I thought that our most dangerous foes were men like Larkin and Mann and Debs; but to-day I realize I was wrong. The foes to be dreaded are the newspaper paragraphers, the magazine writers, the professors in our universities, the poets, the music makers and dreamers of dreams. When some rabid anarchist, or blathering syndicalist, attempts to justify the wanton destruction of a railway, a mine, or a factory, it is easy to answer him; but it is hard to deal with those visionaries who keep claiming a scientific basis for their hope of improvement, while they plead for the masses with all the moving emotional power of a sympathetic heart. They set before our eyes millions of human beings who toil through squalid days to end them in sordid grief. They tell us of men and women and children who never laugh, who do not even weep, who have no fear save of life, no hope save of death. Then they proclaim that you and I cannot escape responsibility for these grim-faced horrors, and repeat the ancient absurdity about my brother's keeper. Even the most charitable of our critics only grudgingly concede that there is some excuse for us because we, no less than our ill-starred fellows, are victims of the great error and crime called our social and economic system, being

"Blinded by blindness of the world untrue  
That hideth love and maketh wrong of right."

But even so, they insist that we can and must aid the cause of betterment by not multiplying our material wants unnecessarily and by doing our best to introduce the elements of hope and pleasure into all the labor with which we have anything to do.

Fortunately the attractive and convenient word Socialism has been brought into disrepute in America by weird perversions and by the crimes of miscalculating extremists who take shelter under the name. But we dare not trust this happy development too confidently; for ideas and ideals have a most uncanny habit

of rising above names. You and I must regard all of these socialistic dreams as baseless, or baneful; but there is a dangerously genuine ring in the appeal "to shatter material bonds that we may bind closer the bonds of the soul, to slough dead husks that we may liberate living forms, to abolish institutions that we may evoke energies." There is something that stirs the heart in the demand that we shall revere the miracle of life and the dignity of human nature, and in that reverence shall seek to raise even the lowest of mankind to such a height of physical comfort and intellectual development that they may live at a fine intensity both morally and æsthetically, and come to the end of their earthly days untroubled by fears of what may lie beyond. Unless you are on your guard, when these plausibilities beset your ears, you may find yourselves bewildered at times, and even wondering whether it is possible that under different conditions men might "find life a wondrous dream, and death the murmur of a restful stream."

Most insidious of all are the advocates who venture to declare that even such individuals as now constitute the richer privileged classes would be happier in the new dawn. They point out, for instance, that, as things are now, we cannot escape the flaunting misery about us, unless we are so utterly insensate that we are incapable of any higher pleasures than may be sought in sottishness or fleshly lust; and at the same time they affirm that we should find undreamed-of happiness, if we could pass our days among gladsome and lovesome human creatures suffering only the inevitable ills of humanity, "content in the presence of life to use it rightly and in the presence of death to know it for what it is." Or, again, they suggest that we might actually find a source of pleasure in toil, might learn what it means to become "happy and weary with work," as the thought is worded by one of their writers, who was both poet and handicraftsman.

Now these last pleas are fundamentally absurd; but they have this in common, that they represent an attempt to appeal to some implied selfishness in all the members of our class. In itself this line of approach is clever; for I suppose we are not much superior to other men in this respect. But it would ill become us to admit that we can be moved by anything save that fine

traditional aristocratic altruism, handed down through the centuries, and so adequately expressed in the two immortal soul-challenging words, *noblesse oblige*.

## VII

Herewith I must conclude, leaving a thousand compelling arguments unvoiced; for I know that people of our class are somewhat intolerant of sustained application. I have set forth feebly but zealously the dangers that compass you and me about, and, after indicating the principal features of the present crisis, have suggested a few typical remedies, insisting particularly on the necessity of discouraging the masses from making unreasonable demands upon life. And now I make one final appeal for concerted action. The welfare and happiness of our class, and therefore of all mankind, stand upon the razor's edge of Fate. We must unite, must unite to-day. Once united, we may rely upon our *esprit de corps* to work out our salvation, if we will only be true to our trust. But let there be no delay; for a little later will be over-late. In all the bitterness of my soul's agonized conviction I prophesy that if these democratic and socialistic perils are not faced and overcome by our generation, they will sweep over the world unchecked forever.



## IN YOCTANGEE

ANNA BARTRAM BISHOP

**N**EIGHBORING Indians call it the Land of Painted Water: where about the little islands, on far-reaching channels, on the broad inland sea, brilliant skies repeat their glory. Intensest blue flows around most vivid green. Sunset bands the west with orange and rose as limner would never dare. And dawn opens amazing auroral gates.

Battering winds play their part, laying siege to upstanding things with, as it were, great guns. Day and night the gale will blow, out of a clear or a cloudless sky, driving the water before in a wild tumult, bending the distracted trees to its will. Then in an hour it can sink away to the softest calm: and the stars come out, or the moon shines down.

There are, too, gentle pale days, when all the scene is wistful, and pensive odors of wood smoke float out from the distant mainland. Yet always it is so clearly the wilderness: nature's, not man's, home. We enter, we stay a while. But the wild life looks at us askance, bears with us only. As we go, an ineffable curtain slips down, shutting the untamed into its own again.

Who described joy as within our reach when happiness eludes us, because joy comes in such small parcels? Here it is beguiling to test the matter, to leave the spirit at ease, and to observe which impressions will surge up into joy.

As I step down between rocks into a tiny green dell the warm scents that live there mount to ravish me in a way denied to many great perfect moments. There is a certain glad intimacy of welcome. And joy possesses me. For an instant the world is quite forgot. Then when things have to be washed—handkerchiefs, towels, even a white garment—why is it a quick rapture to dip them clear in pellucid depths off the rocks, to hang them on a line for sun and wind to purify? I cannot tell. It is one more of joy's disproportionate occasions.

The effect of shadows I understand better. For shadow—of drifting cloud, of sunlit fir—is but another word for caress.

It is a quiet tenderness, reaching from the inscrutable heart of things. And yet—at this moment the sky is perfectly blue, the channel also, stretching away in its careless peace. And lovely shadows are here. But, as I watch them, on the rocks of the nearest islands, they lengthen. Softly, yes: and steadily, inexorably; as on a dial marking the minutes off this shortening life of mine. A shadow, too, can be stern!

Hunting for berries and fish, the chief diversion in these wilds, is productive in unintended ways. For it entails exploring of islands and meditation on what appears there. The result is an intimate perception of the push behind organic things: and, later, a glimpse perhaps of that push's character.

The odds here against vegetation are enormous. Bareness of rocks, fierce winds, weight of snow and ice; how can sprouts withstand them? The tiny stalk rising from a mere thread of cleft; the small tree wedged by its upward efforts tight where rocks are but just apart: how valiant they seem. I looked at them as at heroes; and most admiringly wished them luck.

This luck, however, I come to find, is not in more sunlight, less storm. It is in permanent access to water. For there is no soil. What figures as such, massed in hollows, and in which small shrubs live, came after the trees. It is made up of their fallen needles and leaves, decomposed, on which moss has come to spread. High placed trees are really standing each over a crevice. Superficial roots may travel through the deeper débris. But main roots always get down through a crevice to water. Crevices are the trees' nursery in youth, their support in every sense in age. It is the crevice too which sustains the ribbons of green disposed over the solemn grey slopes. Without the crevice, without the seismic convulsions which tilted the strata to widen apart, these islands would be deserts of stone.

The crevice is actually an oasis: and after the manner of oases puts water in relief as the god of the machine. Water and the germ are, in such conditions, directly matched. Given both, alone, growth quite fatally results. The push, so marvellous in its strength, appears nakedly as an irresistible mechanism. Potential motion, the germ; added motion, water: an organism must

develop, to its weal or woe. The drama of the rocks comments, so, the world at large. *La terre pullule*. Slight sapling, tender child, are you both victims?

Yesterday was Sunday: a cerulean day ending in an orange sunset so brilliant as to throw by contrast the evening waters into an always deeper ultramarine. In the afternoon two score or so of people came with dipping of oars to a little island in the midst for a service of hymn and prayer. A few musicians grouped themselves in a shady spot, before them stepped out the leader of the simple programme; the rest of us choosing as a seat this rock or that.

All was so gentle, so free, under the sky, swept by soft winds. Surely here were a chosen few, and religion a lovely thing. But a moral cloud was not slow to arise. A young minister—did his stalwartness quite belong to his cloth?—proceeded, in prayer, to call the deity's attention to the little favored of his children; less euphemistically, to his disinherited, so desperately numerous all up and down the earth. And at once the "intolerable antinomy" of a righteous God and this his world raised its fatal head. I wanted to raise an admonitory finger to say, Don't; don't expose these matters here. Don't bring your God and his tragedies face to face! But the petitioner's expression remained serene. I watched him curiously. He, at least, did not see.

An older man took up, as it were, the tale. Out of his fuller experience he let the world and its state alone: and asked merely for spiritual gifts. That was good Epictetian doctrine, fitting all sorts and conditions of men; and the atmosphere seemed calm again, and the waters blue, and the sunlight benign. "En pareil cas il faut rejeter toute raison, comme un baggage embarrassant, et s'élever sur les ailes de l'enthousiasme. Si l'on raisonne, on ne s'envolvera jamais."

Then as psalm and gospel and hymn continued to unroll their phrases strange associations stirred in my mind. "Thy humble servant"; "we implore thee"; "thy way, not mine, O Lord"; "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"; where did such language come from? Where but from prostration before an oriental despot: from propitiation, abjectness, actual and

tragic? Our words ran straight to the blacker times when each society divided into a would-be superman and his slaves.

Fascinated, my inward eye put itself in promenade down the centuries, and found there another progress besides the familiar one of from gods to God: in fact, a progress from earthly to heavenly tyrant. I perceived the gradual retiring to the more conveniently distant skies of the sovereign power still needed in this still most fearsome world. I smiled a little at the new appearance that in this panorama certain parts of religious history put on. The episode of the Puritans, for example. Those admired moral heroes—could they be but especially stiff-necked subjects, determined to place their governor very far off? Then they could interpret his will. And their God was gloomy because they were: his severities issued from their own dark hearts. Never even in that most candid of biographies, the biography of Jehovah known as the Old Testament, did man make his God more evidently in his own image. It is picturesque, also, that the Puritans found intolerable the vicegerency of the pope: the Puritans, who each one, as his family, his community, had reason to know, was a vicegerent without let or hindrance himself.

Beware particularly, it has been said, of a tyrant in the skies. Not unadvisedly the Israelites, after an extensive course of prophet-justiciars, clamored for a king on the spot. And the victims of the Holy Office, Holy Wars, Witch-burnings, must have wished acutely that God were not too far off to speak for himself. Now and again, to be sure, a margin of discretion was allowed to divinity: as when, in an Albigenian pursuit, a slaughtering bishop was asked how to tell whom to kill. He replied, Kill all you can; the Lord will know his own.

But irony in such matters, though grown less poignant, has not by any means perished from the earth. What is the group of yesterday, so gracefully engaged in religious rites? What are we—theists, trinitarians—taken in the large connection that even the smallest things have? What but the remnant of a once world order? In the midst of a convincingly democratic civilization we proclaim ourselves by our religious phraseology, by the ordination vows of our clerics, to be spiritual monarchists, even

spiritual despots. We see society as the domain, in the last resort, of an absolute tyrant to whom our lives themselves may be properly forfeit. For six days in the week we insist on human rights, human liberty, human dignity. On the seventh we repair in companies to murmur, abjectly kneeling, Thy will be done.

And by way of adding to the grist of the discerning we are completely unconscious of the anomaly. Who can say that picturesqueness is a vanishing quantity? Never; while man is able to misunderstand. The greatest sights of the world have perhaps seldom to do with material things. They are the glimpses now and then to be obtained of, in the length of the ages, man's vast misapprehensions.

A formal garden is at its best when flanked by forest or the sea. And as a fillip to both the wilderness and the mediæval I bethought myself to bring books here that would confront them. So from "the vast pure visage of space," from the sound of great winds, I can turn to Gothic cathedrals, to ancient chronicles, written as it were in tapestry.

Their chief note here, I find, is high individualization: very welcome where nature and her impersonalities are in command. It is an interesting classification that divides artists into just two kinds, the masters and the children; dropping out all those between as "worshippers, not priests of the muses." The masters, I take it, arrive to a technique already developed: its ways marked, its general rules established. While the marvellous children appear to find a material to be conquered, even tools to prepare; all at their own sweet will. So that each one's work is instinct with this most intimate equation: and the resulting charm proves immortal. Great children will be loved as great masters are adored, forever.

Matched against these masses that also are stone the Gothic cathedrals seem direct products of the human soul: things that the soul once took inchoate into its depths and labored there and gave back, fashioned, to the objective world. Their suggestion is many faceted. First the attention is compelled by a view of all the years of their rising, when joy overspread them; the joy of artists discovering themselves in amazing arch or buttress,

in the carving of saintly face, even of little, faithful leaf. Humor too had its course in the lively cutting of Bible tales, the sly portraiture of friend or foe, with naïveté coming in here and there like a child's smile among serious matters; while through every inch of the structure ran holy aspiration to make a fit home for the Blessed Lady.

Then comes the vision, at once splendid and touching, of the completed magnificence in full vitality: setting forth to people sadly deprived in this world the glories of another. The cathedral furnished to the numberless humble an escape into splendor from the dreariness of every day. Eyes were charmed and imaginations kindled in that jewelled gloom under soaring arches, before an altar dazzling through its incense veil, in the presence—so certain—of a god. For the mystic these things gathered indeed into an ecstasy that made "a handsome anticipation of heaven."

And now, when in the forward sweep of time their virtue has gone from them and their once almost pulsing life is no more? The great churches have not laid down their quality. They have but changed their significance. Circled by rushing industry or set lonely above a wide plain they stand, to move hearts more perhaps than ever, as the perfect reliquaries of man's most darling thought.

There are transliterated values: the sweet olive blossom smelling like the taste of a peach, the actual exaltation of music rising from dexterous description alone. It is such an experience I find in reading Joinville. From his pages arrives the sensation of looking at tapestry. I see the sloping perspective, the queer foreshortening: castle and river and mountain and sea all quite together and framed in.

The scene is drawn to inch scale. Joinville turning sad eyes resolutely away from his "biau chastel" as he leaves it to go crusading, is quickly embarked, at the further shore, back again. St. Louis distributes justice under a tree in the open near Paris; or he stays on a foundering ship to share the fate of his followers (the ship then reconsidering its going down); or in spite of years and harness he jumps into the waves to get more speedily at the

paynims; or in sudden camp poses a question for his dearly loved argument.

The effect is partly a matter of the very old—or very young!—French. Joinville picks his steps among words still in the Latin, words emerging in Italian fashion, or in what was to be that of France. Such a language has small ability for universals. Besides, the chronicler was intent only on St. Louis, his valor and his piety. This earnestness and the infant tongue give a curious air of freshness, as if the scene were laid “in the morning of the world.” Yet, as certain touches betray, many things were even then old in the fair land of France.

For example, the faith once delivered to the saints. As Ulysses' ship had its adventure with an island, so Joinville's encountered a mountain. That mountain simply would not be left behind. However the sailors worked, whatever nautical tricks were tried, there always, on right or left, stayed the mountain. At last a priest on board said that in his town spells had been broken by marching in religious procession on three Saturdays three times round it. “Samedis estoit; nous feismes la première procession entour les dous maz de la nef: je-meismes m'i fiz porter par les bras, pour ce que je estoie grief malades. Onques puis nous ne veismes la montagne, et venimes en Cypre le tiers samedi.” A religion has lived some time among the multitude to gain just such a character.

Then too the social order was complex. Feudal dependence and personal rights were meticulously marked out. There could be no settling it for one's self. St. Louis once ordered son and son-in-law to sit very near him “pour ce que on ne nous oie.” “Ha! sire, firent-il, nous ne nous oseriens asseoir si près de vous.” St. Louis reproved them for their assertiveness, and bade them never do so again. “Et il dirent que non feroient-il.”

In true mediæval fashion the little world lay directly under the eye of heaven. “Biaus Sire Diex, gardez-moy ma gent!” “Il li dist que il en savoit bien nouvelles, car estoit certains que ses frères li cuens d'Artois estoit en paradis.” Even St. Louis' fine taste in argument generally turned upward. “Seneschaus,” he would say, to Joinville, “would you rather be a leper or do a mortal sin?” “Et je, qui onques ne li menti, li respondi que je

en ameroie miex avoir fait trente que estre mesiaus." Whereupon St. Louis elaborated the matter to him. But Joinville does not record being convinced.

The account of the "petiz venez," so little that they could be only menaces of God, is of the finest delicacy; and shows the king as rising high above his kingship: a curious and a pretty thing. Robert de Sorbon was usually Joinville's opponent in the forensic frays. St. Louis had a fancy for *maistre* Robert in which Joinville did not take part: apparently because Sorbon was lately arrived from *le lie du peuple*. On occasion Joinville could even sharply reprove him: "mais vous faites à blamer; car vous estes fiz de vilain et de vilainne, et avez lessié l'abit vostre père et vostre mère, et estes vestus de plus riche camelin que li roys n'est."

But in spite of crowns and dignities and feudal forms the atmosphere is patriarchal: and another feature is added to the delectable confusion of primitive and effete, of the intelligent and the hopelessly absurd.

This morning I caught the earliest shadows on my pines: looking so deliciously secret up there, among the still, light-flushed tops, as if saying very softly, We should not be here yet, so soon——

But the great north winds are sweeping down now. Autumn is closing in: in a barbaric magnificence of color. Not the reddening of leaf and spray. That is for a milder land. Here the gorgeousness is in the play of light over immense spaces alone. Virginally empty skies fill the days with azure. It is a time of splendid noons. From a high sunny rock I can gaze out over enchanted emerald islands, set in an enchanted turquoise sea. Sunsets flame with clear brilliance. And above the broad bands of crimson and yellow, out over the ether only, a tide of rose rises, and mounts, and spreads, till almost the zenith is in its embrace; and the far north, and the south. Then the moon comes to turn the eastern waters to blue-grey sheen. While, presently, it is night, of silvered dark.

And I, as I feel in the midst of these elemental amplitudes, I am drawn by an immense longing to go forth with the winds,



with the light. To throw off at a single gesture the harness of habit, and commit myself to freedom and the world before I die. Even how superb to die, quite careless where! Far off—how they haunt me—are ships riding at anchor. On one of them I could be off to the ends of the earth. My fight is finished. Now I would swing out—unfettered, exultant—toward everything that is grand or fair: toward a familiarity with the globe as such that would end in echoing the Chinese sage who asked, With the empyrean for my home, what mean you by roaming?

The world is subjected by minimizing needs. Life would indeed be my servant when, my necessities reduced to health's necessities alone, I took the way. But when fortune invites too late? When habit has gone deep almost as life: when the nerves balk, and fear usurps the overlordship which properly belongs to death alone? Well! those ships will never see me. The fair dream is a dream; no more.

Yet intensive living remains. The spirit can make a career of its own. There are lofty roads of thought to travel, values endlessly to discriminate. So that it happens, sometimes, that a man of one street is found one day to have attained: to be, in poise and wide horizons, not so much poorer than the gods.

## THE DRAMA AND MORALITY

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

[*Note:* On January 12 last, the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, a well-known organization of university men and women, held a symposium on "Morality and the Drama." The president of the club, Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor of Semitic Languages at the University of Pennsylvania and author of *Die Religion Babylonians und Assyriens*, etc., introduced the subject by a brief sketch of the connection between the stage and religion from primitive to present times. Professor George P. Baker, who is the author of *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*, and whose chair at Harvard is that of English Drama, blamed the public for patronizing the lower forms of musical comedy, and declared for dramatic freedom so long as the dramatist was moved by a moral purpose. Francis Wilson, the actor, spoke from the point of view of his profession and advocated the liberation of the theatre from private management. Miss Agnes Repplier, the essayist and author of *Compromises*, stood for conventional morality and a return to what she called the old fashions in plays. Mr. Kauffman, who is the author of various novels, including *The House of Bondage*, had been invited to Philadelphia to defend the dramatic representation of the seamy side of life. This is his address, amplified to meet the arguments of Miss Repplier and one or two volunteer speakers, and slightly altered for magazine publication.]

I CAN imagine but one reason why anybody should want from me an opinion concerning the relations of morality to the drama. That one reason lies in the fact that, if I express any such opinion from within and not from without, I am sure to be speaking from what, to all students of the subject, is a virgin hinterland. For I believe that conventional morality is the shifting product of shifting environment, which will prove to most moralists that I am innocent of morality; and I was once upon a time a newspaper's dramatic critic, which demonstrates to all the world (and I cannot blame it!) that I have always been ignorant

of the drama and must always remain so. I fancy, therefore, that what is wanted of me is the view of the man who leaves before the collection, the view of the man in the gallery.

If I am indeed that man, I am ready to express his view. Both in the science of playmaking and in the art of ethics I am gladly a Philistine, no closer to the stage than a scene-shifter and as far from the church as a sexton. On the one hand, it is long since I have opened Augustine and Ambrose, Cumberland or Locke; I recall Shaftesbury chiefly through Matthew Arnold's reference; Whewell and the intuitionists I have quite forgotten, and last evening was almost the first evening since 1900 that I took my Paley and Helvetius, Comte and Kant from their sadly dusty shelves. On the other hand, I am probably the only person among you that has not had any ambition to write a play; and I am quite certain that I have read less dramatic criticism than any of you: years ago I read Scribe and guessed that Scribe was already old-fashioned; last year I read William Archer's *Play-making*, and found in it no rules that would not be broken by common sense and Granville Barker. I think that these are special qualifications.

Now to their application:

On every street-corner we are being warned that there is something wrong with the American Drama; and the Contemporary Club, fearlessly surmising that there is such a thing as an American Drama, has listened to the voice of the charmer—to the voice of that mildest of charmers, Mr. William Winter; has decided that the trouble lies in the Drama's improper relations with morality, and has determined to right the wrong. I would not be understood as accepting Mr. Winter's diagnosis as the correct one: our amateur-actor friends, for instance, assure us that the seat of disease is to be found among the professional players; asseverate that recovery can be effected only by patronizing amateur performances, and never hesitate to inquire whether the benefit of a cure will be worth the pains of such a treatment—but I do assume, and I think safely, that Mr. Winter's dictum is the more widely received.

Dedicated to Juno, Mr. Winter is the chief of those anatoid creatures whose hisses have awakened the guardians of our dra-

matic Capitol. In a special article in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, an article for which I hasten to explain that I do not hold *The Ledger* responsible, Mr. Winter has issued those hisses which seem to provide the chief reason for our being here to-night. There, in two columns of effort to stem the dirty tide of modernity, he has built a dam of more dirty words than can be found in all the plays that he wants to check. "The American Theatre," he begins, "is decadent." He says that it is certainly going to perdition. To be sure, he said the same thing, with the same certainty, in 1904, and, so far as I know, had been saying it long before and has been saying it ever since. It may seem to some of us that he might vary the note and say that the American Theatre has at last reached its destination. The point with me is simply that, if you will turn to the files of the London newspapers for 1889, you will find the same sentiments, expressed in much the same language, about the theatre in general—and that occasion was no less than the now famous Charrington-Achurch production of *A Doll's House*!

Much the same language, but not quite: the American dredge digs deeper. Mr. Winter comments on his findings with the gusto of a vice-commission. He talks of "greedy ministrants of gross sensuality," "unscrupulous panderers to folly," "a slimy sea of vulgarity," "pestiferous crews of faddists," and "noxious trash." Our old friend "morbid curiosity"—a phrase that cub-reporters were forbidden to use because it was hackneyed when I was a cub-reporter in Philadelphia, sixteen years ago—is dear to him; he actually describes *Damaged Goods* as "a repulsive composition of tedious indelicacy and utterly superfluous colloquies about loathsome disease"; he delights, of course, in that blessed word "odoriferous"; and he has a perfectly splendid time with "putrescent influences."

To-night Miss Repplier is the protagonist for things-as-they-used-to-be, and things-as-they-used-to-be are fortunate in securing an advocate more delicate and less verbose than "the Dean of American Dramatic Critics." Miss Repplier's admirable gift for phrase decorates even her thesis. She is as authentic as *Bartlett's Quotations*; she possesses to a marked degree the invaluable asset of an unshakably made-up mind, and she is a mistress of

that most popular of the arts: the art of telling us delightfully what we have all along believed.

Nevertheless, I disagree with two portions of Miss Repplier's argument. She divided her address into two portions, and those are the two portions that I disagree with.

"Art," Miss Repplier well says, "is not photography out of focus": nor is art, I answer, intellectual myopia. Her romantic nature decoys her to the declaration that many sins have been committed in the name of realism—as many, it would seem, as Mme. Roland charged against the name of Liberty—but I should like to ask her whether realism is less blood-guilty than romance. "The merit of the writer," she pointedly remarks, "lies not only in the treatment, but also in the selection of subject"—in reply to which I would refer her to Mr. Winter and his selection. She criticises Henri Bataille's *Diagnosis* as untrue to life, and yet her whole plea is that art should not be true to life.

On its moral side, Miss Repplier's argument seems to me scarcely more stable. How can it be true at the same time that "the method of the stage to-day is to exploit the sins of the vicious for the entertainment of the virtuous" and that "the stage to-day makes sin unattractively dull"? Call me new-fashioned as much as you choose, I wonder if the old-fashioned folk really thought it wrong to make sin unattractive. Unattractive they never did make it; but I wonder if they had sufficiently the courage of their convictions to condemn the man who did. Miss Repplier has suggested as her own remedy for our stage that she dramatize *The Rollo Books* and cast as the edifying "Jonas" the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose father wrote them. That would be a play which none of us would want to miss, and though I will not say that I know nobody better fitted for its making than Miss Repplier, I will say that the result ought to suit the disciples of Mr. William Winter.

In one phrase, then, your contention is: "We must not put the seamy side of life on the stage." But what do you mean by "the seamy side"? Do you mean the Seven Deadly Sins? Do you mean Pride? Covetousness? Lust? Anger? Gluttony? Envy? Sloth? From the days of Athens to the present day, all of these sins have been put upon the stage in plays that you

approve. Do you mean "unpleasant" plays? If so, what one of the Greek tragedies is "pleasant"? Do you mean plays with a "purpose"? But *Hamlet* is a play with a purpose: the purpose of showing the curse of a weak will. *Othello*, which I am told used to be forbidden the undergraduates at Bryn Mawr College on the ground that it had to do with miscegenation, is a play with a purpose: the purpose of showing the ugliness of jealousy. *The School for Scandal* is more purpose than play, and Mr. Masfield, the greatest tragic dramatist of our time, has confessed that he had a distinct purpose in writing his *Nan*, although he totally failed to make his earlier audiences perceive it.

I take it, then, that what you mean by "the seamy side of life" is simply Truth: we may show sin so long as we show it sentimentally; we may even show poverty so long as we do not show it truthfully. In other words, we must be "artistic," and by "artistic" you mean allegiance to a conventional form: we have got to make our plays according to tradition.

Now, there are only two ways in which to look at the drama, as there are only two ways in which to regard any form of art—so far Miss Repplier was implicitly right. You may regard art from the truly artistic point of view, or you may regard it from the truly moral. Do not fear that I propose to revive that ancient discussion, beloved of the rural-debating society, of the relative merits of the two ways; I believe that neither an artistic nor a moral reason of any validity can be advanced against using the drama—or for that matter, any other art-form—for the exposition of the truth about life.

Let us concede that the art of the drama as dogmatized by Scribe was well enough for his day. I am of those who believe with G. B. S. that nothing worse ever happened to the drama than the appearance of that Frenchman who did for play-making what Offenbach did for Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; but it is possible to grant that Scribe expressed the artistic aridity of his own time. What I insist upon is that our time is not Scribe's; that the art of his age will simply not do for the artistic conscience of ours; and if you ask me for evidence of this, I have but to point to Scribe and his followers on the one hand, and on the

other to Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw and John Masefield.

"New facts," said Lewis E. Gates, one of Professor Baker's most distinguished colleagues, "new facts and ideas have been pouring into the national consciousness from the physical sciences during the last half century, tending to transform in countless subtle ways man's sense of his own place in the universe, his ideas of brotherhood, of justice, of happiness, and his orientation toward the Unseen. The half-mystical control that has of late years been won over physical forces, the increased speed with which news flies from country to country, the cheap and swift modes of travel from land to land which break down the barriers between the most widely diverse civilizations—all these causes are reacting continually upon the life of the spirit, are stirring men's minds to new thoughts and new moods, and developing in them new aptitudes and new powers."

To talk in 1914 of a Scribe play with its *scène à faire*, its "progressive development," its "big" act—its whole body and soul predetermined and, like Marley, "dead to begin with"—this is like beating the drum of a Celtic revival, or shouting in the Quirinal for a restoration of the dynasty of the Tarquins.

The new art is an established fact. To-day the purpose of the genuine artist is not to amuse; it is to interpret life truly. It is the artist's business, as Bernard Shaw says of Brioux, "to pick out the significant incidents from the chaos of daily happenings and arrange them so that their relation to one another becomes significant, thus changing us from bewildered spectators of a monstrous confusion to men intelligently conscious of the world and its destinies. This," Mr. Shaw declares, "is the highest function that man can perform—the greatest work that he can set his hand to." And he concludes:

"If the critics are wrong in supposing that the formula of the well-made play is not only an indispensable factor in play-writing, but is actually the essence of the play itself . . . what must happen to their poor formula when it impertinently offers its services to a playwright who has taken on his supreme function as the Interpreter of Life? Not only has he no use for it; but he must attack and destroy it; for one of the very first lessons he has

to teach a play-ridden public is that the dramatic conventions on which the formula proceeds are all false, and are doing incalculable harm in these days when everybody reads romances and goes to the theatre. Just as the historian can teach no real history until he has cured his readers of a romantic delusion that the greatness of a queen consists in her being a pretty woman and having her head cut off, so the playwright . . . can do nothing with his audiences until he has cured them of looking at the stage through the keyhole and sniffing round the theatre as prurient people sniff round the divorce courts."

And yet, in spite of all this, once more the voice of the turtle is heard in the dramatic land. It is calling for the revival of a dead art-form, for the resurrection of a decomposed prettiness. It wants the artificial play of Scribe, it wants false plays and pleasant plays—plays that pretend to harrow and excite the audience, when they are all the while sworn, and known to be sworn, to a foregone conclusion. It is like the madman who beats his head with a club and says that he enjoys it, "because, you see, it makes me feel so good when I stop."

In reality, this is the survival of a very simple and primitive, almost a savage, state of mind. A mind in this state lacks the social sense and fears to acquire it; wants not to be driven, but diverted. It is the heroine of Henry James's *Glasses*: beautiful and blind, and blind because she *would* be beautiful. If its emotions are to be aroused, it demands that they be aroused over some persons or situations so far removed from its person and its situation that, when the performance is at an end, it may solace itself with the cry of Judge Brack:

"People don't do such things!"

What emotions are aroused, this sort of mind wants quieted definitely and pleasantly. It is even opposed to every play that does not end with every mystery explained and every character finally disposed of. The placid, easy-going intelligence—if intelligence it may be called—has been awakened to an interest in the destinies of several persons. It does not credit the dramatist or the actor with awakening it; it feels rather that it has awakened itself; and it is indignant if it is left at the last curtain in any horrid uncertainty about what ultimately happened to everybody



concerned. It complains that this modern dramatist "doesn't get you anywhere"; it waxes angry through unwilling imaginings as to whether the creature of a certain author opened the door upon a lady or a tiger; and, first, last and all the time, it is against the telling of the modern truth.

To this the modern artist has but one answer: Art is the truthful interpretation of life. You may say that my play "doesn't get you anywhere." Well, so far as anything ultimate is concerned, Life never gets you anywhere. Life itself, by all human measurements, has practically no end at all. Lives end, but Life goes ruthlessly and triumphantly forward. Every individual's human pilgrimage is a journey over a crust that covers endless depths and unfathomable mysteries, and at his journey's end each of us must open for himself a door with possibilities not at all unlike the doors in Mr. Stockton's famous story. To lie to you about your journey is not art. To guess what follows is not art. To entangle your steps and send you down false ways is not art. Art is to make the truth of here-and-now dramatically and movingly clear to you.

But if it is artistic truthfully to interpret life, is it moral?

About the conventional definition of "morality" I have already said one word. Now I had better say another: I care very little for it. My attitude toward it is that of the young woman whose mother discovered her on a bench in Hyde Park, embraced by a man.

"Sarah!" cried the mother, "I am surprised at you. Tell that young man to take his arm from around your waist instantly!"

"You'd better tell him yourself," said the daughter. "'E's a perfect stranger to me."

Let me explain that I am making no plea for the exalting of one side of life at the expense of another. There are beauty and joy, romance and humor in life, and Heaven forbid that there should not be humor and romance, joy and beauty in literature and the drama. But the field of art is *all* life. Art as a whole must express life as a whole, and as pain and poverty, disease, wrong and death, play their tremendous parts on the stage of the world, so they must play them on the stage of art.

Not so many years ago the critics were telling us that the novel-with-a-purpose was an impossibility. They pointed to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to *The Annals of a Sportsman* and to *It's Never Too Late to Mend* as proof of their assertion. But the novel-with-a-purpose has survived in spite of these critics and in spite of the examples that they cited. It has survived because it has grown up. It has won its final form. It is no more a single cell; it is now a microcosm. The author of a problem-novel is no longer a general practitioner writing a prescription, as Dr. Francis Hovey Stoddard has put it; he is the scientist in the laboratory searching out the causes of life and death. Where Charles Kingsley and Charles Reade proposed a patent remedy, a Zola or an Arnold Bennett merely sets down, in narrative form, the record of an inspired investigation.

What is there true of the novel is here true of the play. Again to refer to Mr. Shaw, the elder dramatists sometimes ridiculed and exposed persons, professions or types, and left their audiences free to go home thanking God that they were not as other men; the modern dramatist, as in the case of Witter Bynner and his powerful *Tiger*, always ridicules and exposes Civilization and sends you away with a sense that you are in part to blame for "What's Wrong with the World."

The smug Anglo-Saxon mind complains: "We have so much sorrow, sin, poverty and disease all about us; give us something that will amuse us and make us forget these realities." Could any plea be baser? It is the plea of those whom Isaiah denounces: "which say to the seers, see not; and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits."

If it is right to tell the truth, is the stage the right place to tell it? If it is right to tell the truth, every place is the right place to tell it. One of the first justifications of the great drama of modern times is the fact that it does disturb; that it does uncover sorrow, sin, poverty, diseases and dirt; that it does show us the evils to which our eyes have been too long closed. If it interprets life truthfully and dramatically, it is art; and if its interpretation enlists us in the fight against life as it is, it is moral. For the modern artist, the two things are one, because the modern artist is a revolutionist.

## THE SENUSSYEHs

ACHMED ABDULLAH

**D**URING recent years public opinion has shown a sporadic interest in pan-Islamic propaganda and ambitions, and in the part which the so-called Senussyehs are supposed to take in this world-wide Muslim intrigue. The Italian occupation of a part of Tripoli is said to have sharpened this danger to European and Christian dominion in North Africa. A good many fables and fairy-tales have been woven around this order, the Senussyehs, by European and American travellers, journalists and writers of fiction; and so, being myself a member of this dervish organization, I would like to rectify some of the misconceptions under which this lodge suffers and to make a few explanatory remarks about it, its founder, history, object and future.

The "Senussyeh" order was founded in the year 1835 (the year 1250 of the Hegira) by Si Mohammad ben-Senussyeh el-Khettabi el-Hassani el-Idrissi el-Madjahiri, who was afterwards known under the shorter name of Sheykh-Senussyeh. He was born in the year 1791 (the year 1206 of the Hegira) near Mostar'anem, in the douar of Thorch, the province of Ouled-Sidi-Youssef, Morocco. He belonged to the Arab tribe of the Ouled Sidi Abd-Allah ben-el-Khettabi el-Madjahiri, a tribe long established in a territory belonging to the mixed community of Hillil.

Like all the families of the Ouled Sidi Abd-Allah, his family claimed descent from the Prophet, and thus they belonged to the "shareefs," the only nobility which the Arabs recognize, and which the Indian and Afghan Muslim call Syeds. He claimed descent from the Prophet through Fatima's son, Hassan, and being also a direct descendant of Idris, founder of the reigning Moroccan dynasty, he added to his family names the qualifications el-Hassani and el-Idrissi. In spite of his middle name Senussyeh, he had no connection with the tribe of the Benni-Senuss who live near Tlemcen; nor was he any relation to the great Master-Sufi of the fifteenth century, Si Mohammad ben-

Yussef ben-Amerben Chaib es-Senussyeh, a famous saint and scholar of the Middle Ages. The surname Senussyeh is a very ordinary one in the region which lies to the west of Algeria.

He showed remarkable talents at an early age and his father, being a wealthy and cultured Arab gentleman, sent him to the best schools of his native land, those at Mostar'anem, Mazoona and Mascara, and there he studied under famous professors whose lengthy names are household words to Muslim.

Soon he acquired a local reputation as a grammarian, a theological commentarian, and a student of Koranic law; but after a quarrel with his stepbrother, who insulted him, he left his native land at the age of thirty and went to Fez, where he remained seven years and where he studied under the leading savants of Morocco, always making a specialty of theology and Koranic jurisprudence. He acquired a great reputation and was honored by Mulay Soliman, the reigning Emperor of Morocco. But he was never much of a courtier, the gay life and the frivolities of Fez did not please him, and so he left and started on pilgrimage to Meccah late in the winter of 1829. He spent a long time on his way to the Holy Places of Arabia, visiting all the famed universities and teachers on his way through North Africa. Already, while at Fez, he had joined three dervish lodges and on his way to Meccah he was initiated into many more, finally acquiring the degree of Master-Sufi and passing through the ordeal of fire. He remained some time at Laghuat, where he taught grammar and jurisprudence. At Messaad he received as a present a woman of the Ouled Tuaba, by the name of Menna bent-si-Mehmet ben-Abderrahman, whom he married and divorced soon afterwards. He remained seven months at Ben-Saada, where he taught and lectured. It was at the time of the first French expedition into Algeria.

Slowly he crossed North Africa, teaching his craft and proclaiming his faith, and he made a great name for himself as a scholar and expounder of the Koran. Finally he reached Egypt.

He had made many friends on his long travels, friends and admirers who helped him afterwards when he launched his first pan-Islamic propaganda. He left a record of this in his magnificent book *Fahrasa*.

He did not like Cairo and made many enemies amongst the high ecclesiastics of Egypt. His teachings were both mystical and puritanical and greatly shocked the leading theologians of Cairo. One of them, the Sheykh el-Hanniech, publicly denounced him as a charlatan, an unbeliever and a heretic, and anathematized him in the most opprobrious terms. His foes even tried to poison him, and so, after a miraculous escape, he left Egypt; and to his dying day he hated Egypt and the Egyptians.

Finally he completed his pilgrimage, and at Meccah he took for "cheria" (teacher of external matters of the Faith) the mufti of Meccah, Mulay Abd-el-Hafeedh, a savant and poet of no mean distinction. His religious Sheykh or teacher was Si Mohammad ben-Idriss el-Fassy, a famous theologian and dervish, and Grand Master of the lodge of the Khadinyas.

He was initiated into the mysteries of this ancient lodge and became the Grand Master's devoted and intimate friend and pupil. Shortly after his initiation, dervish intrigue forced the Grand Master to leave Meccah, and el-Senusseyh followed him into exile. Always he extolled the greatness of el-Fassy, and the purity and wisdom of the Khadinya. On el-Fassy's death el-Senusseyh and Si Mohammad Salah el-Megherany disputed about the spiritual heritage of their common teacher, and thus the order split into two rival camps. El-Senusseyh and his followers returned to Meccah, where he founded his first zaouia (theological school), and where he taught until the year 1843. But his doctrines were too intransigent, too inflexible for the frivolous inhabitants of Meccah; the leading theologians were afraid of him because his personality overshadowed theirs; the politicians feared him as a dangerous and incorruptible opponent; and so he was finally forced to leave Meccah.

A ripe and learned man, famous, strong mentally and physically, he returned to Africa and there he commenced his real life-work. At al-Beida he founded a zaouia which was destined to become the cradle of his greatness. Pupils flocked to him from all over Africa and Asia, and he wrote many books which to-day are classics wherever Islam reigns. Rapidly his establishment grew in size and power, expanding in all directions, and so he built zaouias all over Tripoli, Southern Tunis, Morocco,

. Egypt, in Arabia, R'at, R'adames, Insalah, and in the Touat country, even in the land of the Touaregs and the far Soudan. He gradually became the veritable sovereign of all this immense territory; even the strange negro kingdoms of mysterious Central Africa were peacefully conquered by his mokkhadems, or missionaries. Wherever he sent his emissaries they converted. Islam was expanding, expanding rapidly all over Africa, and there was never a rifle fired, never a sword drawn, never a drop of blood spilt.

The organization of his lodge was powerful and simple, his discipline just and rigorous, his teachings keen and clear, his interpretations of the Koran profound and wise. But he always remained a strict orthodox.

And he grew in power and influence.

The Sultan feared him, him who had no army and no weapons; Meccah intrigued against him; and the Ulemas of Stamboul, Egypt and Morocco spoke of excommunicating him. Thus, being always a man of peace, he left the Djebel-Lakhdar to establish his headquarters as far away from his enemies as possible, to recede further into the mysterious heart of Central Africa. Accordingly he went south and founded a new central zaouia at Djar-Berb, five days' march across the desert from the oasis of Siyouah.

From there he largely increased his missionary activity amongst the negroes of the South. He freed thousands of black slaves, educated them at his zaouia, and sent them back to their own lands to preach the gospel of Islam.

There he died in 1859. A splendid mausoleum covers his mortal remains, an object of veneration and pilgrimage for all True Believers.

El-Senussyeh was an intellectual giant who founded a genuine theocratic government, absolutely independent from the Padishah, the Khedive, and the Shareef of Meccah. He was helped in his work by some remarkable men, chiefly by Si Abdallah Sunni and Si el-Hadj Ahmed el-Touati. But his favorite pupil was Si Abdallah, also a Touati, whom he had destined to become his spiritual and secular successor. Si Abdallah el-Touati died in 1851, and so the mantle of succession fell on the shoulders

of his eldest son, Si el-Mahdi ben-Si-Mohammad ben-Si-Ali ben-Si-Snoussah. He is the present Grand Master, whom the Europeans call Sheykh-Senussyeh and whom we Muslim call Sheykh el-Mahdi.

El-Senussyeh built well and strongly; for nothing has changed since his death, his spiritual lessons as well as his political lessons are what they were at the foundation of his first zaouia.

The doctrines which the Senussyehs preach and practise are practically identical with those of the early Sufis. They are neither innovators nor are they exactly reformers; they are not narrow-minded Muslim Presbyterians like the Wahhabis of Arabia. They preach the observance of the 'Covenant, the "Primitive Contract," which is the same as the lessons of the Koran and of the Sonna, cleansed of all latter-day innovations and heresies. They simply advocate a return to the Koran, to early Sufism . . . and to the "Imamat."

And there's the rub . . . in the very meaning of the word Imamat. For under it Muslim theology understands nothing less than a theocracy embracing all True Believers, a pan-Islamic theocracy; and since the establishment of the Imamat is the third great demand of the Senussyehs, Pan-Islam is really their gigantic and splendid ambition. Therefore we can understand why not only the secular Governments of established Muslim dynasties, but also those European countries who have Muslim subjects, are a little nervous when they hear the name Senussyehs.

Yet the Senussyehs wish for no violence, no bloodshed, no revolution. They are intelligent, slow, sincere and very peaceful, and to realize their ambitions they prefer to advance slowly, calmly and coldly, without evident force, without haste, without impatience . . . but also without compromises of any sort. They do not wish to engage in political duels or imbroglios with Muslim or Christian Governments. Their aims are high, but they only claim to be the thin end of the wedge . . . but a wedge made of unbreakable steel. They have no fear of war, for since they never soil their hands with revolts or intrigues, there is never any pretext for attacking them or invading their land.

They simply wish to regenerate Islam spiritually. They

work for the greater glory of Allah, and so, mildly and unobtrusively, they are building a barrier across Africa, from West to East . . . a little danger signal for the Christians.

They hold themselves aloof from all politics, I repeat; and yet they are reputed to be the most dangerous political factor, not only in Africa but throughout the entire Near East. Is there any justification for this reputation? Are the Turks, the Egyptians, the French and, in a minor degree, the British afraid of a bugaboo? I wonder. I cannot answer this question. I can only put down a few facts picked at random:

Everything has a religious object with the Senussiehs; Allah alone is their Master. They keep along the straight and simple line of the Koran, without violence, without deviations, without compromises. They never barter, they never agitate; they simply teach religious lessons, establish schools and lodges, and incidentally convert millions of pagan Africans to the faith of Islam.

They have no arsenals, no armies, in spite of the mad fairy tales of the panicky European press. They do not wish for war: They do not proclaim the Jihad.

In 1872, and at least three times since then, German emissaries tried to intrigue with the Sheykh-Senussieh, offering arms and ammunition, asking him to declare a Holy War against the French. But the German envoys never even saw the Sheykh face to face: they were kindly received and got a polite but forceful "No" for their answer.

During the Russo-Turkish War, the Sultan so far humbled himself as to implore their aid; but he received the same answer as the Germans.

So did the false Mahdi, he whom Kitchener smashed and punished. So did and still does the Mad Mullah of Somaliland; so did the Italians when they asked the help of the lodge to help them to undermine French prestige in Tunis, so did Arabi Pashah, and Kamal Pashah, and the Nationalist party of Egypt.

Thus the record of the lodge is clean, and it seems clear that the Imamatus which is their ambition does not countenance war. And yet the Colonial Secretaries of France and England and Italy are very nervous. They see a Senussieh intrigue at the back of every African revolt. But there are no proofs; there is



never a compromising letter found, never a secret agent arrested. Even the cleverest intelligence officers of France and England stand in front of a sphinx.

And the Senussyehs laugh and speak the truth: they disapprove of violence, and simply preach to every Muslim who has ears to listen; and they preach peaceful lessons about Allah's omnipotence and the greatness of Mohammad's Faith. How can such peaceful lessons contain the germs of intrigue and revolution? I am a guileless Oriental, and so I leave it to the all-knowing Christians to find the answer for this riddle.

The order has 64 affiliated lodges, and has itself nearly 200 zaouias, all directed from headquarters. Many Muslim travel there to see the Sheykh and they are all rigorously examined and questioned. Once in a while a Christian or a Jew finds his way to the capital of the Senussyeh lodge and is always well received, though he never seems to be able to find out what he came to find out. But that must be the fault of his own blindness.

The Senussyehs send delegates all over the world, peaceful men of learning who preach the Message of the Prophet. They call their territory el-Djouf, and the capital is now at Beled-el-Koufra, a fifteen days' ride from Ben-Ghazni.

They call their order the Trikat-el-Mohammedia, and all the members call each other brother. The lodge has four degrees. The highest degree is the degree of eminent science, called the mendjtehed, and their grand-master at present is the Sheykh Si Mohammad er-Rifi. All the mendjteheds are eminent savants and theologians. The second degree includes famous scholars, poets, and literati, all coming from Maghreb, Tunis and Algeria, and nearly all shareefs in rank. The third degree embraces all those other members of the lodge, Arabs, Touaregs, Berbers and a dozen other races, who know the Koran and who possess some scientific knowledge and some ideas of jurisprudence.

Like the Wahhabis, the Senussyehs do not smoke, their dissipation being tea and perfumes. There are no poor people amongst them, and they allow neither hermits, would-be saints nor filthy fakirs in their country. They love simple pleasures and, like most Orientals, adore good jokes and funny songs. They speak Tunisian Arabic, dress extremely well and often a

little foppishly in the Tunisian style, and trade with the Soudan, Egypt, Central Africa, and the Touat country.

Since the days of Livingstone they have rapidly spread Islam throughout Central Africa. Now they are working south, and the Christian missionary has absolutely no chance against them. They simply laugh and proceed with their work. They know that Africa is for Mohammad: even the sons of those negroes whom the English and American missionaries converted are to-day embracing Islam in ever-increasing numbers.

## GERMANY AND MILITARISM

OTTO D. TOLISCHUS

**G**ERMANY and militarism have become synonymous. They were never more so than since the last year.

For on the 30th of June, 1913, the German Reichstag passed, though only by a majority of one, the new armament bill, the rumor of which alone was sufficient to put the world in the greatest discomfort, cause hurried Cabinet meetings, secret conferences, and also a tremendous amount of vituperative literature.

To some extent the commotion was justified. The law is in many respects the most remarkable piece of legislation passed in Germany during the last few decades. It adds to the German army 136,000 men, officers and privates, making its peace strength 790,000 men. The total of the armed forces of Germany, including the sailors and marines, is thus raised to 870,000 men. Together with the reserves, Germany could soon put in the field in case of necessity—and without exhausting her total stock—a host of over 5,000,000 well-organized men, most of them trained soldiers.

In comparison with these tremendous figures, the increase seems small; but still it equals the whole army and navy of the United States. A better idea of what it means may be gained by translating it into dollars and cents. The mere establishment of this added force, which will be completed by 1916, involves an expenditure of about \$322,000,000.\* After this date its maintenance will add to the present military budget an annual amount of \$50,000,000.† And already claims are being made that these estimates are far too low.‡

But the extraordinary feature of this legislation lies not so much in the increase itself, remarkable as it is in a time of peace; rather it lies in the way in which the money is to be raised. Only shortly before this new expenditure was proposed, the Govern-

\* *Frankfurter Zeitung*, March 29, 1913.

† *Zeitschrift für die gesamte Staatswissenschaft*, Jan. 14.

‡ *Annalen für soziale Politik, und Gesetzgebung*, Jan. 14.

ment had failed to float a loan of \$100,000,000 in Prussian treasury notes. It is true that this failure was largely due to the unfavorable market conditions in the beginning of last year, and not to a serious impairment of the Government's credit; yet a similar fate threatened any new attempts to borrow. In consequence some very drastic measures were proposed and enacted—measures which heretofore found their only justification in the exigencies of war.

About \$250,000,000 of the initial expenditure of \$322,000,000 are to be raised by a special non-recurring levy upon fortunes and incomes. Fortunes above \$2,500 are to be taxed at a rate varying from .15 per cent. for the lowest to 1.5 per cent. for those above \$5,000,000. If, however, the income is less than \$1,000, or less than \$500, the taxable limit for fortunes is to be raised to \$7,500 and \$12,500, respectively. People drawing incomes above \$1,250 from other sources than fortunes will have to pay from 1 to 8 per cent. of it toward the same fund. If besides their income they also enjoy a fortune that is subject to the tax, the exemption for incomes will be reduced to \$250, though 5 per cent. of that fortune will be deducted in the estimate, to allow for a normal return from it. The desire of the Government is to distinguish between incomes arising from fortunes, and from other sources, to avoid a double tax first on the fortune itself and then also on the income therefrom.

There are no exemptions from this general levy. Even the princes and reigning houses of Germany, whom the constitution exempts from taxation, will have to give up a like proportion of their fortunes and allowances. The Kaiser, for instance, will have to contribute nearly \$1,000,000, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, one of the richest men in Germany, will have to pay from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. The "mark millionaire," of whom there are many thousands in Germany, will pay on his \$250,000 fortune a tax of \$1,775 if he enjoys an income of \$25,000 a year. But even the salaried clerk will have to sacrifice at least \$12.50.

The rest of this initial expense—about \$72,000,000—is to be raised from the surplus of the budget of 1912, by stamp and inheritance taxes, and by the resources of former budget schemes.

The most notable of the latter is to continue the high sugar duty until 1916, instead of terminating it now, as was intended.

About \$15,000,000 of this levy will be put away in gold in the famous Julius Tower at Spandau, which harbors the war-chest of Germany. After this addition it will amount to about \$50,000,000.

The bulk of the additional annual maintenance expenses of \$50,000,000 is to be met by a new property-increment tax. The increment is to be determined every three years, with the state of the property on January 1, 1914, as a basis. Increments of less than \$2,500 and fortunes below \$5,000 are exempted from this tax. The rates are graduated, beginning with .75 per cent. on increments below \$12,500, and going up to 1.5 per cent. for those above \$250,000. Moreover, the inheritance and stamp tax laws are to be revised, and the budget is to be rearranged with a view to meeting the added expense. A remarkable piece of legislation, indeed,—remarkable also in so far as it marks a departure from a set policy of the Empire, and of most federal states, namely that of raising the needed revenues of the central Government by indirect taxation, leaving direct taxes to the individual states.

All these figures mean but little, however, unless compared with some other statistics pertaining to Germany. In 1888 Germany maintained 491,000 men with \$165,000,000. By 1908 her army had grown to 620,000 men, and her military expenditure to \$370,000,000. Her total expenditure in the same year amounted to \$436,000,000. For non-military purposes she thus spent but \$66,000,000. It is true, however, that the individual states which make up the German Empire have also great non-military expenditures. Including these, the total non-military expenditures of all the Governments of Germany in 1908 amounted to about \$400,000,000, or somewhat more than the military expenses.

On the other hand, to the actual expense of maintaining the armed force must be added the potential earnings of almost 700,000 men, who for two years are taken out of all productive activity. This loss in wages amounted to about \$150,000,000 a year. The total cost of the military establishment in 1908 is

thus raised to \$520,000,000. This is \$120,000,000 more than the most paternal government in the world spent for the benefit of its citizens. It is more than half the annual savings of the German people. It exacted from them in actual taxes \$6 per capita a year, and, including the loss in wages, it involved an annual loss of \$9 per capita. It represents the four per cent. interest charge on an investment of \$13,000,000,000. Since that time the military expenditures have been increased, especially in 1912, and now is superadded this new tremendous burden.

## II

We may well ask why such an enormous expenditure is tolerated, why it is made, and why it is still increased? In other words, what is the basis of militarism?

In introducing the new bill in the Reichstag the Imperial Chancellor announced that "by reason of the events which are taking place in the Balkans, the balance of European power has been shifted." This shifting is explained as follows:

In consequence of her smashing defeat, Turkey has been eliminated as an active military power, if not as a source of trouble. In her stead, several other powerful states have emerged from the turmoil, nursing an ambitious spirit of Pan-Slavism, which looks forward toward the ultimate union of all Slavic nations. Both of these factors redound to the advantage of Russia, the ally of France.

The Triple Alliance, on the other hand, has suffered. Austria-Hungary has been greatly weakened in her military efficiency; for the presence of powerful Slavic states on her eastern border necessitates a division of her military forces. Likewise her relations with Russia have become more complex. A similar situation prevails in regard to Italy, though for another reason. Her occupation of Tripoli will not only divide her army, but will also make her interests more akin to those of France than of Germany, not to speak of her ancient enemy, Austria-Hungary.

Considering the inherently opposed interests of Russia and Austria-Hungary, and the consequent hostility of Russia toward Germany, because of the latter's pledged support to her ally, as exemplified in the Bosnia-Herzegovina incident a few years ago;

considering the still active spirit of "Revanche" in France; and lastly, taking account of the natural jealousy of Great Britain, because of Germany's growing commerce; in none of which relations a betterment has come about; the reasoning of the German statesmen as to the effects of the Balkan wars is not entirely without foundation. The "balance of power in Europe" has been shifted, and shifted to the disadvantage of Germany.

But what is this mystic and mythical "Balance of Power"? Since the Middle Ages it has been the chief concern of the rulers of Europe. Each one seemed to think that the question was not settled until he had the biggest army, and, later, the biggest navy, too. Neither ruin nor slaughter was able to establish this balance, and never will. Meanwhile, Europe continues to strive for it (as the traveller in the desert strives after the "Fata Morgana"), and groans under excessive armaments.

Before the increase the power of Europe was distributed as follows:

Taking Great Britain's land forces as 10, Russia had a fighting strength 51.4. France's proportion was 29.7, making the combined strength of two countries, bordering on Germany, unfriendly to her, and in alliance with each other, 81.1.

On the same basis Germany presented a fighting strength of 32.8; Austria-Hungary, of 18.9; and Italy, of 12.8. This makes the total of the Triple Alliance 64.5, which means a ratio between the opposing combinations of 5 to 4.

The increase in Germany has scarcely brought any change in this ratio, for the other countries have immediately followed suit. France has voted to raise \$100,000,000 and to add 183,000 men to the peace strength of her army, making the total 750,000 men. Russia has added to her army 75,000 men, and thus raised the peace strength to 1,280,000. Austria, on the other hand, added only 58,000 men, and Italy none at all. Besides, it is also necessary to consider the disabilities of Austria and Italy mentioned above, which are by no means offset by Russia's interest in Asia. Even after the increase, therefore, Germany with her allies is greatly overshadowed by the "Entente."

The significance of this situation to Germany is easily seen,

if we consider the position which she holds in the economy of Europe.

Germany has about 66,000,000 people, crowded in a territory three-fourths the size of Texas. This population is increasing at the rate of over 800,000 annually, and emigration has practically stopped. In comparison with the United States she is ten times as thickly populated. Her wealth amounts to about \$80,000,000,000, and is second only to that of the United States. The per capita wealth is slightly higher in France and Great Britain, but the populations of the latter two countries are smaller by 25,000,000 and 20,000,000 respectively. Germany handles over ten per cent. of the world's shipping, and her foreign commerce is the second largest in the world. The figures of the three highest countries for 1912 are:

Great Britain .....	\$5,550,000,000
Germany .....	3,960,000,000
United States .....	3,300,000,000

Yet Germany is not a self-sustaining country. Two-thirds of her population are employed in industrial pursuits, and are therefore largely dependent upon foreign food supply. Her shipping and her foreign trade provide daily bread for almost as many people as do Great Britain's over-sea connections. Any serious disturbance of these interests spells ruin to her commercial stability, and famine to her people. The fact that Great Britain, for instance, is still more dependent upon foreign resources does not alter the precarious position of Germany. It is true that Germany could get food from sources which might not be accessible to Great Britain except by virtue of her navy. In case of a successful blockade of either country, Great Britain would be the greater loser proportionately, but scarcely in total. If 20,000,000 people were starving because of lack of food, or because of inability to buy it on account of industrial suspension, it would matter little whether they formed one-half of the population of Great Britain, or only one-third of that of Germany,—they still would be starving.

An additional danger to Germany is her bad strategic position. She is located in the centre of Europe. On her eastern



border is mighty frowning Russia, on her western, revengeful France. Both nations are in alliance with each other and but a few hours' ride from her very heart. But, worse than that, her shipping, so necessary to her existence, must pass through the straits of Dover, under the very guns of the largest navy in the world, twice the strength of her own, and in the hands of her keenest commercial rival, who is losing out in the race.

Weighing the above factors candidly—Germany's population, wealth, and foreign interests, and then her dependence upon foreign resources, and her precarious strategic position—one must wonder whether even now Germany's protection is adequate. Assuming the theory of armaments to be correct, it is obvious that if a nation spends money on armaments at all it should make these armaments adequate, or abolish them entirely. Otherwise, they will prove but expensive provocatives of war.

So far, each nation has been its own judge as to what armaments it needed. Until recently Great Britain maintained that the "Two Power" standard for her navy was adequate, and not excessive, and demanded of the world to accept that as a truism, regarding every doubter as a disturber of the peace. When Germany, at the beginning of her naval programme, declared that her shipping interests demanded that the "German navy must be so powerful as to make it inexpedient and impolitic for the greatest naval state to incur war with her," her modest aim was denounced as the greatest impudence.

It is undoubtedly true that the presence of a great fighting machine provokes jingoistic ambitions, and makes diplomatic adjustments more difficult. But it is just as true that as long as one country maintains armaments, other nations must follow suit in proportion to the risk to which their interests are exposed by reason of these armaments. In a community where one's neighbors carry guns, and are not reluctant to back up their claims to a certain share in the profits of the community, it would be folly to make similar claims without similar arguments.

When Germany first began to look abroad for new resources for her rapidly growing population, which she no longer could sustain, she found the world already divided between the great nations of the earth; and when by necessity she began slowly but

surely to crowd the commercial interests of these nations in what they considered their own territory, her advent was greeted as is that of any newcomer—first with scorn, then with threats, then with impotent denunciations. And when, to secure her position, and to counteract these attacks, she too began to arm extensively, none of the other nations were willing to abandon their lead. In consequence, all Europe has been in a delirious war fever ever since her appearance as a world Power, squandering money on armaments at the rate of \$1,500,000,000 a year. It is unjust as well as foolish to blame one nation for it, when it acts only according to the exigencies of the situation.

As long as war is possible, and even probable, a good army is no more expensive than a poor one. Germany maintains over 800,000 men at a cost of about \$400,000,000 annually, while the United States spends for somewhat over 100,000 men, \$460,000,000.\* About \$150,000,000 of this money is expended in pensions, which would be negligible had the United States been able to put a trained and efficient army in the field in 1846, 1861, and 1898. And that is not counting the misery, and the suffering, and the loss of human life, which a trained organization would have prevented.

There exists an impression in this country that large armaments in Germany are the sole productions of the Kaiser, and that other executives in other countries follow his example. The picturesque figure of the present emperor lends color to this statement. But it must be remembered that high armaments were in vogue before he ascended the throne, and that it has been his policy to maintain peace, armed though it was. Nor could he long maintain a militaristic policy without some support from the people.

Another charge is that the manufacturers of armaments are responsible for large military establishments. There is more truth to that. It is to the interest of the manufacturer to provide a market for his goods, and how can a manufacturer of armaments secure a better market than by keeping alive the spirit of war, and rousing patriotism to fever heat, so that people are willing to make all kinds of contributions to his pocket? Denun-


\* *World's Work*, June, 1913.

ciations of one nation by another in the jingoistic press, which is often supported by an international, if tacit, agreement between the armament interests; and subterranean connections between the war office and the armament factory, as revealed in the recent Krupp scandal in Germany—these are some of the means employed toward that end.

But it is exceedingly erroneous to suppose that these interests are solely responsible for the toleration of armaments. In an enlightened country, neither the Government nor special interests can ultimately prevail against an aroused public opinion. If we look for the reasons, therefore, which make the army acceptable to the German people, as distinguished from their Government, we must look in different directions than tyranny. For the army as an institution *is* acceptable to them, though they may wish to confine it to proper limits. Even the majority of the Socialistic voters oppose the Government not so much because of its military policy, but because of its economic policy.

The prime factor which reconciles the bulk of the German people to the large expenditure for armaments is naturally the conviction that their safety demands it. There is a certain sense of security in having weapons equal to those of your rivals. Moreover, for many generations the majority of the German people have themselves served in the army, until army rule has become a part of their constitution. They have transferred to their private life not only the strict discipline and veneration for authority which are the basis of the army, but have even cultivated a certain love for, and pride in, the army, comparable to the feeling of college alumni for the place of their instruction.

For to a great many the army is more than a mere drilling place in the art of shooting down people. To the lower classes, especially to those from agricultural districts, it provides an excellent schooling in the common branches of knowledge, which they might have forgotten since their school days. There are no illiterates in the German army, though it is recruited from rather heterogeneous classes of society. It also teaches them hygiene and the value of physical exercise, to say nothing of the better deportment which is a necessary consequence. To a people inclined by nature to be rather leisurely, and devoted to the less



strenuous diversions, such a severe physical training as the army requires for its purposes is of no little importance. To a large extent it replaces the baseball, football and other games so eagerly practised in this country.

In defence of the army may also be offered the argument that it produces a nation accustomed to rules and regulations, and possessing a deep respect for law—qualities which tend to produce social efficiency, and are necessary to a much higher degree in a densely populated country than in a country where a greater area for each individual permits a better expression of the individualistic faculties. It is doubtful whether without such discipline schemes as socialistic as universal insurance and Government ownership of public utilities, and even of productive agencies, could be carried through to the extent and with the success that they are in Germany. For the sake of this social efficiency, many are willing to forgo even some of their personal comforts and liberties.

There is thus a slight recompense to the people for the tremendous expenditure, but this recompense becomes insignificant when compared with what might be accomplished with the same means. It would not cost any more to send the whole army to college than it does to maintain them in arms. A college, moreover, is eminently better suited to teach social efficiency than an army, where the greatest stress is laid upon destructive work. Besides, the ugly effects of military training would be avoided.

These ugly effects are by no means negligible. The very discipline of the army, so often carried to extremes by overbearing subalterns, tends to stifle entirely individual initiative, and produces a race of people who sacrifice their independence and their self-respect to a dying veneration of authority. By this military training alone can be explained the wilful subjection to an autocratic, if benevolent, Government—a subjection which looks so queer to a candid observer, and forfeits the Germans much of that respect abroad which is due to their achievements. The Germans of to-day are indeed far from those of their ancestors of whom Cæsar wrote, "*quod a pueris nullo officio aut disciplina adsuefacti nihil omnino contra voluntatem faciunt.*" Nor is this subjection rendered less offensive because the authority is

wielded wisely, and restricts personal liberty in many instances to an even less extent than happens in the United States. Though social efficiency may offer a good reason for a benevolent autocracy, yet the submersion of individual initiative is bound to react on the society as a whole, and rob it of its most valuable stimulant to progress.

It cannot be said that the Germans are by nature a slavish people. On the contrary, if aroused, and conscious of this subjection, they are as fervid in their denunciations of it, and as determined in their resistance to it, as any. The great agitation which pervaded Germany because of the "sabre rule" in Zabern is a good illustration of this trait in their character. Unfortunately, however, their training is thorough enough to make these conscious moments few, and the results of them but temporary.

But aside from this negative result of military training, there is a positive one, just as offensive, and more dangerous—jingoism. It is true that jingoism pervades even such non-military countries as the United States, and there finds lodging in almost all classes of society; but this jingoism is mostly harmless and the result more of ignorance than of a premeditated policy. In Germany, on the other hand, jingoism is usually confined to the necessarily narrow-minded military classes, and is carefully fostered in the army by the authorities. In a soldier, indeed, the desire for fighting and killing is the supreme virtue.

This jingoism receives its ugliest manifestation in the words and bearing of the officers, particularly of the younger ones. It offers them a wide field for the exercise of youthful exuberance. Supreme contempt for the mere civilian, and a ludicrous formality in their intercourse with each other, designed to promote a sense of their superior dignity, are among the chief characteristics, if not of all, yet of the majority of the German army officers. Lieutenant von Forstner, the originator of the Zabern affair, was perfectly sincere in his plea of self-defence; for had the cobbler been able to deal him but one blow, he would have been, according to all military honor codes, disgraced for life. He, just as many others, was simply the victim of a perverse system of education.

Yet these officers are more to be pitied than censured.



Scarcely one of them enters the army from ulterior motives: they are the worst-paid people in Germany. A lieutenant starts with \$300 a year, and after twelve years' service he receives the magnificent sum of \$600 a year. When he finally becomes a captain, after an average of about fifteen years' service, his salary is raised to \$850 a year, and after an additional nine years he may get as high as \$1,275. Even a commanding general receives but \$3,495. The little additional allowance which they receive for travelling, horses, house rent, &c., is scarcely worth mentioning. Most of them support themselves from private sources.

In a sense, therefore, they are martyrs in the service of the fatherland, and are so regarded. As such they command the highest social position in Germany. A uniform is there the best recommendation in all society circles. The same is true to a certain extent of the private, for his social strata. But whether officer or private, both make good use of their distinguished station. The private's first concern after enrollment is to secure a sweetheart who is at the same time a cook in preferably the best kitchen in town, in order that he may easily supplement his meagre barrack fare. In a similar manner, the poorer officer is anxious to secure some rich brewer's daughter with an ample dowry, in order that he may supplement his own meagre earnings with his wife's income. In fact, there exists an army regulation which prohibits the officers from marrying unless they themselves or their prospective brides possess a fortune sufficient to maintain them in an appropriate fashion. And neither officer nor private has any difficulty in accomplishing his object. Both are welcomed with open arms.

It is a fact, however, that no one is more likely properly to appreciate the self-sacrifice of a martyr than the martyr himself. On the same principle, the sincere conviction that they are not serving for money's sake, but for the supposed good of the community, raises the officers in their own estimation far above the common herd who are chasing after the dollar (or mark), and makes them self-righteous, proud, and arrogant. Social position becomes a part of their regular remuneration, and who can blame them for making the most of it? There is in every one of us a certain sense of self-importance, which in other coun-

tries is stifled by the knowledge that public display of it gets nothing but severe condemnation. In Germany this sense is nursed by official, and, to a large extent, private appreciation of its benefits.

### III

No one can reflect upon the above facts without coming to the conclusion that militarism is not the product of individual perversity, but of a perverse system. To abolish it, mankind must abolish the conditions which necessitate it. That the present madness cannot continue much longer without bringing ruin to some country, is also clear. The fight against militarism, and all that it implies, is gaining more and more ground among a burdened and suffering people; and discontent with it, and a growth of the finer sentiments in human nature, must finally overwhelm the advocates of slaughter and of ravage.

In the past, wars were mostly waged for the sake of religious sentiment, or the gratification of personal ambition. To-day, we have become more enlightened, and no longer kill in order to spread the gospel of love, nor do we allow individuals to lead great nations to slaughter. But with this enlightenment we have also lost the romance and the thrilling personal element which make war so attractive in books. To-day the game is played for dollars and cents. Behind the armies stands modern capital, cold-blooded and calculating, pushing the figure-heads in control of the armies hither and thither on the chess board of this globe, wherever they may bring the greatest return. It is capital above all else which stands in the way of peaceful settlement of international disputes; which demands the maintenance of large armies, and thus renders national feelings liable to outbursts even beyond its own control.

As long as capital receives the backing of the Governments of this earth in their foreign adventures, no hope for peace can be entertained. Judicial settlements between nations may work for minor difficulties, but they must ever prove futile where the capitalistic interests of two nationalities seriously clash. Besides, a judicial court can act but according to law, and what body of

men could promulgate laws which would take account of the changing relations between nations as to their population, wealth, and other developments? To maintain forever the status quo would be ranker injustice than war. As regards the limitation of armaments by agreement between nations, unequal in every respect, this is just as futile. At best it can be but a temporizing measure, for there is not and cannot be a common basis for apportioning armaments among nations. Wealth and population are not competent factors, and the present proportion is neither just, nor takes account of future developments.

Any attempt to settle international disputes peacefully must therefore be preceded by a divorce of government and capital, at least as far as capitalistic foreign ventures are concerned. Only when the Governments of this earth shall refuse to give armed support to greedy individuals who would enslave peoples for profits; only when they shall agree to treat all nations on equal terms in the trade of this world, and shall permit each one to develop to the best of her ability—only then will judicial settlement become practical in cases of discrimination, and an international police force in the hands of such a court, a sufficient guarantee for order and safety in all parts of this globe. The only other alternative is international socialism—the elimination of capitalistic and nationalistic interests, and the broadening of the selfish kind of patriotism—or unyielding support of that country in which one happens to be born—to an all-inclusive conception of the brotherhood of men.

To bring about either of these conditions, the next generation must be educated on broader principles than mere local, or even racial, self-congratulation. Toward that end, the public school will have to teach the truth about the economic influences on national policies, in order that the pupils may look about themselves with some degree of intelligence, and perceive the essential similarity of the aspirations of all nations; and the Church will have to go back to the discarded doctrines of the great Nazarene, and teach love and compassion for all men, instead of praying to God that He may help one nation to cheat and kill another.



## SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE POPULAR MIND

HORACE J. BRIDGES

**B**Y comparing the two addresses to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered in 1912 and 1913, by Sir Ernest Schaefer and Sir Oliver Lodge respectively, an interesting and fairly accurate impression can be obtained of the two main conflicting streams of tendency in contemporary thought, both popular and specialist. Professor Schaefer's discourse represented what may be described, with approximate adequacy, as the materialistic standpoint. Life is for him reducible to the functioning of physical elements in terms of chemical law. Death is but the closing of a cycle of chemical changes in a material organism; it is strictly and exclusively a physiological process. From such a summation of the course of terrestrial life, the idea of personal survival of the death of the body is inevitably excluded. If a man's life expresses only the sum of his bodily functions, it is of course a contradiction in terms to assert that it can survive them, or exist independently of them.

Such is the conclusion hazily, or lazily, adopted by a multitude of people at the present day. Another multitude, however, reluctant either to accept this conclusion or to assail the process of reasoning from which it emerges, find consolation in the vague and speculative utterances of such teachers as the 1913 President of the British Association. The interesting point about the teaching of Professor Schaefer and that of Sir Oliver Lodge, is that they both seem to accept the same presuppositions. Both start by taking for granted the independent reality of the objective world of the senses. Both assume that the data of the physical sciences are absolute and verified, rather than hypothetical and empirical; neither seems to allow for any such criticism as that of the philosophical idealists, which starts from the fact of consciousness as the only unquestionable reality, and reduces the world of sight and sound, of touch and taste, of heat, cold, and color, to a series of modifications of consciousness, whose existence consists in their being perceived.

Thus Sir Oliver Lodge, although his faith admittedly transcends what is at present verifiable by the methods of science, nevertheless expressly holds that his belief in personal "continuity" will ultimately be susceptible of experimental proof. He does not impugn the validity of the working assumptions of the laboratory. The occult, he tells us, is only the manifestation of law hitherto unformulated. The phenomena of psychical research, the manifestations of the spiritualistic *séance*, are to furnish the data of a future science, which presumably will be analogous in its methods and canons of induction to that same science of physics of which he is an acknowledged master; an extension of the kind of experiments with which we are to-day familiar in laboratories of experimental psychology.

All this, as I have said, derives its interest from the fact that it accurately reflects the thought-processes and the bent of will of the average man. From the days of Darwin and Huxley until now, that interesting personage, cut adrift from the anchorage of his hereditary faith, has been, not voyaging, but drifting "through strange seas of thought alone." Of England, perhaps more truly than of America, it may be said that metaphysics—the criticism of knowledge and of the conditions of knowledge—is still caviare to the general. England is passing through a phase, not of universal education, but of universal half-education; a phase in which a little knowledge is mistaken for much, and in which, accordingly, those who have sloughed off the bonds of an obsolete dogmatism readily embrace a new and counter-dogmatism, under the impression that they have attained to complete freedom from all dogma.

The fashionable catchword of the day (I am still speaking more especially of England) is Evolution. Despite the explicit and reiterated warnings of the great pioneers of the "Development Hypothesis," this term has suffered the fate common to philosophic language when popularized. Huxley once said that a new generation, brought up on the principles of the *Origin of Species*, would be in danger of accepting its main doctrines "with as little reflection, and it may be with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries rejected them." To-day is this scripture fulfilled in our ears. The more intelligent of the

artisans and the lower middle classes of England (that is, the only classes who really attempt to do their thinking for themselves) to-day use such words as evolution, determinism, heredity and environment, as familiarly, as confidently, and well-nigh as unintelligently as their grandfathers talked of heaven and hell, of predestination, election and justification.

Lord Morley, many years ago, in his celebrated essay *On Compromise*, defined evolution in a sentence which every man who uses the term ought to learn by heart and to ponder diligently. "Evolution," said Lord Morley, "is not a force, but a process; not a cause, but a law." It is, in other words, like every law of nature, neither a force causing things to happen, nor an explanation of why they happen. It is simply a convenient summary of the way in which changes in nature are observed to come about. To say, then, that one believes in evolution is only to say that one believes the present state of the universe to be a development from its previous states, brought about by virtue of forces contained within itself, and not of forces impinging upon it from without.

The practice of opposing evolution to creation as an explanation of existence, is in itself clear evidence of the common misapprehension which we are considering. The world, and all that therein is, may conceivably be both created and evolving. Those who believe, for example, in an immanent God may perfectly well maintain, without any self-contradiction, that their God is associated with the universe as closely and indissolubly as a living man's mind with his body. He may be creating it progressively from within, and his method may be precisely that gradual progression of interdependent changes which modern science epitomizes in the concept of evolution.

This is, at least, a tenable position. I do not defend it; but the mere fact that it can consistently be held disposes of the pseudo-scientific and pseudo-philosophic notion that evolution is itself a force or a cause.

But the average man's fallacy does not end here. Having made his hypostatized abstraction, "Evolution," into a force, he proceeds to turn it into a good fairy, by assuming that the succession of changes, which it coercively effects, are invariably

changes for the better. Progress, he would say, is the law of life; and by progress he means amelioration, effected by the stars in their courses and by the imaginary "eternal laws of iron" at work around us. He ends by holding implicitly, if not explicitly, that this beneficent force of evolution, which has pushed on from the ape to the archbishop, will not cease its activity until it has transmogrified the archbishop into the archangel.

This doctrine of materialistic fatalism (minus the optimism, which the average man either supplies for himself or gets from teachers whose grasp of the subject is scarcely more discriminating than his own), has been disseminated among thousands, especially of the working classes, by a popular book which has had a worldwide influence, and has weighed more with the general reading public in England than even in its native land, Germany. I refer to Professor Ernst Haeckel's well-known work, called *Die Welträtsel*. The publisher of the English translation of this book recently told me that he had sold over a quarter of a million copies of it in England and the British Colonies, of which the vast majority had been circulated in England. I understand that (thanks to the taxes on knowledge, by which cheap literature, both good and bad, is excluded from this country) the work cannot be purchased in America for less than a dollar; but in England an excellently printed and complete edition of the same translation is obtainable everywhere at retail for nine cents. I do not hesitate to say that, although Sir Oliver Lodge did not mention it in his presidential address, he had this book in mind throughout. He has more than once attacked it, and has engaged in controversy with Haeckel's highly successful and popularly gifted English translator, Mr. Joseph McCabe. Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse was in substance an attempted refutation of dogmas confidently and repeatedly uttered by Professor Haeckel, though, of course, in no wise original with him or peculiar to him. No philosophical student would think the book deserving of attention save for its vogue, and for the truth emphasized by Paulsen, that "an age is characterized rather by the books it reads than by those it writes."

Haeckel's book, *The Riddle of the Universe* (as the English translator somewhat misleadingly names it), professes to be a

philosophical treatise. The sub-title of the original work is *Gemeinverständliche Studien über monistische Philosophie*, although this sub-title is for some reason omitted from the English version. I emphasize the point that Haeckel, in this work, professes to speak as a philosopher, because his apologists are commonly apt, like himself, to speak with contempt of philosophy, which they seem to regard as an obstruction to the free activity of the human mind, and as in some way subservient to theological dogmas and hostile to free thought and scientific progress. Of course, the fact is that we cannot escape from philosophy and metaphysics, if we attempt in any way to systematize our thinking. As Bradley points out in the brilliant introduction to his *Appearance and Reality*, our choice is not between metaphysics and no metaphysics, but only between good metaphysics and bad. And Haeckel is, on his own showing, not merely a man of science, but, to use Bradley's phrase, "a brother metaphysician, with a rival theory of first principles."

Haeckel's translator, in a preface, says of him that he is not a materialist. I do not question the good faith of the assertion, because there are sentences in Haeckel which are susceptible of a non-materialistic interpretation. Indeed, every possible theory of the relation of thought to being crops up in his chapters, the author apparently being quite unconscious of his transitions from one position to another. Philosophically, he is everything by turns and nothing long. A careful study of his work, however, shows that, although his argument is a hopeless tangle of self-contradictory dogmatism, yet, if he is anything at all, he is a materialist. He says in so many words that consciousness is nothing but "a particular phenomenal form of matter and energy"; and by "energy" he means only that same energy which is manifested in physical cohesion, in gravitation, in light and heat. The most curious of Haeckel's confusions of thought is his serene identification of subject with object, of consciousness with that which consciousness beholds. He seems, at times, by his identification of mind with the energy of the outward world, to be at the verge of a pantheistic idealism, which would assert that mind is the one and only ultimate reality; he calls his "monism" the purest monotheism; but his main stress is on the oft-



reiterated doctrine that body is the only reality, and mind but a transient epiphenomenon. He confidently and dogmatically denies that the mind does, or can, survive the death of the body; and this because mind is a function of body, like respiration or digestion. Of psychology he speaks in terms of the utmost contempt, yet in a fashion to make one doubt whether he has even read the leading works on that most progressive science which have appeared in the last thirty years. His general attitude toward the seven world-riddles, of which he professes to offer either a solution or an indication of the direction in which solutions will finally be reached, is like that of a man, born blind and deaf, attempting to treat of the music of Bach or Beethoven. He "solves" his problems by the ready and easy method of denying their existence. Thus, he disposes of the origin of motion by telling us that motion is an original property of matter; i. e., there is nothing to explain, no riddle to solve. In the like facile fashion, he gets rid of the problem of the origin of life, by saying, alternately and inconsistently, first, that it arises spontaneously at a certain assignable stage of inorganic evolution, and later—with a queer reversion to the semi-poetic doctrine of Empedocles—that the distinctive attributes of life, sensation and conation, are to be ascribed to the ultimate atoms of matter throughout the inorganic as well as the organic world. Paulsen, in a crushing criticism of *Die Welträtsel*, declares quite truly that Haeckel can see no problems, but "nur bereite Lösungen." And he justly adds, "Wer keine Probleme sehen kann, der taugt nicht zum Philosophen."

The reason for the popularity of Haeckel's work, despite the fact that it deals with matters remote from the first-hand knowledge and experience of the majority of its readers, is not hard to find. In the first place, its tone of confident and complacent certitude makes it congenial to the dogmatist that each of us carries within him. Secondly, despite its parade, not only of ordinary scientific jargon, but of a cloud of new and hideous terms under which Professor Haeckel seeks to conceal the poverty of his thought, the book is exceedingly easy to read and understand. It imposes no serious tax on the mental energies of the "general reader." It is precisely its facility and lucidity which render the

book a real source of danger to popular culture. The fundamental problems of life and destiny are talked around at length; and, because its author has not "approfondi les choses," the layman in reading the book gets an entirely false feeling of having learned something. It is as though one should read a popularly written description, let us say, of the methods used in surgical operations or of the use of high-power electrical machinery, and should proceed, on the strength of this reading, without any experimental drill in surgery or electricity, to perform operations, or to handle dynamos and batteries. The lay reader, by his ready faith in the wisdom and competence of his guide, is made not whole, but more dangerously sick than before—because satisfied with his condition and oblivious to his glaring deficiencies. The English translation of *Die Welträtsel* thoughtfully provides a glossary, in which the current jargon of biology and the kindred sciences, as well as the terms of Haeckel's own coinage, are explained to the uninstructed reader. The total effect of the reading of this book and of attending expository lectures by the disciples of Dr. Haeckel, is, as I have observed in hundreds of concrete cases, to produce just that "false conceit of wisdom" against which the life of Socrates was one long protest.

The point to be remarked about this new cult of materialistic fatalism is that, although it labels itself scientific and philosophic, it has really no philosophy and exceedingly little science. Its adherents are precisely as dogmatic as the members of the Salvation Army, or the Society of Jesus; and, like the latter, they repose their entire faith upon authority. For them there is no God but Evolution, and Haeckel is his prophet.

Now, in so far as Sir Oliver Lodge's recent discourse is a protest against dogmatism, and against the rash, premature, and indefensible positions of Haeckel and his school, it is heartily to be commended. But unfortunately the backwardness of popular culture in England has produced more than one school of neo-dogmatists; and there are many indications in this British Association address, and in other published utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge, that he, like Haeckel, is only the leader of a new dogmatic school. Just as one class of amateur thinkers seems to delight in propounding the mystical dogma that mind is at bottom

body, and is therefore necessarily incapable of independent existence, so another and an even more numerous assemblage affirms as an article of faith the equally hypothetical and unverifiable assertion that finite minds can and do survive and function, independently of physiological correlatives. These are they who find in Sir Oliver Lodge their ideal spokesman and encourager.

Whoever is familiar with the tactics of the commonplace apologists of orthodox theology and of such modern cults as Spiritualism, must be aware of the use that is always made of such pronouncements as Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse. He speaks with comparative caution and hesitancy, as befits a man trained to the high accuracy necessary for scientific investigation; but he will be quoted—and he must know by experience that he will be quoted—as going much further than he really does, in the direction both of commonplace theology and of spiritistic occultism. His qualified propositions will be converted into unqualified assertions; his notes of interrogation will be removed; his animadversions on the *present* inability of science to resolve certain questions, will be perverted into timeless generalizations. Even without such modifications, however, Sir Oliver's teaching goes sufficiently far beyond the limits of the verified, to serve admirably the purposes of obscurantism.

Take, for example, his question-begging analogy between our observation of the world, and that of an imaginary observer of the works of men who could not see man himself, or arrive at any direct contact with human mind and purpose. It overlooks a criticism of the design argument, which is almost as old and quite as obvious as that argument itself. We infer design in the works of man, because we know the ends those works are meant to attain, and also because we contrast them in thought with other things which we assume to be undesigned. We cannot rationally think of design in regard to the totality of things, first because we have no glimmer of a conception of an end which the universe as a whole is to attain, and second, because no term of partial mode can be of universal application. The hackneyed illustration of Paley, about the watch found on an uninhabited island, exactly expresses the difficulty. If you find a watch under such circumstances you are justified in supposing it designed, be-



cause you know what a watch is for; but in the very terms of the supposition, you single out the watch as designed by contrast with the rocks and the trees, which you implicitly assume to be not designed.

And then as regards Sir Oliver Lodge's notorious leaning to spiritism,—he here displays a readiness to accept wholly unconvincing evidence, which in a man of his scientific attainments is almost weird. The whole apparatus of communications from disembodied spirits, which never reveal anything not known or knowable through the normal channels of the senses—those letters from the mighty dead, which if genuine would be a melancholy proof of the deterioration in quality and capacity which the mind of man undergoes after death—what are these things worth as evidence of the presence and activity of minds untrammelled by the "muddy vesture of decay" through which in this life we act upon our fellows? It is one of the commonplaces of modern psychology, especially of abnormal psychology, that we are very far indeed from knowing the limits of mind and body, and of their powers. Until we know that a given activity is impossible to a person manifesting the phenomena of secondary or tertiary personality, how can we possibly assert that the communications of trance-bound mediums emanate not from their subliminal selves, but from minds outside of the spiritual organism of human society?

Sir Oliver Lodge is right in rejecting the cheap dogmatism of Professor Haeckel and his congeners. But he must grant to the rest of us an equal right to reject his own dogmatism, which is as unwarrantable, as rash, and as premature as that which he combats. The plain fact is that we do not know whether a man shall live again if he die. It is not impossible; nothing that we know from biology or any other science entitles us to say that it may not be so. Let biologists of the Schaefer school prove the continuity between chemical process and vital process as completely as they please, the argument of James's Ingersoll lecture on Immortality—that brain and body as organs of mind have only a transmissive and not a productive function—will still remain unanswered. But a bare possibility is a totally different thing from a certainty, or even a strong probability. And if,

leaving the familiar ground of the working hypotheses of science, we proceed by way of a criticism of knowledge and its conditions to the conclusion that mind is the ultimate reality of things, we still do not know but that it may be of the very nature of mind to manifest itself only through transitory self-consciousnesses, each indissolubly associated with that particular thought-form which we call the material body.

The outstanding lesson of the whole discussion is that, if we would be intellectually honest, we must get rid not only of this and that particular dogma, but of the *spirit* of dogmatizing. The right course on this question of the survival of death, for example, lies midway between the denials of the materialists and the affirmations of Sir Oliver Lodge, the late W. T. Stead, and the rest of our modern spiritists. It is that of suspended judgment. Where nothing is known, affirmation and the orientation of conduct toward a guess are both logically and morally illicit.

And, finally, we are left with a sense of the appalling need for a higher standard in what we call popular education. A nation whose people are the ready prey of any confident asserter is not an educated nation. With Boston and Chicago full of mediums, whose very existence testifies to the multitude of their dupes; with London and Paris swarming with palmists, crystal-gazers, and fortune-tellers, all driving a prosperous trade, how can we think that we live in a mentally progressive age? The truth is that, while the trammels and the blinkers of authority have been removed from us, we are as yet unequal to the task of self-direction, incapable of gazing steadfastly upon the full mid-day beam. A nation does not become scientific by reading popular books about science, nor philosophic by swallowing the oracles of self-constituted guides who do not know what the problems of philosophy are.

We need, urgently, a new popular literature to familiarize the non-specialist reading public with the profound questions that the greatest minds, from Plato downward, have labored in vain to solve. The materialist is contemptuous of philosophy, because its results are not reducible to terms of cash—because it does not give us telephones, or aeroplanes, or safety-razors. Yet it does what is better than all of these: it frees the mind from

smug self-satisfaction, it makes us aware of the mysteriousness of familiar things, and it gives that culture which makes a man know when he does not know, and refrain from asserting or assuming what neither he nor anyone else can prove. We are to-day between the Scylla and Charybdis of a supernaturalistic theology and a materialistic fatalism, both of which, to quote Bradley once more, "vanish like ghosts before the breath of free sceptical inquiry." The rudiments of science have become the property of the masses; let us give to them also the rudiments of philosophy, which, save to the innately deficient, are not more difficult to grasp, and are even more abidingly precious and helpful.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a sign of the times: a testimony to the change which has taken place in the popular mind, and an evidence of how much more yet remains to be done before we attain that general level of culture which can alone make democracy successful, or even permanently endurable.

## SOCIALISM AND INITIATIVE

DONALD B. ARMSTRONG

**“W**HY did you do it?” Select the last ten of your separate actions, at any one time; analyze, if you can, the reason for doing each of them; and if you are an average man in an average community (the average man works with his hands), the stimulus back of your act, the initiating force, will have been, in about nine out of ten instances, the decision you were compelled to make between doing the thing, or jeopardizing your income. The incentive is usually economic and the motive, either by choice or necessity, that of gain, even though the action may (or may not) be pleasurable.

It is an accepted principle that at any one time a single activating, driving force energizes the great majority of human beings. It is true that here and there motives vary from the normal or average, some being superior and others inferior in quality, and at any one time the characteristics of the leaders are a prophecy of what will eventually be average characteristics. However, this common force to-day is an economic one, and almost always has been so. This incentive is such as to stimulate to acquisitive action, ranging in degree from the lowest level of the struggle for less than the means of existence up to the highest reaches of the acquisitory stimulus, where physical necessity no longer supplies the initiative, but where the motive force is still *gain*.

Will socialism destroy initiative? Will it inhibit incentive? Its enemies offer an affirmative answer, and some of its friends waste good energy on negative rebuttals. Let us face the realities and let us have faith in the meaning of the greatest of epigrams in the history of the human race, given to the world by the greatest world character: “Know ye the truth and the truth shall make you free.”

What is the truth about socialism and initiative? Will it destroy modern, contemporary initiative? If by socialism is meant anything more than the most naïve of political formulæ, if one has any conception of the spiritual significance of the mod-

ern social programme,—the answer to the question is a simple one. It is not only to be devoutly hoped that social progress will destroy present-day incentive, but there is every glad assurance that such will be the inevitable outcome. Is modern incentive, an expression of the spirit of gain, born of materialistic standards, such a sacred thing? Is the pressure of economic necessity so noble an exponent of modern social and industrial life? No, there are conceivably higher stimuli; and it is only the exploiters and their beneficiaries who, either cynically and hypocritically or pseudo-religiously and unintelligently, worship this modern standard. Socialism, if applied at all idealistically, if freedom is given for proper expression to any of the spiritual values involved, will destroy modern initiative for several reasons.

In the first place, and to begin at the bottom of the economic ladder, it will make the spirit of financial gain unnecessary for the great struggling mass of humanity; for, through a more equitable distribution of the wealth produced, consequent to a more rational control and ownership of the means of production, it will remove the pressure, the present-day terrific economic push. This is true for those "fit to survive," while the unfit may be eliminated from the problem entirely by wise measures of prevention.

On the other hand, by limiting accumulation it will make undesirable, and in reality impossible, enormous acquisitions, particularly those of a strictly unearned character. This limitation of acquisitive action will care for the other extreme expression of the motive of gain.

These, however, are simply methods. In a sense, they are negative measures and are bound to be ineffectual, as negative measures always are. Alone they will accomplish little, and with them must go a positive constructive propaganda. The man with the greatest spiritual insight said "resist ye not evil." By this he meant that it was not so much immoral to resist evil, but that it was ineffectual, or at least immoral because it was ineffectual, when compared with "working for good."

If the spirit of gain is to be destroyed, what is to take its place? What is the positive philosophical programme of socialism? What will be the effect, coupled with the other measures

of socialism, of that programme upon present-day initiative? The spirit of financial gain will never be made completely unnecessary or impossible, until something better is offered in its place. The idea of service, the spirit of service, which is the soul of the ethics of social transformation, is the worthy substitute offered for the modern stimulus. Service to the State, to the world, to humanity, to progress toward perfection,—that is to be the motive force of the future. Before it is realized fundamental changes in man's point of view are necessary. The harbinger of its realization will be the gradual dissemination through educative methods of a knowledge of social and spiritual values.

This kind of socialism is more than an economic programme. It includes the principles of, or perhaps in reality is, true Christianity, a religion never yet tried. It involves a philosophy of faith in human progress and faith in the significance of organic evolution, such as only our modern philosophers are now glimpsing. It will be the product of spiritual evolution, a great social *transformation* built up out of comparatively petty reformations.

And this change in point of view is a big thing in itself, but only a small part, though perhaps an important step, in that grandest of schemes, the evolution of the universe toward an ever-finer, nobler expression of that *conscious life* which is the soul of the universe. This growth is inevitable and it is serene. That other great world character, the only one comparable to him whom we have above quoted, "the sweetest memory of our world," expressed his appreciation of the sublimity and assurance of progress in those marvellous words: "The Father of Waters goes unvexed to the sea."

The potentialities of the race are unlimited. Socialism, while the most promising formula, while the next step in governmental experience, while giving concrete expression for the *first time* to most of the truths of the Great Religionist, is *only* the next step in spiritual and social evolution. It will inevitably destroy the mercenary, squalid scramble now accepted as the legitimate incentive. It will replace it with a finer motive and one more worthy to be the motive force of the being of all life's forms selected in the evolutionary process as having the potentiality for most nobly expressing the Will-To-Be-Better in the universe.

Perfection, the highest goal of human evolution, demands the destruction of incentive, based on economic pressure and inspired by the standard of gain. The purpose of human progress will find a ready instrument in that stimulus to activity, the spirit of service, which alone is acceptable as initiative in the next step in the social transformation.

"STILL LIFE"

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

**A** BOWL of fruit upon a piece of silk—  
 Stiff pears and awkward apples, with the leaves  
 A crude and evil-tempered sort of green.  
 Harsh reds and screaming yellows, brilliant blacks  
 Savagely massed with strong and angry skill  
 Against a furious orange-colored cloth.  
 A canvas rioting with love and hate;  
 Colors that grappled, snarled and lashed the soul . . .  
 Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,  
 Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life  
 As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit—  
 High-pitched, malignant, lusty and perverse;  
 Brutal with a triumphant restlessness  
 And joy that cannot heal but laughs and stabs.

I never knew the man that did this thing,  
 This bowl of fruit upon a piece of silk,  
 And yet I know him better than I know my friends.

## ON THE THRESHOLD

STUART CHASE

**T**HE more I consider the nature of the world that lies around me and before me, the harder it is to determine just what I am going to do with my life.

I am a young man, healthy in body and in mind, of an orderly upbringing and a good education. I do not think that I am in any way abnormal or radically different from the American college youth, unless it be in my wide and varied reading. But many men of my age, I am sure, have read more widely and more deeply than I. My interests have been by no means confined to studious things, but have been nourished upon an infinitude of other diversions—the ordinary diversions of the average college boy. I have camped, climbed mountains, swum, played baseball, hockey, bridge and poker. I have danced, attended tea parties, theatres, operas and concerts. I have travelled, ranched, snowshoed, skated and sailed. I have done all these things moderately well and taken a keen and vivid joy in the doing of them. And I have by no means exhausted the possibilities of diversion.

I have never played polo or cruised on a private yacht or spent my Februarys at Palm Beach or driven a racing motor car. There is still a great deal I might find novel and interesting to do if I had the means or the ambition. I have simply had my share of opportunity and have availed myself of it to the full. I have never, until recently, had time to consider why I did these things, or whether it was right for me to do them. Everybody else in my station of life did them when they had the chance and I was not anxious to be put at a disadvantage with everybody else.

You see then, I am neither a wan, anæmic student, long brooding in a dreary attic, nor yet a son of millions who has well-nigh exhausted all possibilities of diversion and weeps as did Alexander because there are no more worlds to conquer. No, I am just an ordinary young man, fortunate above the aver-



age in my selection of parentage, perhaps; one who has recently begun to think.

Granting me, then, a wide smattering of varied information and diversion, and the fact that I think—what then? Must I be driven at last to the conclusion of Kant, and hold that man may never answer the three questions—Why am I? What am I? and What can I know? Must I bend my life and energies to the solution of a fourth, What can I do? and then limit this query to proper eating, resting, working and associating with my fellow-men? Perhaps, after all, this is the simplest, the happiest way out of it—but my mind is too often among the illimitable spaces to accept it yet.

I want to know what I am and why I am, in order to determine the things most fitted for me to do—not as an individual greedy of success, but as a sharer for a time of the life and the sunshine upon this little whirling sphere in God's vast universe. In what relations am I, as an animal, composed of the varying chemical elements that constitute all organic and inorganic matter, subservient to physical laws? In what relations am I, as possessed of a mind, superior to all other forms of animal brain, and capable, through the reaction of a mysterious thing called soul, of emotions and longings utterly severed from all physical influence, subservient to divine laws?

I am confident that these two fundamental forces are constantly working upon all mankind, and I believe, furthermore, that under strictly equal conditions of environment, they would tend to work uniformly upon all individuals. In this belief, I admit the doctrine of the fundamental equality of man. And civilization to now has so often and so utterly belied this doctrine. I want to know why an equal condition of mankind has so far proved impossible, and over and above all, I want to know if it must continue to be so denied to the end.

I must find some answer definite or relative to these questions before I can conscientiously set about moulding the soft clay of my immaturity into the crystallized mass which must mark the limits of my future existence. I shall never be content to drift with the tide, accepting conditions as they are, without first being desperately forced to the realization that there is

nothing else to do. I know that in accepting present conditions a man may be happy, honored and contented. I understand that the vast majority of men, thinking as well as unthinking, are driven to this conclusion in the end, and that it by no means belittles them or defrauds them of the wonder of living. Those who have made their place in the world, with ambitions to gratify, families to support, communities that must have their guiding hand, need not greatly trouble themselves with these questions. But I stand free at the threshold. Where shall I throw my weight? I am proud enough and fair enough to believe that it may do some little good if rightly applied.

And yet great philosophers, as well as the simple working man, have shaken their heads as to the how and the why and gone diligently forth to make the best of their lives as they found them. The majority of religious teaching takes the same ground. God, the creative force, has endowed us with life; strive to build up the soul and He will provide for conditions all in good season. It is not the place of men to tamper with the Infinite. My whole religious training and habits of thought bid me comply with this: but still something continually stirs within me—asking forever why, why, why?

This, then, is my problem and my perplexity. I am a product of new times and new habits of thought. Religions and creeds are falling to ruins about me. There is no universal idea of God, but each man must build his own concept. The hand of Darwin is heavy upon all established beliefs—upon all the old moral order. The world is no longer the centre of the universe, or man the mightiest product of the Creator. Astronomers have marked the day when our planet, bound with ice from pole to pole, shall fall back into a lifeless sun and æons later evolve into another solar system, new and strange beyond all imaginings. Scientists have laid down and proved the laws of the indestructibility of matter and force—never the loss of an atom in the universe—never a reduction in the sum total of energy—only a change in the material forms that they wield and dissolve themselves into. And I can already imagine some great metaphysical scientist laying down the same law in regard to life—a flux definite, unvarying, eternal, changing only its form of expression.

When the awakened mind slowly reaches up and grasps these great truths, and turns the thunder of their import upon the world it has been taught to know, there issues a tumultuous upheaval as when an intrushing tide strives to beat against an outrushing current. My whole life has been founded upon and builded about with traditions and habits that originated centuries before the present awakening. The Bible that I once held inviolable, the preachings of wise men that I strove to emulate, the famous heroes, the love of country, the glory of war, the constitution, the very tenets of American democracy; all the propaganda that I set upon a pedestal and blindly worshipped, are now rocking and crashing about me in hopeless confusion and chaos. I sit amidst the desolation, stunned and shocked, but still hopeful.

And some thoughts there are that have not fallen, which still stand pure and beautiful. Let me try to set forth those beliefs that no science and no education can destroy.

I believe, salvation or no salvation, things to be hoped for, or a future doomed, that mankind is governed by wide, rational rules of conduct, and that the infringing of them is a crime for which the offender in one way or another will surely suffer. I do not believe these rules to be hard and fast, but merely relative, taking into consideration all abnormal situations and circumstances. Thus, if the crime which a man commits is due more to the environment in which he was helplessly placed than to his personal character, his environment shall share with him the penalty. No man can accurately define sin, but to every man has been given the rudiment of a conscience, which, if properly developed, will announce to him his transgressions of the moral order. Roughly, then, an individual, to be happy, to be a necessary and helpful part of the world, must be temperate, patient, clean-minded, and over and above all, kind. He need not necessarily be amenable to law or to public opinion, but only need be governed by his conscience and the sane, rational rules of conduct which human experience has laid down as fundamental. If a man be temperate, helpful and kind, it matters not how he think or act, for in doing these things he is fulfilling the major portion of his worldly duty—he is recognizing the importance

and the place of his fellow-man. And this is the ultimate goal toward which all law and all public opinion strive.

And from this basis, broad and embracing as it is, I branch out into a maze of conjecture and speculation. When the child, living only from day to day, has given place to the youth surrounded with new interests, new realms, new possibilities of diversion, and he in turn has grown to the thinking man who has seen and read enough to realize dimly the complexities, the sorrows, the shortcomings of the world—what then? Where lies his way? What can he do after all to bring on the millennium? What have great and good men of the past done that they are worthy of emulation? Where lies Truth,—or is there no Truth? What is Nature that we should call it God? Beautiful, yes. Wonderful, yes. But still bearing in itself the ceaseless, desperate struggle for existence—the survival of the fittest. The fish in the seas devouring one another; the trees crowding each other on the hillside; the lion hunting the lamb; the pitiless winds, and the scorching desert. In all these things there is no rest, or goal, or positive evolution, only the mad beauty of life flaring and dying.

Granting man an integral part of this universe, what is his destiny? If it be that he should, as do the forces of nature, go on struggling blindly, beautifully, ineffectually, for his few short years, why is it that he has been given the strange, sweet thing we call a soul? Why is it that he rises, as do none other of earth's creatures, to heights of self-abnegation, consecration and devotion that mark him utterly apart from the cosmic surge of a materialistic universe? Animals coöperate through instinct—the mother-love, the pack against pack, the brotherhood of mutual protection against danger. But man, having all these instincts, goes so much further—sacrificing his life and happiness for a creed, a dogma, an unsexed affection or a patient, unrewarded duty. He is so much a part of his material environment and yet at times is so gloriously emancipated from it.

What does it all mean?

Is the soul a toy God has given man for his temporary amusement as He gives the May wind to butterflies?—so Haeckel and the monistic philosophers believe. Or is it a true treasure box

for which we have yet to find the key? I cannot believe but that, if it be a true gift, it was given to all men to share and develop alike.

And if this be so, how little is all we have accomplished so far. Everywhere, misery, squalor, degradation, pomp, poverty, viciousness, parade, vainglory. We have come but such a little way as a race, and we have had such glorious inspirations and dreams as individuals.

I do not like to believe that the soul is a toy—a petty emotion. But if it be more, then there must be, somewhere across the forest of things, a path straight and sure and long which will ultimately lead man to a Utopia where he obeys more completely that higher dictate and where happiness and peace for the overwhelming majority may be found. Who is to find that path? None of this century or for centuries to come—certainly no one individual. But leaders and disciples there must be. Here lies my problem. What shall I do, what shall I think, what shall I believe in order that I may add my infinitesimal light to the radiance of the brotherhood of man that looms so far ahead?

The more I contemplate this matter, the more I am convinced that definite rules avail but little. They lead to abnormalities of conduct and thought that often set one at cross purposes to the flux of progress. A book is written, or a prophet speaks, outlining a definite scheme of existence. Presto! here and there little groups of earnest men and women organize themselves into societies pledged to follow this plan. And the world stands by and laughs while your Brook farms go down in ignominious failure.

No. The problem is so huge, so complex, that no mind—not even that of the man Jesus—is great enough to say *thou shalt* and *thou shalt not*, through all the detail of human existence. Whatever ideals we may erect must be relative, enclosed between generous limits, upper and nether. My fundamental belief as to our duty to our fellow-men lies safely within this restriction. But kindness, straightforwardness and cleanness are at best passive and individual virtues. I want next a constructive element in my idealism. The feeling that one is doing his small part for the generations yet unborn, clamors for a place. And wise and

great men have in an infinitude of ways diligently sought to give an outlet for that feeling. We are urged to support socialism, single tax, woman's suffrage, organized charity, the referendum, the recall, government by commission, Bahaism, Christian Science, Humanitarianism, eugenics, universal peace, and so forth, endlessly.

To all of these landmarks of progress, lives and fortunes have been pledged and consecrated. Who is to tell me which to choose and which to follow? Every one is a life study in itself and many,—though not all—if they were carried to the goal of their most ardent exponents, would work as much mischief as good, when viewed from the standpoint of a world-state.

Ah! that is the word I have been waiting for—a world-state. There lies the ultimate criterion. In the last analysis reform is not operating that England or France or the United States or Argentina should rise to national and social efficiency and happiness, but that the world and all its host of struggling brothers and sisters should so rise. Patriotism, love of country, of state, of birthplace, have got to go down before a more embracing love. Whenever and wherever the local or the national instinct operates to further its own advancement, and at the same time sacrifices and impedes the legitimate growth of another locality or nation, progress comes to a halt. So the true reformer must begin by wiping from his slate all measures which tend to benefit certain classes while they increase the burden upon others.

And this is about as far as I have come along the unexplored pathway. As captain of my soul, I must be kind and loving; as a citizen of the world-state I must remember my brothers. The first proposition every man will grant admirable, though a trifle antiquated. The second smacks of Tom Paine, but may be worthy of study in the abstract, I can hear a critic saying.

But the second, taken literally, runs wildly amuck among every precedent and all the gods of tradition. What does it mean to be a citizen of a world-state, dispassionately, honestly, without cant, without hypocrisy? It means the denial of creed and of fatherland, the shattering of the ideals of military glory and of personal honor, the forswearing of position, riches, honors and all the goals of ambition to which the old régime has tempted

men to aspire. It means the utter severing of caste and caste prejudice—the negro, the Hottentot, the Armenian, ultimate brothers. It means the denial of human nature—the Moloch before which the major portion of the thinking world now falls down and worships. It means the sundering of tariffs, boundaries and conventions. It means the destruction of individual and collective tensions which to-day we cannot move without encountering, and the precipitation of the whole vast, stilted, distorted, spasmodically beautiful mass into one calm flux of problematical well-being.

These rambling, incoherent, half-meditated thoughts are the legacies which the twentieth century bequeaths to young men. Strange, bitter-sweet thoughts they are—but I, and the thousands who are wandering through the forests with me, cannot but thank God for them.

## A REAL SCHOOL

B. H. CROCHERON

**I**T was in the Pullman smoker that I heard of the school from a man who had been there and believed in it—queer the people you meet in a smoker on a long day. He said there was nothing like it anywhere else: a Greek survival, an altruism come true, a school of the out-of-doors and of humanitarianism. So I hastily gathered my small luggage and got off at the little station in the Piedmont hills; the man in the smoker waving good-bye and shouting to tell the Boss that he had sent me.

The school "bus" was there at the depot in charge of "Old Hughey," as the boys call him. As his horses ambled their familiar way up the hill, Old Hughey—who is a bit of a philosopher as well as "bus" driver—told me something of the school. It seems the "bus" is always at the station to meet all incoming trains; "So nobody won't never feel lonesome landin' in," said Old Hughey.

"It's queer," he said, "the way folks feel comin' to a new place alone; but if they find some one waitin' to speak to 'em cordial like, they feel to home at once."

Hughey said that there were a hundred boys at the school, "all the Boss would take"; and that "they didn't have no trouble with 'em for the almighty simple reason that they treat 'em so blame square that they just have to act right"—which "they most always did," according to Old Hughey, "but then," he added thoughtfully, "our boys are gol darn nice fellers."

The road wound up the hills of Northern Maryland over a wide macadam through groves of old oaks, reminding one dimly of England, and with occasional vistas over the pastures and across little valleys. Hughey pointed out the great white barns of one of the school farms where some of the boys in khaki suits and flaming neckerchiefs were driving in a herd of Guernsey cattle. Hughey explained that the color of the neckerchiefs designated the class to which the student belonged, that all the boys worked on the farms three hours a day and that—wonder of wonders—they liked it.



Finally the driveway came out on the expanse of the school quadrangle. I wish I could tell you how it looked that day in its solid setting of green. To begin with, the main building did not "feel" like a school at all but had the atmosphere of an old Tudor mansion, with its half-timber and plaster, projecting gables and casement windows, turrets and deep embrasures, while over it all climbed a profusion of vines to meet the flaming flower boxes at the windows. This, the main building, was at the head of the quadrangle with the principal's residence connected thereto. Along the sides, half hidden in the trees, were cottages, the school homes of the students, while at the further end was a low spreading building which I learned was the "shops," where the students made the furniture that had grown so famous and where they also mended wagons and shod horses, wired elaborate electrical connections and learned to repair faulty plumbing. "Them shops is a great thing on rainy days," said Old Hughey. Beyond was a rolling series of well-tilled farm lands and many acres of countryside, much of which, I was told, the school owned. But when I admired the view with its peace and plenty, Hughey hastily cut me short with "Yer ain't seed no view yit," and started off his horses, leaving me to be greeted by a man whom I understood to be the Principal, or in local parlance, the "Boss."

The name of my smoker-acquaintance seemed sufficient to insure me a welcome to the school and its hospitality. "Since you are really interested in the school as a constructive enterprise for the making of men," said the Principal, "we will install you with the students in one of the cottages." Calling a passing boy, he asked him to show me to the guest-room in Adams House. "I'll see you at dinner," he added, "and remember that I expect you to spend the evening with me before my study fire."

The boy led me across the lawn of the quadrangle to one of the cottages wherein, he said, lodged sixteen students and an instructor. "But the instructor doesn't run our house, you know. We fellows are responsible for everything, for we manage all our own affairs at this school, although of course," he added, with care to be truthful, "the Seniors have the most to say. I'm a Senior this year."

"No doubt you will be glad to graduate and get out," I observed.

"I guess you haven't been here very long," said the boy.

The cottage proved to have its first floor given to a large living-room in which were a fireplace, long tables covered with books, big easy chairs and deep windowseats. The furniture was of the heavy oak type so characteristic of the school, and made, I learned, from the oaks on the farm woodlands which had proved extremely profitable through the years of intelligent forest management. On the walls were pictures and trophies from over the world, sent back by those who had lived there and had not forgotten the school home in their later wanderings.

On the floor above were alcoves, each holding the beds and belongings of two boys. I noted the big casement windows that were opened at night and made all practically one outdoor sleeping apartment. I heard a great splashing and laughing and was shown in the bathroom where a half dozen boys were trying to get under one shower at once. It seems that there is in each cottage a back stair leading to a locker room where the boys leave their khaki clothes, used in the afternoon work on the farms, and then enter directly into the shower-bath before going to their rooms to dress for dinner. There was a fine democracy about it all that mitigated against the rather luxurious appointments of the school. I learned later that many of the splendid fittings had been made by the students through successive generations, gathered gradually by the accumulations of years.

From a windowseat in the living-room, I watched the boys—dressed this summer night in white trousers and shirts—gathering on the porches of the cottages around the quadrangle. Then there came a soft chiming of bells from the clock tower on the main building—I learned later that they were Japanese chimes, the gift of a former student who had become secretary of legation at Tokyo. With that there was a rushing and scrambling of the belated ones and we all set off for dinner toward the main building. There I was met by the Boss, attired exactly like his students. He explained that in fine summer weather dinner is eaten out-of-doors at about sunset, the hour varying somewhat with the season.

But I was entirely unprepared for the place to which he led me.

On the other side of the main building—the side away from the quadrangle—there had been built a great curved pergola that reached perhaps three hundred feet in a half circle, its centre close to the big building, its ends far out on a terrace. Beneath this pergola was an oak table with benches facing a pool, terraces, gardens of flaming flowers, and, perhaps, thirty miles of rolling country, of woods and of hills. It was an Italian, almost Oriental, scene. As I looked from the gathering groups of young men under the cool, vine-hung pergola and noted the pool of water hemmed in by the balustrades, stairs and formal gardens that led to lawns, pasture-lands and countrysides, I felt keenly the charm of it all.

The view was not that flat map-like view of him who looks off some awful mountain-top out on a plain below, but the charming perspective that comes in the land of the little hills to him who from their shoulders peeps over the vales and hillocks toward the haze of the horizon. It was the charm of middle England or Southern Italy, the peace of a well-tilled countryside. On this late summer afternoon all this world seemed with folded wings to rest in the warm sunshine or to sleep in the long purple shadows. In the near valley flashed a river, on the hillsides stood deep green patches of woodlands, showing here against the yellow stubble lands, and there beside the lighter green of the corn fields or the rich brown of fresh turned loam. Over it all was a piercing blue sky that toned down to a pale shell where it met the lavender hills at the horizon. It was like a rich brocade called into being and vibrant with life, drifting beyond into the distance; where it gained the tone and texture of an old and faded Oriental carpet. I understood now what the old stage-driver had meant when he had said that I had not yet seen the view. Best of all, the sky beyond was the West, where a summer sun was sinking behind fluffy clouds that would soon be turned all the colors of the long sunset.

At a signal we were all seated behind the table, the Principal and I in the centre, while reaching out in a long line to the ends of the pergola were the boys, making a tremendously fine appear-

ance with their white clothes and sun-burned faces. The dinner was simple and served on the bare oak. To me it seemed exceptionally good. Perhaps this was because of the zest and fine spirit with which it was accompanied, or perhaps because almost all of it came from the farms of the school, as the Principal explained. I can't tell you what there was to eat except that I recall Maryland chicken and many fresh vegetables, washed down with milk or new-made cider, as one chose, great jugs of both being placed along the length of the table.

As we ate there was much merry talk; not the sort of talk that one hears in city clubs, but talk of the farms and their crops, of baseball games between the rival teams from the cottages, of the camp in the deep woods where the boys went on their forestry, and of a horseback trip through the mountains on which some were soon to start. Their thoughts seemed all on out-of-door things.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking lower and reflecting all the cloud and sky colors in the level water of the semi-circular pool that lay so placidly in its marble rim. I learned that the pool is used for swimming when many students gather there for a dip before breakfast and that I, too, was invited to join them in the morning. As the colors deepened, the talk died down in the presence of the "daily miracle." While we watched the changing landscape and cloudscape, the chimes came softly again from the high clock tower behind us. So the students gradually filtered away; some for lessons to be studied, others to the barns which must be closed securely for the night and others to the terraces and lower flower-gardens, where I afterwards heard them singing. But the Principal and I went back to his book-lined library where a log-fire was kindled, for the nights were cool and the windows open. There, over our cigars, he explained something of the school and its work.

It seems that the school is really a training ground for those who wish to take up a country life. It is called a "country-life school." The boys are between fourteen and twenty-two. They come for training in the ability to make a living in the open country and to make their lives there well worth while both to themselves and to the communities in which they live. The school is


in session from the end of February till Christmas, as it is believed that a rural life school should be in session especially when the open country is active.

There are only a hundred students. "Because of the particular system practised in this school, we can never hope to have a large number of students and we, therefore, seek not to attract the average boy but to seek out the exceptional one who can profit more largely from the benefits here and who, we hope, will become a leader in his home community after graduation," so spoke the Principal.

It seems that it is a combination of work and play; there are books and lectures in the morning hours, followed by a long recess at noon for games and athletics and finally the active day closes with three hours of practical work on the farms.

It was explained that the agricultural course was made pre-dominant, but that also a thorough training is given in all the usual subjects common to secondary schools.

The unusual feature seemed to be the management of the farms and the training which the students are given there. During the first two years the students are required to do all kinds of farm work under supervision till they gain proficiency in each operation. I learned that the students, many sons of wealthy families, went out and ploughed and hoed, milked cows and drove horses till they could do all of it well. By the third year the student is promoted to become a farm foreman and is placed in charge of the lower class boys working in one department on one of the farms. He, in fact, acts as their instructor and is made responsible for their work, thereby gaining proficiency in the art of handling men. These third-year students rotate through the different departments, being foremen for a time in the dairy, next in the orchards, again in the grain fields, and on until they have completed an experience in the work in all lines. In their fourth year the boys select one branch for specialization and become actual farm managers in charge of the foremen and men in that department. There they have supreme charge for a year under the advice of the school instructor. The Principal admitted that they sometimes made grave mistakes, but he also said that the school was for the purpose of giving them a chance



to try their hands at the real management of a real farm and that mistakes were to be expected.

Our talk was interrupted by several students who came, evidently, with something weighty on their minds. After a little hesitation, perhaps because of my presence, they told their story. It seems that their worry was all over one, Bill Summers, who proved not to have the "right sort of spirit." By questioning it came out that they felt that Bill was out of sympathy with the real ends and aims of the school; that he had a great desire to be a "heavy sport"; was "darn selfish" much of the time; and liked to "show off."

I felt a great wonder at it all, to hear students thus discussing another so frankly with the Principal. It evidently wasn't "tattling," for these were fine fellows come from a helpful attitude of mind to do what they could. They were seeking advice; it was like a consultation of physicians over poor Bill Summers, not a gathering of judges and witnesses.

The Principal questioned and learned details about Bill, telling a few anecdotes of other Bills in the past and promising to take the matter up at the earliest opportunity. "It would be too bad if Bill went to pieces," said one of the students at parting.

"Yes, yes," rejoined the Principal; "we mustn't let him do that. I'll take him on the camping trip next week if one of you fellows will give him your place."

Times have changed indeed. A student deserves to be reprimanded and they take him on a camping trip to better his spirit and broaden his sympathies. Evidently there are more queer things to this school than its method of teaching agriculture.

Across the quadrangle in the starlight I tried to ask them what was meant by taking Bill Summers camping as a cure for his constriction of soul, but I couldn't get much information. It seemed to be a close or closed subject.

Later three of the Seniors came into my room, after the lights were out, and perching on the windowseat and foot of the bed, told me some of the ways that the school works for the building of character and kindness in men. It was all rather indefinite—I am not sure that they understood it very fully themselves—but it seems to be a system whereby the poorest students

are brought into contact with a group of the best and strongest, a system where the "Boss" has heart-to-heart talks with each of them and tells each how he appears to the multitude—points out his shortcomings as well as his small successes. All this is coupled, apparently, with a great belief in the honesty and integrity of the boys' nature. It all sounds very cold as I try to analyze it thus on paper, but when I heard the thrill in the voices as they tried to explain, I knew that, somehow or other, the thing works. Perhaps this accounts in part for the peculiar and delightful atmosphere of the school—this general note of mutual confidence and helpfulness.

Next morning I was awakened by the boys calling me to come with them to the swimming pool. So, equipped with a bathrobe and rough towel, I followed across the quadrangle to the pool which, so quiet the night before, was now alive with youngsters swimming and splashing in the cool water. Some of the boys had gotten up early to milk, thus completing half of their daily farm work; and there was a tale told of a refractory cow and a novice freshman; at which, with the stimulation of the cold water and the crisp air, you just couldn't help laughing. I caught a glimpse of the Principal, who shouted his regret that he couldn't join us that morning—some trouble in the creamery that had to be looked into at once; so he rode off on his horse toward the railway station.

Breakfast was served in the big dining-room in the main building. Each "house" sat at a table of its own with the instructor, though there seemed also to be some visiting about among the tables. After breakfast there was a scurry off to classes and I followed some of the boys into an English lesson.

Here another shock met my conservative ideals of school life. I had had no opportunity as yet to inspect the working plant of the school and had taken for granted the usual classrooms with rows of desks and seats. Instead, I was shown into a round turret room with an open fireplace and a circle of easy chairs. I looked in vain for desks. There were bookshelves well filled with reference volumes and on the walls some good pictures—but, somehow, it seemed traditionally incorrect. I couldn't sense any "classroom atmosphere." The instructor came in and

dropped into one of the chairs, the boys grouping about him. It was more a discussion than a "lesson" that followed; something about the personality of Hamlet, but yet Kipling crept in too, for I remember that one of the boys quoted *The Light that Failed*. The thing was all very much alive and intensely interesting and I, for one, was sorry when the period for the class was over.

Afterward I wandered over the building, taking a glance in room after room. In mathematics there was a long table, liberal blackboards, and a great problem under solution of the relative time requirements under varying crop rotations actually in practice on neighboring farms. I saw a science class at work in the laboratory—chemistry, I think it was—and some tests of foods and fertilizers. I saw the auditorium, seating a thousand, which they told me is crowded on Sunday afternoons with people from the country around who are invited to attend the song services and who also flock in on the occasions when the school presents its Shakespearean plays.

But I can't tell all that the day disclosed to me of what it is possible for a really modern school to do; I can merely record my hurried impressions.

In the afternoon I was taken to the shops building and shown the wood shop where raw lumber is converted into tables and chairs, canoes and axe handles, farm wagons and book cases. We went into the forge shop where the boys were making gate latches and log chains and into the smithy where farmers of the neighborhood bring their horses to be shod by the boys of the school. I saw a gas engine in pieces and the parts coming through a pattern shop, moulding room and machine shop to final consummation and assemblage. Then there was the building construction department where the boys were putting up models of houses and barns which they designed as economical and efficient patterns, in substitution for the usual haphazard construction of the countryside.

But the most astonishing information the afternoon disclosed was that the boys are largely left to their own devices and to complete their work when it seems best to them. It is something like the German university system brought to America and



adapted to a country-life school. The Principal called it a "system of individual responsibility." It seems that the instructor in each subject at the beginning of the year announces the requirements that will be considered a year of work and which, when completed and an examination passed, entitles the student to pass to a higher class. After this no effort is made to press him forward on his work, no reminders are given or threats issued. If the boy is active or especially intelligent he may complete the work before the end of the year; if lazy or dull he may be much longer. But the point seems to be that the responsibility for accomplishment is thrust on the student and he is free as air to manage his own time—but a day of reckoning is coming at the end of the year.

I do not know what the pedagogical aspects of the matter may be, but as I have thought of it since, it has seemed to be in essence a plain business platform and one in force elsewhere in all real life. I wondered if that system was not responsible for the independence and initiative so apparent in the students. The Principal admitted that occasionally the scheme didn't work, that students continued to be incorrigibly lazy, absolutely incapable of assuming responsibility for their own work, but he reminded me in homely metaphor that "you can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail" and that he believed the peculiar system brought great training to the majority.

Afterward we rode over the school farms on two of the saddle horses belonging to the place. It seems that many of the boys bring their own riding horses to the school or have one for their use when there, since the school is in a riding country.

We saw the fine crops on the farms with the students at work with them. We visited the orchards and were told how steadily for years the school had made an annual practice of planting a few acres till now the orcharding department had become exceedingly profitable. The crop is carefully packed and the best product shipped to a special market in England where it finds sale at an excellent price because of its high quality and uniformity.

We saw the poultry plant with its four thousand fowls, built up, I was told, from a start with a few dozen. We visited the

piggery which utilizes much of the by-product from the creamery and the corn fields. We saw the flock of sheep on the rough steep pasture lands and finally came to the cowbarns just at milking time. The splendid herd in this barn is managed by a Senior student who appeared to have the detail of the whole matter well in hand. The cows are, of course, scientifically fed, and the milk is handled with expedition and care. Everything is sterilized and kept as clean as possible, the milk and cream being sold at a rather higher price than usual because of its low bacterial count. It is all marketed through a creamery and shipping station under the management of a student.

After dinner, with the Principal I sat on a stone bench at the side of the pool, watching the last glow of the sunset and the frail sickle moon reflected in the quiet water.

The boys were all out around a sort of altar or pyre in the centre of the quadrangle which seems to typify the centre of their school life and where they were holding their weekly "sing." It has become a custom of the school for each boy to add a small boulder to the rough rock base on which the wood-fire is built and on that boulder to chisel his initials or name. Gradually through years the altar has come to be a memory of all those who have gone before and have built this up stone by stone. On these nights when for an hour the boys sing the school songs while a great fire blazes on top, it has become the habit of the people from the neighborhood around to attend to listen to the singing.

But here, by the quiet pool, we were all alone, the singing coming faintly and sweetly by the distance and the building that intervened. It was my last chance to get the real reason for it all, since I must surely leave by a night train. I asked about the financial management of the school and learned that it had been founded by a number of public-spirited citizens who recognized the germ of a fundamental movement in country education, that the school had been maintained by tuition paid by the students; and that additions and improvements had gradually been added through the accruing profits from the large farms.

But there was one more question I wanted to ask as I thought of this man devoting his time and energies so completely to a

small school of a hundred students, so I asked him, "But why are you here; why do you do this?"

"Oh, that's the simplest of all," he said; "I'm here because I like it,—and because it seems an opportunity to be helpful in a small way."

As I went off to Old Hughey and the school "bus" I had found the keynote of the school. On these two things the whole plan hinged: a happy environment and a desire to help folks.

## THE NEW HEALTH

F. C. WALSH, M.D.

**H**EALTH, in its daily application, is a variable term. It means different things to different people. Even medical science, which would scorn the idea of appearing paradoxical, makes occasional reference to conditions of "poor health." This is not due to paucity of language, but rather to obscurity of conception. Real health, good health, requires no qualifying except in a superlative sense; but even superb health of such a radiancy as to make its presence felt is so rare that when it does exist it is not given its proper label,—“beauty” or “magnetic personality” serves instead.

All this is wrong. Too often any reference to health has only a comparative meaning. We eternally hear people comparing present states of health with those of yesteryear. These rises and falls like the fluctuations of a wheat pit belong to the realm of disease; a truly healthy state never varies. The trouble is that health has hitherto been considered too often from the standpoint of disease. In its true conception it should be as superlative as the superman of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, and as energetic in its overflow as the dynamic strenuousness of a Roosevelt.

This idea, new in formation and rapidly gaining force in the scientific world, requires reiteration for its clear expression. Health is, more or less, a surplus of stored-up energy, and it is a very loose way of thinking to define it as a “freedom from disease.” Such a conception lays too much stress on disease and places health in a false light. It gives disease the centre of the stage, and relegates health to the position of a Cinderella before the appearance of the fairy godmother. In fact, medical science has erred in bestowing all its attention on diseased humanity while suffering the healthy to shift for themselves. Health for health’s sake—health as an asset making for happiness and efficiency—has never been preached except by some laymen whose enthusiasm and good intentions surpass their scientific knowledge. We need a gospel of health, and we could do

far worse than do the Chinese, who pay their physicians only when the latter keep their following in good health. There is some justice in this, for the healthy of this world have a right to greater health just as the saints, as opposed to sinners, ever hope for greater sanctity. A passive health or a passive religion is equally deplorable. Health, like morality, should be something more than a shadowy negation. Surely morality is something quite different than a mere absence of immorality; if this were not so morality would have no value whatever.

No one ever questions the morals of an oyster; but on the other hand none would credit the oyster with assisting in the advancement of the morals of its environment. In our human environment denominated community there are frequent majorities of passive and negative individuals of the mollusc type,—they are passive in health and negative in morality. Both are obstacles to advancement and efficiency. The best reference of the one consists in never having been in prison; the boast of the other consists in never having been confined in a hospital, was “never ill a day in his life,” and yet, measured by the true ideals of health and morality, they are merely free from the taint of immorality and disease.

Such people, viewed from the vantage point of true health, assume too much. Their idea of health is a sort of compromise between inferior health and some one form of definite disease. In their assumption and boast of perfect health they forget the one or several diseases which ran their course in the days of remote infancy or childhood. These diseases too often leave their mark unseen, only to show in some obscure affliction of later life.

Judged by the ideals of the new health, it is just as important to stamp out measles, scarlet fever and all that treacherous accompanying host, as it is to eradicate either cancer or tuberculosis. A man may escape tuberculosis or cancer; he may be free from disease in the ordinary sense of that expression; he may, as a result of right living, congratulate himself that his prospects for a ripe and healthy life are of the best. But in this he is frequently mistaken. There still stands against his credit that formidable array of the forgotten diseases of childhood.

The child of the past, now become a man of forty or fifty, begins to suffer from the damage done by some disease of early life, from which at the time he had apparently made a full recovery. Scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough now manifest their destructive ravages decades later in the form respectively of Bright's disease, heart trouble, or a chronic bronchial ailment. If all the afflictions of later years which are primarily due to childhood diseases could be lumped together, it is probable that the number of these which cause death ultimately would total greater than the corresponding fatalities from tuberculosis or cancer, or both together.

Ideas on health need a general revision, principally upward. Take as illustration a man applying for a big life insurance. He passes the examination successfully. This does not signify he is in perfect health according to the highest conception of health. It means that he is about as healthy as the average man who carries life insurance; it means that he may be expected to live about as long as the average "free from disease" man of the same age. It does not mean even that much unless his arteries and blood-pressure have been carefully tested. It certainly does not signify that he has any surplus of energy or efficiency, or that he will live as long as he could and should according to the ideals of the new health, which ideals themselves perhaps derive subconsciously from some phases of the work of the optimistic Metchnikoff.

Stepping over into the realm of disease for a moment, it must be admitted that a great deal has been done, and will be, by preventive medicine. The stamping out of malaria, yellow fever, typhoid and similar infections means much, but not everything. After the eradication of all epidemics and contagions, a great conquest in the interests of humanity will have been achieved, but there will still remain disease problems to be solved. Perfect health, individual or communistic, cannot result from mere elimination. Surely it is a low ideal which is satisfied with the preventing and cure of disease and the attempt to render the unfit more fit. Such an ideal is not sufficiently constructive in its aims. True enough, everything is now tending towards a socialization to a higher or lower level, a uniformity held to-

gether by a chain no stronger than its weakest link. But in applying this tendency, so to speak, to matters of health in any constructive sense, only a half-good can be accomplished, and perhaps not even that. The ideal health must rise to greater heights; for the ultimate good, and that is the measure of all things, it must be individualistic in a positive way; prevention and elimination in a broadly social sense will not suffice. To be wholly healthy and efficient, instead of being only a half or a quarter so, humanity cannot forever afford to carry a load which a higher ideal will permit us to shunt. Humanity, through individual effort in health matters as in other things, must build to greater heights, or fail. Paternalism may prevent disease, but it cannot prevent the individual from putting the wrong thing into his stomach. Each must teach himself to become one hundred per cent. efficient, unlimited in powers of mind and body. It was William James, I believe, who said there were no limits to the powers of the human mind. The eccentric Belgian artist, Wiertz, depicted the same idea symbolically in a most inspiring canvas on exhibition in Brussels. The thought thrills us with the pride of our humanity, but such power, if it ever be a common realization, must be based on a superabundance of health which will not know the anguish of physical aches and pains except those due to accident. Mental suffering will afflict humanity always, but that is the privilege of our high destiny.

Everywhere we can point to accomplishment. Aside from the stamping out of contagions,—their prevention in other words—the great hope of the medical world lies in the further discovery of specific serums and a wider application of the principle of chemo-therapy. On the one hand, science is seeking a special serum to kill or offset each separate and distinct infectious disease. Antitoxin, now long known as a cure for diphtheria, still stands in the lead. It is one of the glories of medical achievement; the same may be said of the serum or vaccine recently put into use for the prevention of typhoid. The hope of the future is to "vaccinate" against everything. It is a superb idea, but it is not going too far to fancy that, if it were possible, the human body would be nearer a state of ideal health if it could do without both disease and the serums invented to

cure and prevent it. If practical medicine can get along without a philosophy, well and good; its younger sister, hygiene, certainly will benefit by deep counsel.

The other hope, chemo-therapy, has made rapid strides recently and gives promise of further achievement. The term means nothing more than the use of certain chemical compounds—quite different from serums—for the direct destruction of special parasites which enter the blood and cause disease. The idea, though not definitely crystallized until lately, in reality dates from the use of quinine in malaria, which is a typical instance of treatment by chemo-therapy in a parasitic disease. Ehrlich, the hero of the last International Medical Congress convened a short time ago in London, has become the leader in this field through reducing the idea to a principle of treatment and the wide application of his own discovery in dealing with the Scarlet Plague. The use of quinine or some similarly acting compound in the treatment of hydrophobia will be the next extension of this idea, for through the discovery of Noguchi, the Japanese, the parasite which causes the disease has at last been isolated. In the tropics especially, the parasitic and fatal diseases common to equatorial regions will probably be stamped out by this latest agency of chemo-therapy.

But after all ideals advance faster than discovery. The hopes just outlined promise nothing more than the fulfilment of old-fashioned notions of health—and even the prevailing notions of to-day—the negative health. It all has its great and glorious usefulness in the steady march of human progress towards comparative health and happiness; it is destructive as against disease, but not essentially constructive towards health in the best and newest sense of the word.

A healthy man should want more health, just as an educated mind ever tries to improve on its own culture. The best flowers are not grown by merely keeping the garden free from weeds; the rose needs much in the way of nourishment, sunlight and the morning's dew. In the past we have dealt with the abnormal mind and diseased body too exclusively. Hygiene has been little more than a negation, a hint of what not to do. That young science is just beginning to realize that it has a future.



Our whole duty does not consist in attempting to bring the mentally defective up to the normal standard, an impossibility at the best; the physician's duty is not ended when the sick man no longer suffers from disease. All this, and the great work of public health and social service, is a step in the right direction, but it is only a step. The normal minds and bodies also have their rights, very important ones, and it is the proper function of science, in pushing toward the ultimate goal, to guide, assist and counsel the well as much as the weak, the ailing and decrepit. We must try to bring the normal a step higher if only in the sense of conservation. We must give the healthy man, woman and child a chance. In love and charity let the weak and suffering be attended to as far as circumstances will permit; but these are only the vine, after all; the healthy man is the oak, and he cannot be too strong to weather the storm and stress which ever hamper and oppose humanity in its onward progress.

## OUR LADY OF THE WOOD

TERESA HOOLEY

**S**OFTLY through the little wood  
Came the Queen of Heaven;  
Paused, and stood.  
Bluebells deep as mists of even,  
Like the shadow dim and sweet  
Of the robes around Her feet,  
Fragrant, fair,  
Soon were growing, blowing there.

Mary thought of Christ the child,  
Playing at Her knees,  
Dear and mild—  
Mother-thoughts amid the trees.  
Wood-anemones all white  
Where the thoughts fell sprang to light,  
Pure and pale,  
Tender, sacred, starlike, frail.

Primroses of happy gold  
Smiled up from the grass:  
"Us behold,  
Mother Mary, as You pass!  
Aureole about His head,  
Your bright hair above Him spread:  
Stoop 'and see—  
We are golden also, we!"

So She slowly, softly trod  
Down the woodland way—  
She and God;  
Watched the lights and shadows play:  
And wild parsley fresh and green,  
With the growing ferns between,  
Small and shy,  
Paved the path as She passed by.

## THE RING OF THE GREAT WISH

GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

**K**NEPH was making the first man, clumsily, for the clay was coarse and the god's hands fumbled. But at last he leaned back from his potter's wheel with an air of fatuous pride. Then up came Isis holding a corner of her veil to her lips, like a woman who laughs behind her apron secretly; yet—there were tears in her slanting black eyes. She took the ugly little creature from the wheel and held it to her great breast, singing under her breath while Kneph, pleased with his artistic success, blundered ahead with another bit of clay, like a bad artist who cannot possibly be stopped from spoiling good material; and he turned out rams and bulls and apes. And these were really not so bad. He seemed to have forgotten that first experiment, but Isis looked down upon it forebodingly as it lay within her veil.

A vague wind was blowing through the tremendous hall of the Underworld. Sometimes it was sharp like the crying of women and children, sometimes it snarled with the noise of fighting, and again it would be sweet like the talk of lovers.

And always the great gods moved softly about their business, taking thousands of years to some trifle like the levelling of a mountain or the turning of a river; but no one paid much attention to the wind, and Kneph sat contentedly at his wheel making one thing after another, until Isis spoke:

"Kneph, Kneph, you bungler! This will never do. He is like us."

The great horned head lifted and the ram's face wrinkled comically with perplexity.

"Eh? Who is it? Oh, that: Yes. That was a little idea of mine. Rather clever, what?"

"Clever! Oh, it will never do at all! He is finding out how to love, and he so little and weak!"

"Well, now, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it. You can turn him over to Anubis if you like. He was only an experiment." A lean black shadow crept out from under the

Potter's wheel. "Get away!" said Isis. But Anubis stood his ground, looking up wistfully with dripping jaws.

Kneph yawned, pushed his wheel aside and turned to stone, which was his way of going to sleep.

"Osiris!" called Isis, softly. A tender pink light grew in the temple as if sunrise were shining right down through the rocks and sand into the Underworld. Everything grew soft and warm and alive, as a beautiful giant stood beside Isis and kissed her. Then, and not till then, Anubis slunk back under the Potter's wheel and went to sleep with Kneph.

"So many things have been happening to-day," said she, leaning her head against Osiris's shoulder. "Kneph has made a man. I knew it would turn out badly and it has. The little thing has learned how to love. Think of it. Do you remember how when they killed you, I hunted everywhere and found you and put you together again? What I suffered!"

"But love is good," smiled Osiris.

"For us who never die. But this little creature that fades so quickly—that *he* should endure the great pains of it——"

Osiris looked mysteriously upward toward the sun and stars among which he had been busy when his wife called him.

"It may turn out all right," said he.

"It must!" She held the Man very tightly to her great warm bosom. "I'll not have his heart broken altogether just for a whim of Kneph's. Anubis, indeed!"

Osiris passed his arm about her waist and drew aside her veil which lay across the man's face, and the god's eyes were so bright that it was as if the sun were shining hot and strong.

"Love," pronounced Osiris, "needs no help of the gods. It is strong enough in itself."

"Perhaps—and yet, I should like to help. . . . Kneph! Oh, he is asleep again." She put an imperative hand on the stone shoulder and shook it. The great Ram yawned and became a god again.

"I wanted to sleep," he complained. "What has happened? Has Osiris let the sun go out? I told him to keep it alight for a million years yet, at least. Or was it more? I forget."

"There's nothing the matter with the sun. But if you will

make experiments you must carry them to a decent conclusion. You are not going to leave him thinking and hoping and feeling and loving just for nothing—are you?"

Kneph scratched his horn and looked foolish.

"Come," said she impatiently. "Finish your work. He must have a soul."

"What, you wouldn't——"

"Continuance like us; yes."

So Kneph sulkily gave him a soul, and it is because of the unpleasant mood in which he did so that various troubles came with it. Indeed he hung back for several thousand years, while Isis argued. But one thing he flung into her hand, with a somewhat quizzical smile as a man humors a woman.

"You may give him that if you like," said he. It was the Ring of the Great Wish.

So that is the way man was made. How long afterward he returned the compliment and made the gods is only guesswork. Perhaps a million or two of years; such are the terms of geological guesses. It took him a long time to become skilled enough for that, it is certain.

And when he had built them very tall and grand in stone—Kneph and Isis and Osiris and Anubis, and Hathor and Thoth and as many more as he could think of and had time for—he forgot about the sand of the Libyan desert and how it kept sifting—sifting—sifting through the crevices of the rock exactly like the sand running from one half of an hour glass into another. So that in a very short time—not more than six thousand years—all his gods were so covered that their chins were level with the desert.

It was upon this indignity that Abram Parmalee was commenting under the Egyptian stars as he and little Professor Hanner, the Great, sat out upon the sand above their great trench. For they had come to dig the gods out again.

Abram Parmalee was a young man, and very sorrowful. He had been clenching a cold pipe in his teeth for long, before Hanner, having missed him in the dining tent, limped out among the yawning excavations to find him.

"There they sit!" said Abram, pointing with the stem of his cold pipe to vague blots near and far upon the sand. "There are the gods that men believed in and prayed to. Think of the slaves who died in making them—you estimate a man's life for every stone in the pyramids, don't you?"

Hanniver nodded. "About that, probably——"

"The mere pity of their making," cried Abram, "should have been enough to create stone hearts in their bosoms and set them beating! Why do we patch and potter to increase man's knowledge of how the world and the race came about? We should be doing better services in trying to find out some method for derailing it all. . . .

"There they sit, the fools! grinning at us with their chins resting on the desert. I saw a vulture to-day in the coil of Kneph's horn, and a lion had tucked some bones under Isis's head-dress."

Hanniver smiled.

"And the crow's nest in the plumes of Osiris. What then? They smile at the sun as pleasantly as when they were quarried, and will keep it up when our trenches are full of Libyan sand again and the Museum to which we shall consign our mummies is itself a lost item of a dead city. . . . The sand should be level over their heads by then. And yet I do not quite gather the reason for your discontent. Are you vexed by the contrast between the stability of stone and the instability of flesh?"

"That is it—I suppose."

Hanniver hitched closer along the mound. His eyes, relieved of the dark glasses which he wore by day, shone deep and liquid in the starlight.

"You are very young," said little Hanniver. "And your trouble is a very great one. But Isis, over there, is six thousand years old. Presently she will be six thousand more. I was a young man once—and greatly troubled. One that I knew—married—as unhappily as you can possibly imagine. She—died within a year. I should have killed him before their wedding day. . . . I didn't. I went on my first exploration. . . .

"Digging up dead cities is very absorbing. Certain anæsthetics are necessary at times if life is to be preserved; by life I

mean, somewhat narrowly, the power to direct one's brain force. I should place archæology in the first rank of such anæsthetics."

"Lucky man!" said Abram. "She died. You had not the agony of the one-chance-in-a-thousand hope."

"No. That is true. But she suffered greatly. Miss Armand, I understand, does not suffer?"

"How do we know? She lies as still as one of your mummies, but what proof can they give that she does not dream. . . . And—I did it. I killed her——"

"The patient's condition is unchanged," muttered Abram. He took out a book from his inner coat pocket and from its leaves extracted a sheaf of cable forms.

"Do you know how many times I've had that same message?" he said.

"Two months—one a day," calculated Hanniver. "Do you keep the sixty in your pocket?"

Abram tore the sheaf in two and flung the tatters into the depths of the trench.

"It was the wild asters," he said musingly. "They grow so high you can't see over them. She had spoken about wanting some, so when I saw them up a little lane I turned my machine in to get them. The road was filled from fence to fence. It looked as if it would be a short cut to the river road, too—that was why I turned the car in instead of leaving it on the main road. But she had already found her asters and was sitting down among them like a bird in the nest. She was reading—this is the book—there's a bloodstain by this line—"

'So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men.  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.'

"Queer it should be those lines, don't you think?"

"Death once dead," he repeated consideringly, looking out over the plain of ancient death.

He kept the book in his hand, finger between the pages.

"After taking her to the hospital I took the car up to the quarry and sent it over. They told me she might live, you see, or I'd have gone over with it."

Hanniver austereyly dissented. "A man should keep his life

as long as there is anything left to find out, or anything beautiful to look at, or any creature weaker than himself to be helped."

"Well, she wasn't dead, so I didn't go over. But——" Abram glanced over his shoulder, then took Hanniver by the elbow fiercely—

"There was an empty steamer chair beside mine on the deck as we came over. I was half asleep and I thought some woman was in it and wanted to speak to me. And I turned and no one was there. But when I drew my cap over my eyes and settled down again . . . she was there and wanting to speak, and—couldn't. It happened every day. Then I saw her in the Cairo bazaars. I would see her not six feet away—the very hat she wore, an iridescent feather in it, like those scarabs—the little gold bar pin at the back of her neck, and one wisp of curl that always stuck out over the right ear no matter how she did her hair—and when I got closer it would be a fat dowager or a Cook's tourist (once it was a veiled Egyptian woman)—some one without the least possible resemblance to her. . . . And my eyes are of the best. She—she mocks me so. . . ." His voice broke dismally.

"Just now she stood behind me trying to whisper something—trying so hard . . . I almost understood. It's not that she's unhappy, for she laughs, like a girl that is teasing one. In earnest, too, though. Oh, certainly in earnest. Can one believe nowadays that there is anything—you know—anything to hope for, once you're gone out of the body? For—she isn't in the body—she can't be. Her body doesn't decay—that's about all you can say of it. There's hardly more life in it than in one of your mummies."

Hanniver indicated the dead city with a sweep of his hand. "They believed it. At heart all men believe the same—always have. It is a natural law. . . . I was looking over a papyrus this afternoon—come to my tent and I'll show you. . . . Hearts have broken ever since the world began. The game is: to live on without them. It can be done. And I'll tell you a secret. You can't learn hope before you've learned despair. This," said Hanniver, with the calm air of one discussing an important matter, "is not generally known."



Their shadows preceded them to a small tent that stood slightly aloof. In front of its buttoned flap the shadow of a Bedouin sitting cross-legged with rifle upon his knee rose and saluted. In the darkness of the tent as Hanniver struck a match odd shapes flared up and wavered against the canvas walls: things that had been in the tomb yesterday, dragged suddenly into sunlight and air, then jumbled into strange companionship. One fancied them to have been holding startled conclave. The wakeful enamel eyes of the latest mummy made the brightest point of the dusky huddle. Being without focus they stared at and through one, as if contemplating things of another time and place altogether. But the eyeless princess within the shell had been dead so long that one fancied the period of death to have been past and this state to be something else—like the inertia of stones.

Hanniver, holding a match over his head while searching for his candle, heard a choking sound behind him and turned to see Abram's face, white and pleading, his eyes fixed upon the grotesquely smiling mummy.

"Here too!" he said in a shaken voice. "See, Hanniver! Wouldn't you call her real? And that bunch of asters in her hands—you see *those*, don't you?"

He touched the mummy case as a man snatches at a woman's hand, and the illusion broke and dissolved. He threw an arm across his eyes with a sob.

"You see, Hanniver!" he groaned. "That's what she does."

Hanniver lit an alcohol lamp and warmed a can of broth. "Drink that," he said. When Abram had obeyed, he continued: "If I were you I should try to make a serious study of something. Take up archæology seriously instead of making an adventure of it. You acquire merit by financing us here—enormous merit; but you're missing the cream of it that you might have. I shouldn't have thought when I was your age that I could ever feel the pleasure I feel now and again at some new discovery. There's juice in the world to be got at even when a man's heart has gone dry—but you have to work for it. . . .

"I will read the translation I spoke of. It's rather interest-

ing because from what I can make out yonder lady"—he pointed at the new mummy—"is no other than the Lady Bekta herself. To-morrow we'll take a look at her jewellery. Odd if she should still be wearing the ring. That *would* be a prize, eh?" Then he read:

"And when the potter Kneph had made the gods he made the beasts, and when he had made the beasts he made man: and man was a very little thing. But Isis looked upon him and Osiris looked upon him and they two had compassion. For, behold, he had love in his heart even as they had the one for the other. And so they asked of Kneph and he made them that talisman which is called even to this day the ring of Kneph of the Great Wish: by which, if any dead man wearing it upon his finger shall wish to come forth by day again into the world he may do so. . . . But no man being dead desired to live again until the Lady Bekta, because she was young and the smell of the lotos was yet sweet in her nostrils, and because the sound of the weeping of Ankhetep, her husband, was bitter in her ears, she could not be at ease in the Underworld; and Ankhetep placed the Ring of the Great Wish upon her finger. Wherefore, when she had been dead six days, she returned and rose and saluted her husband, and great was their rejoicing. And thereafter Bekta and Ankhetep lived for an hundred and ten years. And because they loved even with the love of Isis and Osiris, life was sweet between their lips even into their very old age. Nevertheless they were contented to lay it down. Since that time none having descended to the Underworld had returned thence. Wherefore it is understood that Kneph destroyed the ring. But this is not certainly known.'

"And there," concluded the Professor respectfully regarding the mummy, "she stands, and not improbably wears the ring by which she might, even to-day, reënter the world. Unless, as the story suggests, Kneph destroyed it."

"Because she was young . . . and the tears of Ankhetep were bitter!" repeated Abram softly. He buried his face in his arms, and his tears were no less bitter than the prehistoric ones of Ankhetep.

Hanniver watched him until the big shoulders heaved no

longer and the body relaxed into sleep, which is said to be the best gift of all—save one—in the gods' bestowal. After a little Hanniver himself slept. And he dreamed strangely and pleasantly about one who had been dead for many years.

He woke to the noise of the falling mummy case. In the darkness was the sharp sound of ripping wood. When he struck a light he saw Abram taking a ring from the hand of the mummy. For as long as the flicker of the match he seemed to see the dead hand revealed by the torn wrappings, resist and clutch like a living one. By the time the lamp was burning steadily it disintegrated like a puff of dust, and case-wrapping and all collapsed into such ruin that Hanniver was never able to reshape it sufficiently to verify his suspicion that it was the mummy of that Lady Bekta mentioned in the papyrus.

Abram held up the ring—a marvel of blue and gold, that flashed like blue flame,—shouting that it was the Ring of the Great Wish. . . .

After that he became quite ill—and Hanniver sadly let the great work slip from his fingers to take him home. And throughout the weeks of that journey Abram kept the ring shut within his hand.

"This remarkable ring," runs Professor Hanniver's account of it (on page 512 of his *Report of the Excavations of the Parmalee Expedition*, in a foot-note), "now most unfortunately lost, was as perfect as if made yesterday, even to the veinings on the beetle's wings; the iridescence of the glaze had all the range of a peacock's feather. I had no opportunity to study it with exactness, but the inscription—so far as I could judge—was an archaic form of the 'Coming Forth by Day' hymn to Ra: 'Hymn of praise to thee, O Ra! Thou keeper of secret gates which are on the brow of the god Seb. . . . In very truth I have thrust through the earth. Grant that I may go forward and arrive at the stage of old age.'"

Kneph and Isis, looking down into the bright streets of the city, as you put your eye to a stereopticon, towered like pillars of smoke.

"Is that really my man down there?" said Kneph. "Well,

I must say for a little experiment, he's not turning out so badly. Changed a good bit, isn't he! "

But Isis was looking not at the big iron buildings nor at the astonishing traffic contrivances, trolleys, subways, automobiles, but at various large plain quiet buildings standing here and there about the city. Her eyes grew bright. ( "How bright the stars are! " said two lovers strolling in the Park.) Then she said: "He *has* changed! He is kinder. The black places"—and her great eyes looked here and there with sad comprehension—"are not so many nor so black as they were when a slave died for every stone that was placed upon a silly pyramid. He is kinder. Those buildings"—she pointed to the hospitals—"are for making the pain of the world less. What would the Pharaohs have said to that! "

"They may have grown wise, but they're still using my ring," said Kneph, with some gratification.

The gods all hurried to see, for they *had* been feeling a little like back numbers. To find a man believing in one of their talismans was as good as one of the old burnt offerings. They crowded about Abram as pleased as children as the carriage drove up to the hospital.

Abram opened his palm and stared at the ring. "It is alive," he said to Hanniver. "It burns my hand."

Dr. Barnes, the camp physician who had made the voyage with them, made a pass with his cane. "That cur has been following us," said he. "How like a jackal it looks! " He struck at it and his stick encountered no substance, but he merely thought he had missed.

"Jackal! " said Hanniver, looking back. He saw no jackal. For an instant he fancied he saw a woman in Arab dress, a woman with very brilliant eyes. However, he suspected no more than the doctor that the old gods were making one of their infrequent visits to the world.

The hospital corridors are very long. They might be narrow, clean white streets with house-door after house-door, shut and silent and numbered. It was very much, thought Hanniver, like the way the doors of tombs open into the underground streets

of the dead—but different, with the exact difference between the world of then and the world of now, for then it was the dead man who was honored and had fortunes spent upon him, but to-day we try to do better by our living.

Isis said something of this to Kneph as the gods softly fell into step behind Hanniver and Abram and Dr. Barnes and the starched nurse. And Kneph retorted (he still is Kneph in spite of stupidity), "Nevertheless you see they take my ring with them"; which was vanity, pure and simple. Had it not been for Abram and his ring, Kneph would not have enjoyed his visit very much.

The gods, so used to tombs, felt old and embarrassed before that miracle of airy cleanness. The figure on the bed, however, was as still as a mummy. If it was dead, why then, things would seem more like Pharaoh's time, as all the dead are of the same age. They fixed their ancient eyes upon the still face expectantly.

The physician at the foot of the bed recognized young Parmalee with a grave face.

"You did not announce your coming, Mr. Parmalee, therefore my cables have not forewarned you. There has been a change."

"She is worse?"

"In a condition like this it is best not to hope too much, as I warned you in the beginning. The blood clot may absorb. Or there may be further lesions. Modern surgery can go far—but we cannot"—his voice twanged peevishly, for he had hoped much both as a man and a physician—"we cannot work miracles."

Something strange in Abram's manner called an attentive professional gleam to the physician's eye. He flung a questioning glance at Dr. Barnes, who nodded slightly. The great man lifted an eyebrow and did not leave the room as he had intended, for brains were the food and drink of his mind, and any new vagary of one was a gem for his great and precious collection.

Abram stood looking down at the girl with the strangest smile. A smile at such a time was not normal—not at all.

Abram, still smiling, put the ring on the dead finger, and kissed the dead mouth.

The physicians exchanged glances—then bent over the bed with excited faces.

The lips which had been no more than a grey line flashed red, and parted in a deep breath. The head turned ever so slightly, as if seeking an easier position, and then—the eyes opened.

The doctor stepped quickly to the patient's side, but some one caught at his arm and drew him roughly back. It was neither Hanniver nor Dr. Barnes nor the nurse, nor Abram. He looked about dazed. The room was singularly dark. Who was that Oriental-looking person at the bed's head? And what was it that shone so on the girl's hand? Or was it anything at all, for it seemed a light that flickered out—as if the Oriental person touched it and it went.

The electric lights were burning, but lighting the darkness no more than stars. "Who let that dog in here?" said the doctor angrily, for he thought a great hairy head pushed up beside the cot, and that animal eyes—more sad than fierce—glimmered down at the girl. And then a woman's hand—could it be the nurse's?—thrust it aside. And the lights flared up and now the patient was smiling at them, wanly—but awake, surely awake!

The moment's trouble with the lights, the doctor thought, had meant something wrong at the power house only. And when he looked about for the dog it was gone. . . .

"You see we still have power," said Kneph complacently, as the gods drifted out again among the unsubstantial city vapors. The night was very dark. Isis looking upward shuddered to see that the hugest cloud of all those heaped against the moon was shaped like the head of a jackal.

"We!" said she. "We are shadows and have never been. It was the kiss. He has learned how to love with the love that forgets self and if any miracle worth the name can be wrought it is only by that means. We may go, Kneph; the world needs little gods like us no longer."

Kneph seemed hardly pleased at her interpretation, but he yawned to cover any embarrassment he might feel.

"I believe I'm sleepy again," said he. "Suppose we go back to Egypt. . . ."

"Osiris!" called Isis, and the night which had deepened during the passing of Anubis, paled and broke into a pink flush behind the solid roofs of the city. The birds in the Park stretched their wings, stropped their beaks, and burst into formal salutations, "*O Amen Ra, O Amen*"—quite as correctly as Egyptian birds six thousand years ago.

On one of the benches sat a young man with a face as bright as that of Osiris himself. The doctors and nurses had hustled him away, not realizing it was he that had cured her. . . .

"Osiris!" said Isis. And the sun rose.

The two gods stood behind Abram's bench. Isis leaned her head against her husband's shoulder just like any other contented woman.

"That is Kneph's man," said she. "He has really learned something about love, and I shouldn't be surprised if he did very well after all. . . . Do you suppose Kneph meant it that way?"

## THE BURIAL

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

**T**HE funeral procession from the girl's home to the graveyard was due to begin at half-past two, but long before that hour the crowd of mourners began to collect. They stood about the entrance to the lane leading to the churchyard, and waited. The home of the dead girl faced the lane, and the procession, therefore, would reach its journey's end in a few moments from the time when it began to move. Towns-men and neighbors mingled with men from the country and the hills, and fishermen from the bay where the girl was drowned; and each man as he came up to a group of his acquaintances spoke of the terribleness of the disaster, and then the talk circled round the affairs of the small town.

John Mawhinney came along the old road to Ballyshannon, and when he was by the lane, he hailed James O'Hara.

"How're you, James?" he said.

James O'Hara, a lean, foxy-looking man, turned at the sound of Mawhinney's voice. "Och, I'm just middling," he replied. "I've the queer cold on me! How is yourself?"

"Ah, I'm not so bad. Man-a-dear, this is a terrible sad thing about this young girl!"

"Aye, it is that. Man, I mind her when she was that height, the same wee girl!" He allowed his hand to fall to the level of his knees as he spoke. "And a smart wee girl she was, too! Aye! She always had an answer for you, whatever you said, she was that sharp!"

He looked up as he spoke and saw John McClurg approaching. "Is that you, John?" he said.

McClurg, a large, moon-faced man, with little smiling eyes, came puffing up to them.

"It is surely," he said in reply to O'Hara's greeting.

"I saw you in the market the fair-day," exclaimed Mawhinney, "but you weren't looking, and you didn't see me. Did you do well with your cattle?"



"Ah, I didn't do so bad. I might have done better and I might have done worse!"

"Did you sell the wee heifer you had with you?" Mawhinney asked.

"I did not," replied McClurg. "I wouldn't take the price was offered for it!"

James O'Hara tapped him on the arm. "I suppose you've come to the funeral," he said.

John McClurg glanced across the road to the door of the house where the dead girl lay. "Well," he said, "I thought I would just dander into the town and show me respect to the dead, God rest her soul!" The three men raised their hats at his prayer. "What time does it begin?" he asked.

"They were talking about half-after two," replied Mawhinney, "but I'm thinking it'll be later than that. Sure, the mail train's not in from Belfast yet, and there's friends coming from there and from Derry, too, and they'll be wanting their dinner when they get here. It'll be three o'clock before ever they stir out of the door!"

"Aye, it will that," said James O'Hara, and then he turned and spoke to John McClurg. "Were you wanting much for your wee heifer?" he asked.

McClurg bit a piece of tobacco off a long twist of villainous stuff, and when he had chewed it in his mouth for a while, he spat yellow juice over the kerb, and then said, "You might think I was wanting too much, and I might think myself I was wanting too little."

Mawhinney broke into their conversation with a narrative of the drowning. "I saw her myself," he exclaimed, "before ever she went into the sea, laughing and joking like anything. Ah, God save us all from a death the like of her death!"

"Aye, indeed!"

"The poor wee girl," said McClurg. "They were a long time finding her!"

"They were, indeed!" replied Mawhinney.

"Would you be wanting five pounds for your wee heifer, John McClurg?" said James O'Hara.

"I would in faith, and a bit more on top of it!"

"They found her just where she went down," continued Mawhinney, in the voice of a man who is reciting an oft-told tale. "Man, it's quare the way the body returns like that!"

"Aye, it is!"

A man standing by turned to Mawhinney and pointed to a man in a frock-coat who was knocking at the door of the dead girl's home.

"Who's that man with the tall hat and the long coat on him, do you know?" he said.

"I never seen him before that I can lay my mind to," Mawhinney replied. "He's a stranger in this town. Do you know him, James O'Hara?"

"I do not. Mebbe he's come by the train. The mail's in now. There's Patrick Magrath with the mail-car coming round the corner!"

"You're mebbe right!" said Mawhinney, and then he resumed the recital of his tale. "Did you see the piece in the Derry paper about her?" he said. "That was the queer bit. And there was a piece of portry by the young woman in the post-office. Did you see that bit?"

"Aye, I saw it right enough. It was queer and nice. I didn't know that that woman could do the like of that!"

"Ah, sure, isn't she in Government service?"

"The paper said she was the queer, clever wee girl," Mawhinney said, "and took a lot of prizes at the school in Derry her dad sent her to. They must have spent a power of money on her training!"

"Aye, they did that. They never grudged her nothing. It's a queer pity of them!"

"You're right, James O'Hara. You are, indeed. It only shows you shouldn't make a god of your child!"

Two young men, one of whom carried a wreath in his hands, went up to the door and presently were admitted to the house.

"For dear sake, look at that wreath!" John Mawhinney exclaimed. "Man, that must have cost something!"

"Aye, I daresay it did. It's from the young men at the Y. M. C. A. She was going to be married to one of them. Did you never hear about it?"

"No, I did not. What was his name?"

"I think it was young McCracken."

"What! That lad?"

"Aye. It'll be a queer cut-up for him, this! . . ." said O'Hara, turning as he spoke to McClurg. "John McClurg, will you take six pound ten for your heifer?"

"Mebbe I would if it was offered to me," replied McClurg.

"There's many a Catholic would be willing to give a wreath, too!" murmured Mawhinney.

"Aye, that's true enough," replied McClurg. "Sure, there's no room for bigotry where death is! . . . Were you thinking of making me the offer, James O'Hara?"

O'Hara walked a little way from the group, and then, squirting tobacco juice before him, returned to it. "Ah," he said, "I was just wondering if you would take it if it was offered to you! I wouldn't offer more'n five pound for it myself!"

"Ah, well," replied McClurg, "it wouldn't be no good you offering that amount. I wouldn't part with the heifer for the money!"

"There's a brave crowd here now," said Mawhinney, turning towards the town. "It'll be a big procession, I'm thinking!"

"It will that. But I've seen bigger. There was the time Dr. Cochrane died. Do you mind that? That was a procession and a half!"

"Aye, it was, indeed! Near a mile long that was! . . ."

The door of the house opened, and a number of persons entered.

"They'll be starting soon," said Mawhinney.

"Ah, well, God help her, she'll soon be out of all this. It's the long sleep to the Day of Judgment!"

"Ah, you're right there. You are, indeed! . . ."

The door slowly re-opened, and men came forth bearing the yellow coffin on their shoulders. A great quietness fell on the village street, and each man in it removed his hat and, if he were a Catholic, crossed himself and prayed for the repose of the dead girl's soul. Here and there a woman wrapped her shawl about her face, and wept. The bearers carried the coffin across the

street to the lane leading to the churchyard, and the people in the street fell in behind, and marched slowly towards the grave. A bell tolled softly, and in the house from which the body had been carried, a woman could be heard crying and lamenting.

"I'll give you six pounds for your wee heifer," said James O'Hara, as the procession approached.

The body went by. "Ah, God rest her soul!" said McClurg, marking himself with the sign of the cross on the head and breast. He turned to O'Hara, "I couldn't take less than six pounds ten for it!" he said.

O'Hara shook his head. "No," he said, "I couldn't give more than six pounds for it!"

"Well, you'll not get it for the price, then! It's six pounds ten or nothing!"

"Indeed, you're the hard man to bargain with, John McClurg!"

"I'm not hard at all! . . . Mebbe, they're better dead young nor dead old! . . ."

"Will you not budge your price?"

"I will not—not a ha'penny!"

O'Hara gazed up the lane along which the funeral procession was moving. "Aye, it's a strange thing, death!" he said. "Taking the young like that, and leaving the old!"

"Aye, it is!"

"Well, they're in the graveyard now! I suppose I'll have to give you the six pounds ten! Come on down to Maloney's public-house, and I'll seal the bargain with you!"

## THE DILETTANTE WAKENS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

**O**UT of the dim forest  
Show me the way,  
I am fain at last

Of night and day,  
I am weary at last  
Of unwearying peace  
Where toil begins not  
And cannot cease.  
I have lain too long  
In a purple bed,  
On nuts and honey  
Too long I've fed,  
The rose and poppy  
Too long have shed  
Ineffable languor  
On my head.  
Grey and silver  
And fawn and mauve,  
Dim lakes beneath,  
Dim skies above,  
Pale wine, pale women,  
Pale petals shed,  
These did I love  
In the life I led.  
Alas, alas  
For my soul that went  
Into the air  
On a song soon spent,  
With grief not laden  
Nor merriment!

Out of the dim forest  
I will away!  
I will know day

When the strife is sorest,  
I will know night  
When, Life, thou pourest  
Balm on the wounds  
Well-earned in the fray.  
Bright stars will gleam  
In the ale I quaff,  
And a jolly company  
Catch my laugh,  
And the meat be red  
As the ale is yellow,  
And many a fellow  
Share board and bed,  
Till I find at last,  
On a day all gold,  
A woman bold  
To cleave to me fast  
On a raging sea,  
In a forest vast;  
In a harsh city,  
Till the end be past  
Of a life lived free  
As seed broadcast!

## THE RISE AND FALL OF CRITICISM

WILFRID L. RANDELL

**T**HE first critic, who scrawled with a half-burnt stick on the carapace of a crab or on a smooth fragment of bark a record of his dissatisfaction with a neighbor, probably retired speedily to his cave, igloo, or wigwam and awaited, defiant or scared, the advent of the enraged one—much as the schoolboy of to-day scribbles crude personalities on wall or gate-post and scampers off before he is caught. He knew, as all critics ought to know, that there is a sense in which the deliverance of opinions, laudatory or otherwise, on another person's appearance, speech, behavior, or work is impertinent, in the true meaning of the word. Yet every man has a right to express himself as seems to him best, provided that such expression does not endanger the welfare of the community, although if we consider the ancient chronicles of almost any nation it is obvious that the very stability of governments and kingdoms often depended upon the relentless suppression of the outward signs of adverse opinion. When Batir, the fierce Tartar general of Zenghis Khan, set up his court at Tsaritsin on the Volga, and invited the Grand Duchies of Russia to pay tribute, any criticism of his proceedings on the part of the Grand Dukes—albeit they seem to have had right on their side—was silenced by a brief physical operation which permanently prohibited further rebellion. The wholesale slaughters of Ivan the Terrible, in the same country, effectively damped the ardor of his critics. In the history of our own land similar instances, on perhaps a smaller scale, can be recalled with a moment's thought. A mob in revolt is but manifesting a primitive form of derogatory criticism, just as a crowd with banners and garlands giving honor to a hero exhibits a primitive form of approval. The snarl of labor to-day is but a rough, hardly articulate protest against the behavior of capital.

With the multiplication of printed papers and books, literary criticism, as we know it, showed the beginnings of becoming a profession. The critic, whom for the time we are bound to con-

sider principally as cantankerous and minatory, began to feel that he had a vocation—that he was called to the high office of knuckle-rapper to an ignorant and presumptuous crew. His pen was scalpel or sword, bludgeon or battle-axe; he wielded it with a zest that carried him triumphantly through risky errors of judgment or discretion; often his very enthusiasm endowed him with a style that lifted his work above the level of the literature he satirized, or exalted him to a renown destined to remain when the offences which he castigated were wholly forgotten. How many who profess to be students could tell, off-hand, the story of "Wood's Halfpence"? Yet Swift's tirade is still to be read; and his rousing pamphlet *The Conduct of the Allies*, which sold at the rate of eleven thousand copies in a month or so; and his more famous *Tale of a Tub*. Swift was a good type of this class of critic. He saw his chance, and rushed to the charge, head down, eyes glaring, bristling all over with execrations and condemnations—and the details of those controversies are about as interesting to us as the details of the Juvenile Cigarette Smoking Bill may be to our descendants two hundred years hence. Few things can be more difficult than to transmit even a sincere and virtuous anger from one century to another by the written word—such slaves are we of topicality; "we must read what the world reads at the moment," said Dr. Johnson, wisely enough. It is a curious comment on the fleeting fashion of human affairs and the inherent staying power of original literature that *Gulliver's Travels*, published as a topical satire, has become a child's gift-book.

The onward path of criticism is now strewn with squibs, lampoons, and empty shells of irony. Dryden, devising a punishment for Shadwell, wickedly makes the poet-priest Flecknoe say:

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dulness from his tender years;  
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he  
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity:  
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
But Shadwell never deviates to sense.

Andrew Marvell, in the same popular metre, gives vent to his spleen on political affairs. This was then the invariable



method of scoring off an enemy: pillory him in savage couplets, and let truth or facts fly as chaff before the wind.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, Pope and Addison were quarrelling, and literary criticism as an art began to rise toward its astonishing climax. The spectacle of the keen, ingenious, unscrupulous author of the *Dunciad* endeavoring, much in the manner of Dryden, to blacken the character of the elegant essayist, who—

Like Cato, gives his little senate laws  
And sits attentive to his own applause;  
While wits and templars every sentence praise  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:  
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep if Addison were he?

—this spectacle may not be particularly edifying, but in general we are able to see that the “thud and blunder” school was passing. The day of the “reviewer” is beginning to dawn, and the dawn is brilliant.

The reviewer of that period, and for a full century afterward, was entitled to rank as a sovereign literary artist. He still exhibited the energy, the enthusiasm and the ability of the robust cynics and satirists who preceded him, but the quality of his weapons was finer, his manner of handling them more elegant. To his censure he added, in most cases, an ameliorative urbanity, a serenity which lent grace and impressiveness to his pronouncements. He was austere, reproachful, admonitory, where his precursors had been clownish, defamatory, vituperative; the subjects of his distinguished notice might be regarded as patients under an operation for their benefit rather than as victims of violent and unprincipled attack. It was open to them to resent his comments—James Burney, brother of Fanny Burney, closed his doors to W. Hazlitt, believing himself affronted by Hazlitt's review of his sister's *Wanderer* in the *Edinburg*; but the warfare became less unseemly, the shouting less boisterous, the strokes more regulated by unwritten laws of courtesy at any rate as far as a man's appearance and motives were concerned. The uncouthness of Samuel Johnson, “Ursa Major,” though he may have been at times (we prefer Carlyle's epi-

"Ultimus Romanorum"), is as naught compared with the gibes indulged in by authors of the previous period; and that he was a persistent critic—if not a very agreeable one—few will deny.

The first twenty years of the nineteenth century showed very clearly the decline, almost the extinction, of the style of sneers and personalities. The scholarly satires of Thomas Love Peacock; the articles of Leigh Hunt in the *Examiner*; the fine, measured prose of Hazlitt; the uninspired and fortunately infrequent satirical poems of Shelley; the gentle remonstrances of Sir Walter Scott, incorrigibly amiable; all these writings, essentially of the nature of criticism, were part of the great renaissance in English letters—the upward curve of the wave which was to spend itself on the shores of then remote lustrums which we have but recently left behind. Even in the famous lapses—the "This will never do" of Jeffreys to Wordsworth; the "Back to the shop, Mr. John," to Keats; the "drivelling idiocy" with which *Endymion* was labelled; the "pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition and sensuality" affixed to *Prometheus*—there were no indecencies, though there were undoubtedly some rough personalities.

At this period we find the quality of charm creeping into the art of criticism. Hitherto the critic had damned with gusto or praised with enthusiasm, but he had not troubled, as a rule, to write as though conscious of the possibility that his phrases might themselves withstand the corrosive action of time; he might have said with George Wither:

And then, if any frown (as sure they dare not),  
So I speak truth, let them frown still—I care not.

His object was to criticise, not to compose literary essays—though from this generalization Addison and one or two other names must form notable exceptions. Thackeray, lecturing and writing on the English Humorists: Carlyle, with his *Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History*; and Macaulay, the business-manager of language, carried on this new development with immense effect, and the hey-day of literary criticism as an art was at hand. Lowell, in America, patronizing Swinburne ("*Atalanta in Calydon*," he wrote, "shows that poverty of

thought and profusion of imagery which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry"), and Swinburne himself, waxing eloquent over the Elizabethans, blasting Whitman with his wrath, and loosing torrents of flamboyant and sometimes irritating adoration on Victor Hugo, were at the crest of the wave; one still reads them all with a sense of irresistible admiration, whether in agreement or not with their verdicts. And then came the era of Things Beneath Criticism, and the opportunity of that great and increasing band, the modern reviewers of books.

This gradual merging of the critic into the reviewer, of the lion into the jackal, is one of the most interesting literary evolutions of recent times. The critic of olden days approached his task as a scholar, eager, alert to praise or blame, thoroughly equipped for his work. He had probably written better books than those he deigned to criticise, yet most of his themes had been worthy of the strength and skill employed upon them. There was no flood of absurd, impotent novels; the railway station bookstall, constantly demanding material that shall be attractive to the eye and saleable, whether or no it bears the faintest resemblance to literature, did not exist. A profound discontent must be felt by the student who has taken the trouble to trace the progress of the slow decline. To-day, a few periodicals act nobly as leaders and torch-bearers; for the rest, the spectacle is depressing indeed. The dignity, the discrimination, the high integrity which would permit no ill-regulated, abrupt, slipshod sentence to disturb the balance of an essay, are missing; in fact the essay itself, constructed by trained craftsmen from the richest stores of language, rounded and polished and tested, yet without losing its splendid spirit and fire, has almost vanished. Even the critic at heart, who values and could continue the glorious traditions, is forced by exigences of time and finance to fritter away his talents on trivial books made by trivial men; or, if he rises superior to this temptation, finds himself reverting to past ages, and, sheltered in his study from the bitter winds of modernity, produces essays on obscure poets and unimportant dramatists—essays that smell of the lamp and have no signs of

immortality about them, slow in movement and with no apparent destination.

For this collapse the press of books, the preposterous demand of publishers and authors that their joint productions shall be all, or nearly all, "noticed"—as though the immense majority of them were not beneath notice—is principally responsible. It has become a commonplace complaint that good work is "crowded out," and it is a point which need not be enlarged upon here; but it is none the less true. The secondary effect of this enormous industry of book-making—the spoiling of the critic—is what concerns us immediately. It is permissible to hold to the axiom, in spite of Dr. Johnson and his *Rasselas*, Charles Dickens and his serials, and other well-known examples, that no book should be written definitely for money alone; that in all writing the desire to write, the love of the work, should be the innate propulsive force. Inspiration, be it from a hate of injustice, a love of beauty, or a longing to share happiness with others, produces good work in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The men who write because they must should not be sacrificed to the men who write because it pays. The professional author (the journalist, presumably a necessity of civilization, is *hors concours*) is essentially an abnormal being, a blot on the fair scene of literary achievement. The thought of receiving a rose in payment for a sonnet, as was suggested by Mr. Richard le Gallienne some years ago in one of his pretty, inconsequent fancies, may provoke a smile, but it comes near to truth in the sense that the poem thus rewarded would probably be more worthy than the poem written to order for a cheque. "I thought it needless when I sent the verses to say that such tiny things were a gift, honored by your acceptance," wrote George Meredith to Frederick Greenwood, in 1892. "Do not, if you print me in future, pay me." Again, to the same good friend and editor: "My work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood"—this after forty years of writing. And again, to Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in 1900: "When I hear that I have been of some use to young men in aiding them to see the real life and guide their steps in it, I am content to think that I have lived." Here is the authentic fire, the impetuous, indomi-

table spirit, to which the direst obstacles were but occasions for grim laughter, fresh effort; yet supported, not by self-esteem and arrogance, but by a heart gentle as that of a child and humble as that of St. Francis.

The new phase of criticism, aided by the vogue of the pseudo-literary weekly and the recognition by most newspaper-proprietors that an appreciable proportion of their readers is interested in current books, shows not the slightest sign of waning. The majority of its exponents are pathetically lacking in the prime qualifications for their task; they labor under the impression that the ability to transfer opinions to paper in passable English constitutes a critic, not having realized that the genuine critic must be able to defend his opinions by excellent reasons for them. It is not too much to say that hardly one in fifty of this army is entitled to the classic name, and hardly one in a hundred of the books dealt with is worth criticising. The cause of the downfall has already been mentioned. What right have the factory-hands of fiction, the manufacturers of specious "biographies," the diligent colorists of kingly amours and of courtly profligates, the hawk-eyed time-servants who "turn out" novels on some topical question in the hope that huge sales will reward their smartness, to thrust their innumerable crude products before the weary eyes of the critic—or even before the hack reviewer—and to solicit a written verdict? Such a verdict, from the one must be degrading to his self-respect, since if he were to write exactly what he thinks no editor would print him; and from the other must mean merely a facile, futile re-arrangement of familiar phrases—a "review" which is simply a "notice," as devoid of value as its subject.

It was perhaps inevitable that this condition should come about, since all the arts have their halcyon days and their days of storm, their years of brilliance and their years of eclipse. Fluctuation—undulation; systole and diastole: these are the clear teachings of history in literature as in other arts; and in the tale of that great branch of literature, criticism, the same holds true. "Great men," said Professor Henry Jones, "appear in great ages . . . into a world which is waiting for them. They are the consequences of vast upheavals, products of the

world's stress and strain, pushed upwards from beneath by the pressure of mute social forces which have long been mustering. For this reason great men come, not singly as a rule, but in groups, like highest peaks in a mountainous region. . . . All alike, men of thought and men of action, the mighty and the lowly, are at such periods quickened as by some new spiritual force. The earth has circled round as if in its sleep, and a new spring has broken upon mankind." It may be—it must be—that we linger at present in one of the valleys; that we now gaze at the sunlit peaks behind with admiration, and peer ahead through discouraging mists toward the heights which we cannot see, but which we hope are there, unclouded, inscrutable, serene.

## THE MODERN HERO

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

**T**HROUGHOUT all the numerous discussions, illuminating and otherwise, of the twentieth century novel, its purpose and its morals, attention has been focussed principally, if not quite completely, upon the modern heroine. She is so unlike the faint-away, die-away young ladies who preceded her, the difference between an Amelia Sedley and an Ann Veronica, for instance, is so striking—and to many persons so appalling—that the change which has come over her indispensable masculine companion, the hero, has almost escaped notice; or, if mentioned at all, is attributed entirely to her influence: which is nearly as great a mistake as to ignore that influence altogether. Yet the change which has come over him, though less startling, is almost as great as that through which she herself has passed: the easy-going "walking-gentleman" who once held the centre of the stage in the majority of novels has made his exit, probably forever. That amiable young man whom elderly or defunct relatives supplied with cash as a matter of course and of whom nothing save a "handsome person," an "agreeable address," a fairly good temper and a certain amount of physical courage was ever demanded or expected—a type modelled upon the English country gentleman and one which with some slight modifications has persisted from the times of Jane Austen and even earlier, down almost to our own day—no longer fulfils the requirements either of author, reader or heroine. True, he still makes an occasional re-appearance; and when this happens we instinctively label the book in which he figures "old fashioned."

For the hero's character, once more or less negative, has now become positive. If he is to measure up to the ideas and ideals of the modern world, he must first of all be a fighter—though not with sword and pistol; for the military hero is far less popular than of yore, maiming and killing one's fellow men having ceased to be regarded as an altogether commendable occupation. He must battle valiantly for some great cause, preferably social, but often political or artistic: at the very least he

must stand firmly and definitely upon his own feet, a conqueror in the struggle for economic existence. We "left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques" upon "the old three-decker"; but the modern hero's bank-account has to be of his own creating, else it is looked upon as a handicap rather than an asset. One of the many reasons why the books of that most artistic of writers, Leonard Merrick, are now becoming popular is because his heroes—with the two exceptions of whimsical Conrad who went "In Quest of His Youth" and the lawyer who defied those conventions and prejudices which failed to accord with "One Man's View"—are all striving as best they can to wring a living out of some form of art, and without compromise or the traditional barter for pottage. Novelists, playwrights, actors, they are working-men every one, and the hero of to-day is a working-man as essentially as he is a fighter. In *Down Among Men*, Mr. Comfort's John Morning first wages his own personal battle against poverty and slander and physical hardship and when that is won throws himself, all he is and all he has, into the broader social struggles. John Ward, M.D., hero of the exceedingly modern book which bears his name as its title, abandons the luxurious idler's existence which might have been his and plunges into the arduous life of a country physician, literally for the salvation of his soul. No longer can the hero drift easily onward, the sport of circumstances which a kindly Providence in the shape of the author is sure to make favorable in the last chapter; such a one is only too likely to share the deplorable fate of him who was wrapped "In Cotton Wool." He must fight untoward conditions, even though, as was the case with Mr. Onions' Jeffries, he can do so only by committing what the law calls a crime.

Run over the list of those writers whose names spring first to one's mind in connection with the term "modern novel" and see how their heroes all stand for something beyond social amenities or the capacity for facing cold steel with equanimity. When Jane Bennett declared that Bingley was "just what a young man ought to be—sensible, good-humored, lively, and such happy manners!" she voiced the sentiments of the readers of that generation; but in the more accurate and therefore more modern of



those reflections of life we call realistic novels, we see what often happens to the merely amiable young man once he comes in contact with any of the great present-day forces, good or bad. Mrs. Wharton's Ralph Marvell, for instance, is a more intelligent, analytical and highly civilized Bingley; and one realizes from the first that so soon as he leaves the shelter of the backwater where he was born and bred his defeat and ultimate ruin are inevitable. He was sweet-tempered, agreeable, cultured—negative. As an ideal, the "gentleman of leisure" has been—not thrown—but gently and firmly removed from his pedestal and placed in the museum along with the quill pen which portrayed him so often and so admirably.

More and more definitely with every year which passes does that easy-going, receptive attitude once looked upon as quite correct and even praiseworthy suffice to imply certain defeat. And this because we take life itself far more seriously than our great-grandparents or even our grandparents ever dreamt of doing. They concerned themselves primarily with death and dying; we are interested in life and living. We are consequently more occupied with what we can perhaps help to happen in this world than we are about possible conditions in the next. With less fear and more real faith than our ancestors possessed we are willing to let our own ultimate future take care of itself, while we strive to improve the future state of the race here upon the earth. Our greater, more widely spread knowledge has so quickened the sense of personal responsibility that it has grown and is growing by leaps and bounds. Men's general point of view is less selfish, less fixed upon their own affairs than was once the case—at the least, they think it well that that of others should be so—and this alteration has affected even our lightest, most ephemeral fiction. There is no more popular plot than that which is concerned with a wealthy flâneur who becomes a worker through the influence of some earnest young woman or, vice versa, the useless society girl who is "awakened" by some big man—generally one who has come, like Lochinvar, "out of the West." The hero of to-day, even though he be only the hero of a magazine story, must do something besides woo the heroine if he is to win the modern reader's sympathy or admiration.

It has been said that it is impossible to open an English novel of the present time written by a worth-while author without finding one's self immersed in a discussion of socialism. Of course this statement is a half-humorous, half-despairing exaggeration; nevertheless it may be safely averred that six out of every eight among the heroes of recent notable novels are engaged in some phase or other of the struggle for human betterment. The new hero fights disease, sacrificing his own desires for the sake of those who would come after him, like John Ward; he does his very utmost for an ideal theatre, as was the case with "The Actor-Manager"; believing that the hope of the race lies in the spread of knowledge, he devotes himself to the task of "maintaining an onward, intellectual movement in the world, a movement not simply independent of but often running counter to all sorts of political and financial interests, as did that Stephen Stratton who was one of two "Passionate Friends." Perhaps some concerted endeavor for a new country's welfare claims him, as it did Neil Tempest of "The Law Bringers"; or like Lord Coryston, he is absorbed in the ages-old conflict with tyranny, political and intellectual. More rarely, attempted reform in the Church is his portion, as it was that of the young clergyman who wanted to make clean "The Inside of the Cup." Even a mere whipped-cream fiction hero like James Desboro is forced to realize at last that there is such a thing as "The Business of Life"—which latter fact is an exceedingly strong indication of the change which has come so quietly, yet so completely.

And the new, ardent interest in life and living, an interest comparable only to that which came with the Renaissance, represented by all this, has brought a different and enlarged questioning of youth and its development; consequently we have books of such a comparatively novel order as *From the Angle of Seventeen* and *Youth's Encounter*. Can anyone picture the hero of either of these tales as eventually becoming an amiable leading-man of the old-fashioned type? The old order changeth, and with it the general standard as to what is and what is not admirable. If we have no great liking nowadays for a Sophia Western, we surely have still less for a Tom Jones. Despite all

talk to the contrary, it may well be doubted whether the hero has not in truth been obliged to conform to an even more radical alteration in popular opinion than has the heroine. We hear a great deal, for instance, about the obsolete quality of Dickens' heroines; but what of his heroes? And is even Evelina herself more out of date than that insufferable prig, Lord Orville?

It is and probably always has been the fashion to sneer at the present, its fact and its fiction, and to sigh for "the good old days." Yet Scott Nearing tells us that modern science has abolished pessimism and, if sanely regarded, the fiction of the present time will be seen as indorsing that dictum. Less self-centred and less amatory than his predecessors, striving at least to master circumstances instead of supinely submitting to them, economically independent instead of merely doing his best to sponge on his parents or on some "wealthy relative from India"; taking his existence at once more cheerfully and more earnestly, often fighting a good fight against some kind of wrong or degradation, artistic, social or political; clean-living, not needing to be "reformed" by his marriage to the saintly heroine, or else working out his own salvation by his own honest efforts; one whose life, though sometimes cloaked with an apparent flippancy, has both purpose and meaning; there is no more hopeful or inspiring sign of the times than the new and very different hero who dominates our modern fiction.

## ARTHUR B. DAVIES

JOHN COURNOS

**I**NGRES walked through the streets of Rome with his eyes covered, led by his wife like a little child, so that he might not see the contaminating sights of modern life after seeing the frescoes of Raphael. And in considering the pristine, almost primitive, character of the art of Mr. Arthur B. Davies, one wonders whether anyone in like manner leads him blindfolded through the infinitely worse maze of New York, and whether his ears as well as his eyes are closed against the reigning cacophony that is certainly not in his work. As with Ryder, his art is a revolt from, rather than a product of, his environment. His natural tendencies led him in fact to visit Greece a few years ago, whence he returned to New York more Davies than ever.

He is a symbolist and a romantic, and above all a rare colorist. I have yet to meet anyone who could explain his symbolism, or anyone who admired his paintings the less on that account. Correlate these two facts, and you pay the highest tribute to the artist's qualities as a painter. You have here conclusive proof that the pleasure his pictures afford does not depend upon their subject matter, but upon their intrinsic merit as painting. It is easier to rhapsodize over his color than to describe it. It is as abstract as a piece of music, and of the same unforgettable intangibility. Above all you remember the purity of its tones—the translucent coloring of warm, southern skies—and the splendid if subdued opulence of really musical blues which haunt one's memory like some rich ancient chant sung in monotone. It has been said of an artist, whose name I cannot now recall, that he painted listening. It has also been said that Leonardo had musicians play in order that Mona Lisa might smile; but it is strange that no one has suggested what effect this music had on the painter, and that if it helped Mona Lisa to smile it might also have helped Leonardo to paint that smile. We like to think of Davies as listening in order to catch at the point of his brush the elusive sounds of a piece by Bach, or perhaps by Debussy. It may be that he is listening to the music of his own soul. And

what if all this is not criticism but fantasy! Obviously it is the spirit of the artist's color harmonies that I am trying to suggest, and not the external processes which bring about their consummation; these may be sufficiently unromantic to please the most practical of men.

Granted that Davies's painting expresses with subtle suggestion "the condition of music," the recognition of this fact brings with it a revelation of the painter's symbolism. The tall, splendidly drawn female nudes which have been the cause of pleasure as well as of mystification are after all an essential factor in this tangible musical element. As music can be reposeful or restless, so is the music in these canvases reposeful or restless, and correspondingly the figures—musical symbols, as it were, expressed in line—have fallen in with the latent rhythm of Davies's color. They have listened to its magic tunefulness, and succumbing to it, have become its *leit motif*.

A Davies figure and a Davies landscape preserve a perfect balance. Either would be equally bereft without the other. Nude in soul as well as in body, the figures are made to respond to complex modern emotions in a simple, primitive way. No Greek and no artist of the Renaissance would have illustrated the pretty myth of *Hylas and the Nymphs* quite as Davies has done in his canvas of that name. It is a splendid evocation of the modern spirit. It is easy to read into it the woe and the unrest and the inarticulate desire of Twentieth Century women. The agonized figure to the right, with outstretched arms, is Hedda Gabler, disrobed. (We have seen Madame Nazimova, robed, aspire to a posture like this.) Or she might be one of the Trojan women of Euripides, the one Greek dramatist who remains astoundingly modern despite the many waters that have flowed since his day and ours. This picture is full of movement, which is restless without being violent. I have not seen, however, the artist's *Storms*, *Frenzies*, *Torments*; but the title suggests something Dantesque, which Davies is not infrequently. Beneath all this portent there is structural quality, the units are perfectly related, and the various rhythms co-ordinated as in an orchestral composition. A comparatively simple arrangement is *The Measure of Dreams*. It is a composition of subtly modu-

lated tones, and truly the dream-woman is moving to the measure of Davies's color. Few painters have invested their figures with such profound significance. I remember a little blue panel—I am not sure that it is called *Autumn Bower*—in which the wind is blowing furiously through the trees, and sending their tops forward in one fine rhythmic sweep; the waters of a pond are turned to foam; in the lower left-hand corner, on one of the banks, two nude human forms are crouching on their knees, their bodies bent rigidly forward, their hair flowing in the same direction before the fury of the tempest. The beauty of the composition consists in its general forward movement, its suggestion of wild wind music and of the human fear of the elements.

There is danger of reading too much into the pictures of Davies, but that is the great virtue of his art. The more wrong we are the more right the artist is, since in usurping the abstractedness of music, he has lent his art to the same possibilities of diverse interpretation. But let us hope we have not gone off the track quite so badly as the Scotsman who was made to feel gay by listening to Tschaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*.

## PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF EDWARD CARPENTER

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

IT has been my good fortune in my little book, *Three Modern Seers*, to write an appreciation of Edward Carpenter, which seemed to Carpenter himself a summarizing of his own ideals. To approach the personal mood of so individual a man and to create an atmosphere which is intimate without being intrusive, is not so easy a task as to study the poet and the prophet presented in his books for the world to read or misread. The writer, the business man, the artist or the clown may not move our pulses. But the sudden or secret revelation of the human being in any of these gives us a key and with it we unlock, not only the door of one personality, but of many. To approach and understand a complex nature like Edward Carpenter ought to imply a range of sympathy akin to his own, and so the task of discussing him is doubly difficult. Theodosia Garrison has in *The Joy o' Life* poems put the difficulties of correspondence between a poet and his readers in these words:

Fire he put upon his lips,  
In his heart a blade,  
"Thus," quoth Allah to his Saints,  
"Are my poets made.  
"Yet what use?" the maker sighed  
To his angels near;  
"Since I may not give the World  
Ears, that they may hear."

For our consolation, however, it may be declared that the characteristics of genius in modern life do not stand so apart from those of us who are average in brain and heart as they did thirty years ago. Complexities of temperament through education and rational facing of problems by the aid of science and medicine, the increase of real democracy, and the decrease of the cant of it, have made a minority of us more tolerant and understanding. I can well remember Edward Carpenter being described as a dangerous anarchist, and even as a madman. In the past, "this man hath a devil" has usually been the label

put upon reformers, from Christ to Bernard Shaw; but now it is almost fashionable to entertain the law-breaker as well as the law-maker, in case angels should be neglected unawares. In these days it is growing more common to find, amongst both men and women, a mingling of the practical and the mystical. In Edward Carpenter the poet and the mystic have transformed or transmuted all the so-called "common" things of life into "miracles at our door," as Grace Rhys would call them. An unusual humanity in the man has made those brown, dog-like eyes of Carpenter's pierce through appearances, and he sees jewels where most of us see only bottle glass. He drags off the disguises. He sees the creature within, the real entity, trying slowly to emerge, and he is never brutal to the shy unfolding of the spirit. From babe to lover, and from lover to the one awaiting death, he watches the transitions, the failures, the so-called sins, and the comedies and tragedies of emergence from the coils of the flesh back to the spirit, which is the warfare of earthly life. These have no terrors for him. Neither sin nor suffering nor shyness confuses his outlook. He lays a calm hand on the anæmic or the fevered pulse, and knows the physic prescribed by Destiny. He realizes at a glance how desire and restraint cause equal lapses and treacheries in the work of the spirit; but he realizes also that Love always draws upwards.

Carpenter sees how we set up fantastic theories of slavery to indulgence or asceticism, so that our growing pains shall not hurt so much. We worship money, we want to increase our power, or intensify our ambition. We love absorbingly and suffer woefully. We bluster and bind, we seek and are led astray. We pray for faith and remain faithless. We give small names to great truths, and crucify where we ought to heal, and we extinguish where we ought to stimulate. The whole crazy blunder is because neither our spirituality nor our humor is big enough to enable us to be properly human. For after all to be human is the first aid to spirituality. A man like Carpenter is of immense value because he gives hints of what real spirituality is. He knows it is not a selfish hope for an exchange of good deeds for a fair haven. It is simply the power to realize the one-ness of all living things, and a need to suffer and to joy with



others. It is a realization that love is the end, even if the way and the means to it are painful and baffling. It is to believe and to surrender, to be ready to live or die a saviour or to be one of the "lost," as Fate wills. Edward Carpenter as poet and seer dreads neither joy nor sorrow, because he knows they spring from one root.

He understands music, as we find when we read *Angel's Wings*; so he knows the value of discords. In his *Desirable Mansions* and other essays we realize he is a real democrat; but he is almost aristocratic and certainly autocratic in his plea for serene individualism in democracy. Self and the over self, oneself in and for others, is the keynote of all his work. In *Love's Coming of Age* he proves he can understand the passionate, bewildering, and mystical heart of a woman, through realizing the crude needs of the past, and the subtle evolution in the present of her mate, man. He sees the flux and reflux of passion and pain, of love and death. He would have no hurry, and yet no rest till Love has emerged in all its wonder and beauty. Love and desire in their crudity, their excess, and their ecstasy, this man approaches with the courage of a mystic and the exaltation of a lover. He realizes that there is nothing common or unclean in love, as there is nothing terrifying in death. All through his books, and especially in the *Art of Creation* and the *Drama of Love and Death*, we realize how Life, Love and Death make the great drama for Immortality. This belief in the man makes us, while reading his poems or his prose, at one with the babe at the breast, and with the ferns in cool stretches of forest. This one-ness is at the root of his whole philosophy. A cobbler, an ant, a thief, a saint, a coward, a scandal-monger, and a self-righteous groper after truth, are to him just brothers and sisters finding the way or lamely walking in it. To me, the greatness of Edward Carpenter's conception is just this emphasis on the one-ness of mankind.

When I have stayed with Edward Carpenter in his little home near Sheffield, what has always struck me most is the way the apparently incongruous in his atmosphere appears in order and reasonable. In the little kitchen where we eat and talk there is a piano. It seems quite in place, though in our kitchens

it would probably appear absurd. I remember smiling to myself one night when I sat between Carpenter and his factotum and friend in one. Carpenter was mending his shirt, and the other a pair of socks. No incongruity struck me, because Carpenter's idea of life is simplification and a real division of work. His belief is that what a woman can do a man can always share. He has realized the truth that no occupation is a sex monopoly, but a chance for free choice, capability, and division of labor. So that when Carpenter takes his share in the washing-up, it seems quite as natural as when he lights a cigarette. When he neither sews nor smokes but plays Chopin, a curious realization comes over one that there is no real difference in the arts of love, music, stocking-mending or redeeming. The so-called commonplace is mere vibration of the soul to the true poet, the sinful and erring mere confusion of tongues spelling out the infinite.

On one occasion when a purveyor of religious tracts called on these two men in the little village where they dwell, the factotum alone was at home. "What religion," inquired the missionary, "do you profess?" The answer was immediate, in a strong north-country voice. "What religion! Why! the same as the cocks and hens! We love the sunshine and the garden, and our bit of grub." Though this man confesses he has neither read the Bible, nor any of Carpenter's books, his humorous answer strikes at the root of the matter of the unity of all natural things. It is this realization of unity which makes Carpenter a vegetarian, an anti-vivisectionist, a socialist, a suffragist, a seer, and possibly a sinner. For after all, what is a sinner? The real sinner is one who lapses consciously from his vision. He is one who cannot always and absolutely live up to the light within him, as the conventional sinner is one who cannot live up to the ideas of the people around him. To pretend that Carpenter cannot fail in word or deed would be to take a sentimental and false view of him. Of course he fails; but the wonderful thing about him is that he makes those of us who know him well more firmly his friends, because of this one-ness with us in spiritual imperfection. He neither poses as a saint nor counts his conquests as a spiritual miser. He is not dismayed at his failures, but learns and strides on, bearing as he can the penalties of both

success and failure. The men or women who dare to be themselves never escape suffering and misconstruction, but Carpenter tells us that the great order is served by these personal tortures. Complexity of temperament implies martyrdom, and martyrdom is a gate to real mysticism, and mysticism is heaven's horn book on Earth. We must remember that no man, and no woman, trespasses into the unknown, while they bear flesh as a burden, without a terrible dragging of the nerves, or some complexity of temperament which, under certain conditions, could spell madness or ruin. The poet or the seer, like the dancer, runs enormous risks if he interprets through the body the bewitching ecstasies of the soul. But failures do not count as much as attempts and enterprises. None of us can say where failure begins or success ends in the spiritual adventures of life.

My personal tribute to the work of Edward Carpenter is, that never once for more than twenty-five years, in whatever straits life has hurled me, either from joy or pain, have I gone to his *Towards Democracy*, and come away in the same mood. It is surely the epistle of a life, and the Gospel of a life to be, when love has solved the difficulties of pain, jealousy, separation and death, and when the great Mother Nature is recognized as the real Healer.

Curiously enough, *Towards Democracy*, the first edition at least, is in one mood, the mood which almost eclipses a message in a grief, but a grief without bitterness. When Death takes what we love, expression in some form saves breakdown. Through death the artist either expresses or is extinguished. The door opens and he sees, or it shuts and he wails. If he sees, he creates, and then we see too.

The death of his mother opened up the channels in Edward Carpenter, for the inflowing of the spirit of *Towards Democracy*. No one can read that book and remain quite the same. From the almost condemnatory onslaught on respectability, to the last word in the latest edition of all, "Lo! what a world I create," the human being and the seer speak to the mortal and the immortal within us all, and help us, as the sun and the stars and the flowers help, by being themselves.

It is this singleness, this unaffectedness of the man and the

artist, that makes Carpenter worth while. There is in his work, and in himself, both serenity and radiance. One of my most precious memories when staying with him is when, one Saturday night, he took me to the local public house. As I was the only woman there, except the landlady, the colliers and farmers did me honor. An old man, who had drunk rather deeply, got up and sang a song to Carpenter's vamping. The utter unconsciousness of these men, and especially of the one who sang it, who had no idea that it was not the most appropriate with which to entertain an ethical prig, was very refreshing, as it was refreshing to see Carpenter as a pal of them all. In that little public house parlor was that curious atmosphere of human democracy which is utterly free from philanthropy, patronage or snobbery. "I go in and out accepted" is true of Carpenter, as of Walt Whitman.

Carpenter is as much at one with animals and nature as with men. A lovely picture remains with me of him in his garden. In the little hut by the brook, at the end of the garden, where he wrote nearly the whole of *Towards Democracy*, we were sitting one afternoon, and talking out all things from sex to psychism. Suddenly I realized we had an audience. A large water rat eyed us calmly as we talked out the probable and improbable secrets of the universe. The rat knew, as I knew, that all things wearing fur or feathers or silky skins were safe with this man, whose sense of beauty and unity defended all dumb things from evil. The rat scratched his ear, while we scratched the universe. None of us seemed afraid of the Possible or the seemingly Impossible.

When one is with Carpenter one feels that what we call the miraculous is no violation, but an enlargement, of nature's laws. It would not surprise me in the least suddenly to find an escaped tiger lying asleep with its head on Carpenter's sandals, any more than it would appear impossible to me if I heard that the little that is left of his mortal body had passed out of sight in a way nature might see fit to use for her special children at special intervals. He is one lent by the Gods, and the Gods are omnipotent.

## THE CELTIC STRAIN IN LAFCADIO HEARN

MICHAEL MONAHAN

**I**S there any sort of reproach or bar sinister in the fact of a literary man having Irish blood in his veins, in his belonging much or little to the most deeply spiritualized and poetic race in the world? That vision of the invisible world which is the delight and the despair of poets, to whom has it been given in fuller measure than to the Celt? Those preoccupations of the soul which token an immortal destiny, those strivings to regain an eternal inheritance which mark a people of the spirit, what race do they indicate with a clearer stigma? Is not the entire history of the Celt a rejection of the things of this world for the Shadow and the Dream?

Yet one might think there was some reproach, or inferiority, or even degradation implied in the Irish name, judging from occasional hints dropped by illiberal, or superficial, or perhaps merely careless persons. For instance, Mr. F. Hadland Davis, an Englishman, writing about Lafcadio Hearn in the *MARCH FORUM*, and writing exceeding well in the main, has this to say on the subject of his racial inheritance as accounting for some of the characteristics of his literary genius:

"Can we in any way account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—viz., his birth and the fact that he suffered from myopia. . . . Hearn's parentage was interesting. He had Greek and Romany blood in his veins. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful in everything he saw, combined with an almost equal love of the horrible; and the Romany for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers."

The suggestion of Hearn's myopia as a formative influence in his style, an idea that originated with the eccentric Dr. Gould, I have treated elsewhere. But is it not singular that a writer so well informed as Mr. Davis—he claims to have read all of Hearn's books and nearly everything published about him!—should ignore the fact, obvious and indisputable, of Hearn's Irish blood? The attempt on the part of Miss Bisland, his

first biographer, to trace his Irish forbears on the paternal side back to 1693, when they were Dorsetshire English, seems a rather foolish piece of pedigree making. It certainly was unjustified by the facts. There were mingled elements in Hearn's blood, but he was more Irish than anything else. Those who knew the living man never doubted it, and to my mind, at least, his genius yields the strongest proofs of Celtic derivation.

This is not the first time Hearn's racial antecedents have been made to bear an invidious note. Mr. Davis seems to share an ugly and, I had thought, extinct prejudice with Miss Bisland: which prejudice is the more to be regretted, since her work in most other respects is deserving of liberal praise, while her slightly romantic friendship with Hearn gives her a claim of esteem upon all who are interested in the writer and the man. Her motives were, *bien entendu*, of the worthiest: to throw something of a picturesque glow about a life that in its earlier years sorely needed it—that held in truth overmuch darkness and suffering. But in writing as she did, about Hearn's early family and religious associations, with her quick womanly sympathies touched to the quick and her feelings more exercised than her judgment, I suspect Miss Bisland did not render the best possible service to his memory.

Hearn himself was partly to blame for the undisguised prejudice shown by his biographer. He had suffered much in his shy myopic youth; he had been ill-understood and harshly treated, and in some confused way he had lost home and friends. All this was not clear to Hearn himself, or at least he gave no clear account of it. I believe also that Hearn romanced about the sordid circumstances of his youth, and that simply from the quality of his imagination. There is little in what he tells to put a sure finger on; rather, most of it seems of a nightmare unreality. Hearn began early to brood over and fashion that appropriate legend of himself with which every artist is more or less preoccupied. He indulged this usually harmless passion to an extreme degree, until he at one time hallucinated himself into the notion that he was the object of a systematic, malignant persecution by priests of the religion in which he had been brought up. But close readers of his work, including his letters (like Mr.

Davis I may claim to be one), know that in his later years he softened considerably and opened his mind to saner views. I believe even that he learned to laugh at his pet bugaboo of Jesuitic persecution.

Finally, with his partial disillusionment regarding Japan, notable in his last years, the pendulum is seen swinging back for Hearn and the immemorial claims of race and blood are felt to be striving within him for reassertion.

In spite of home and wife and children, in spite of Japanese name and all, nay, in spite of the literary glory that Japan had yielded him, I believe he was never less attached to the strange land of his adoption than in the last year of his life. Something of the change must be referred, of course, to the loss of his place in the Imperial University, and his personal experience of the darker traits of Japanese character, traits which are indeed common to East and West. But I believe a deeper explanation is called for, if we would truly estimate this final phase of Hearn's thought. A man does not add a cubit to his stature by thinking, nor does he remake himself as to his racial and spiritual inheritance. Lafcadio Hearn remained Celtic in soul, spite of his many years in Japan, spite of his immersion in the myths and creeds of a strange people, spite even of what he believed to be a sincere preference of Buddha to Christ. Oh, yes, the pendulum was swinging back for Lafcadio Hearn! Man is unto himself a mystery: by ways strange and undreamed of, across the opposing currents of a lifetime, the soul of a race wins back to its own. . . .

Literary ladies and others need no longer concern themselves, as I take it, with the somewhat grotesque and painful legend of Lafcadio Hearn's early years, nor seek to remould it in the interests of romance. Hearn was not born of the aristocracy, nor did he come of the Romany Rye, and it is puerile folly to put forth such stuff. I will say, however, that one of the best things in his legend and one of the most undoubted, is that he came honestly by the second half of his name, which is as Irish as any in the rubric! Let his romantic admirers be advised that they render a poor service to his memory in seeking to make him out as wholly and deliberately unworthy of it.

## LORD DUNSANY'S GODS \*

CHARLES VALE

A FEW nights ago I read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain*. Then, after an interval of ten minutes for reflection, I read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain* again. It is ten years since I was guilty of such greediness. When one writes books, and reads books, and spends a regrettable number of hours each day with proofs in all stages of imperfection and with manuscripts in all stages of negligibility or eligibility, one does not usually wish to read anything twice, whether it reveal the secrets of the heaven above, or of the earth beneath, or of the waters that surround the earth. But there are exceptions—even if they be only decennial exceptions—to all rules (including this, which, since it is its own exception, justifies itself).

To-day, I have read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain*, for the third time.

After such a confession, criticism may seem superfluous. It is. I shall therefore, with consummate ease, refrain from anything that could justly be called criticism. But it pleases me—occasionally—to be garrulous; and there seems no valid reason why—occasionally—one should not please oneself, especially when there is a possibility that others may be tempted to a pleasure that carries no sting, to a debauch that leaves the brain stimulated, and not asphyxiated.

The average critic—the average incompetent critic—observes two fixed principles when he is reviewing a book: first, and most importantly, he desires so to reveal the plot or theme of the book that no reader will need, or wish, to read the book itself (which results in a manifest injustice to the author, the publisher, and the decoyed public); second, he desires so to reveal his own inanity that no intelligent person can remain in the slightest doubt as to his fitness to be a leader of public opinion and an infallible guide

\* *Lord Dunsany: Five Plays*—the latest volume in "The Modern Drama Series," edited by Edwin Björkman (Kennerley).



through the labyrinths of literature, art, philosophy, and the usual distractions from a sane, safe, and monotonous life.

I do not care at all about these principles. I prefer to neglect them, on all suitable and unsuitable occasions; and have even (greatly daring) gone so far as to intimate that the main function of a reviewer is to review, not to travesty. Particularly, I have objected to the familiar *résumés* and so-called analyses that disfigure the pages of our leading literary journals. My own habit has been to suggest, not to exhaust; to give occasional representative extracts and a sufficient general indication; but not to deprive the author of the privilege of being himself, of speaking with his own voice, of appealing or repelling *in propria personâ*.

But consistency—that bugbear of little minds—exists only because of its value as material for inconsistency. I intend to give—without any apology to Lord Dunsany or his publisher—the substance of *The Gods of the Mountain*. For if I, who have read the whole play twice, could none the less read it, willingly, a third time, surely those who may glance through this rambling paper will not be satisfied with any deputizing, but, for their full contentment, will go direct to Lord Dunsany and his gods.

*The Gods of the Mountain* appeared first in 1911. The play was staged at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, and the performance drew from Mr. Frank Harris the strong statement: "It was one of the nights of my life; the only play, I said to myself, which meant anything to me in twenty years." I can comprehend fully Mr. Harris's feeling; for, to a large extent, I share it—though I have waited three years for the pleasure. I should not have waited so patiently if I had known more exactly what I was waiting for. For some time, those enviable people who are able to keep up with the world's literary output have been asking me what I thought of Lord Dunsany's work. I did not think anything, because I was too busy with mediocrities to pay sufficient attention to genius. I am now trying to atone for my own stupidity.

*The Gods of the Mountain* has just been published here in "The Modern Drama Series," edited by Edwin Björkman. Four other plays are included in the volume—*The Golden Doom*, *King Argimēnēs* and the *Unknown Warrior*, *The Glittering Gate* and

*The Lost Silk Hat.* There is also an excellent introduction by Mr. Björkman.

"It is hard," Mr. Björkman says, "to define just what makes these plays what they are. But certain qualities are tangible. Their deep and rich symbolism is one. It is the kind of symbolism for which the advances of modern psychology have prepared us—the kind that is inseparable from life itself as we are only just beginning to understand it. Another quality is their capacity for suggesting at once the intimate unity and appalling vastness of life. In *The Golden Doom* the fate of an empire and a little boy's desire for a new plaything become linked as facts of equal importance in the web of fate. In *The Gods of the Mountain* we meet with an atmosphere of fatality comparable only with that found in the Greek dramas. . . . Through all of the plays the greatest possible economy of means has been observed, so that not a word, not a tone, not a gesture is wasted in obtaining the effect aimed at. . . . The characters of Lord Dunsany speak as simply as those of Maeterlinck, but always sharply to the point; there can be no mistaking what they mean, and that meaning serves always to carry forward the action of the play. . . . The plays combine to an extraordinary degree the qualities which make separately for theatrical or literary success."

*The Gods of the Mountain* opens with three beggars seated upon the ground, outside a city wall. The note of unusualness is struck at once, but with superb simplicity.

OOGNO: These days are bad for beggary.

THAHN: They are bad.

ULF (*an older beggar, but not grey*): Some evil has befallen the rich ones of this city. They take no joy any longer in benevolence, but are become sour and miserly at heart. Alas for them! I sometimes sigh for them when I think of this.

As they talk, Agmar and Slag enter. Agmar is poorly dressed, but "tall, imperious, and older than Ulf." He rebukes the three for their pessimism, and they discover that he is not a merchant, or some lord in disguise, but a master-beggar, cunning in counsel and in action. He has travelled from far, "having somewhat exhausted the city of Ackara."

Swiftly, he conceives a scheme that will bring food to the hungry, and esteem to the despised.

AGMAR: Have you any thieves among the calling here?

ULF: We have a few that we call thieves, master, but they would scarcely seem thieves to you. They are not good thieves.

AGMAR: I shall need the best thief you have.

Two citizens enter, and Agmar at once shows his skill as a beggar. But when the citizens have gone, he returns to his scheme.

AGMAR: We shall need fine raiment; let the thief start at once. Let it rather be green raiment.

THAHN: I will go and fetch the thief.

ULF: We will dress ourselves as lords and impose upon the city.

OOGNO: Yes, yes; we will say we are ambassadors from a far land.

ULF: And there will be good eating.

SLAG (*in an undertone*): But you do not know my master. Now you have suggested that we shall go as lords, he will make a better suggestion. He will suggest that we go as kings.

ULF: Beggars as kings!

SLAG: Aye. You do not know my master.

ULF (*to Agmar*): What do you bid us do?

AGMAR: You shall first come by the fine raiment in the manner I have mentioned.

ULF: And what then, master?

AGMAR: Why, then we shall go as gods.

BEGGARS: As gods!

AGMAR: As gods. Know you the land through which I have lately come in my wanderings? Marma, where the gods are carved from green stone in the mountains. They sit all seven of them against the hills. They sit there motionless and travellers worship them. . . . They are of green jade. They sit cross-legged, with their right elbows on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upward. We will come into the city disguised, from the direction of Marma, and will claim to be these gods.

We must be seven as they are. And when we sit we must sit cross-legged as they do, with the right hand uplifted.

ULF: It were well not to anger the gods.

AGMAR: Is not all life a beggary to the gods? Do they not see all men always begging of them and asking alms with incense, and bells, and subtle devices? . . . Then will the gods be glad when we follow the holy calling with new devices and with subtlety, as they are glad when the priests sing a new song.

The scheme is carried out with subtlety and success. The beggars—now seven in number—are accepted as gods, thanks to the resource of Agmar, who invents “an ancient prophecy” of the waking of the gods and causes it to circulate amongst the people. In many other ways he shows his skill. For some of the citizens doubt the divinity of the seven beggars, and arrange to put them to the test. One—Illanaun—thinks he recognizes Agmar as a beggar to whom he had given alms—as, indeed, he had done. He is the “doubting Thomas” of the new dispensation.

ILLANAUN: Now I never knew a beggar yet who would refuse a bowl of Woldery wine.

ANOTHER CITIZEN: This is no beggar.

ILLANAUN: Nevertheless let us offer him a bowl of Woldery wine.

OTHER CITIZEN: You do wrong to doubt him.

ILLANAUN: I do but wish to prove his divinity. [*The wine is fetched and offered.*]

FIRST BEGGAR: It is Woldery wine!

SECOND BEGGAR: It is Woldery!

THIRD BEGGAR: A goblet of Woldery wine!

FOURTH BEGGAR: O blessed day!

FIFTH BEGGAR: O happy times!

SLAG: O my wise master!

[*Illanaun takes the goblet. All the beggars stretch out their hands, including Agmar. Illanaun gives it to Agmar. Agmar takes it solemnly, and very carefully pours it upon the ground.*]

FIRST BEGGAR: He has spilt it!

SECOND BEGGAR: He has spilt it!

AGMAR: It was a fitting libation. Our anger is somewhat appeased.

The citizens, convinced, go, and the beggars, left alone, greedily eat the meat that has been brought to them as an offering. But Illanaun still doubts, and men are sent on dromedaries to Marma, to see whether in truth the gods have left their seats, or are still in their ancient places. The news is brought to Agmar at the time when the messengers are due to return. He cudgels his brain for a new device to avert the penalty of exposure; but he has not sufficient time. The messengers come back from the desert, and are brought in to confront the beggars. The question is put to them: "Were the Gods of the Mountain seated still at Marma, or were they not there?" The beggars hurriedly prepare for a flight that would be futile, but they are stayed by the inexplicable answer. *The gods were not at Marma.*

The beggars are now indeed accepted as the gods; but Agmar is perplexed. What has happened? A banquet is prepared, and a frightened man enters and abases himself before Agmar.

MAN: Master, we implore you. The people beseech you.

[*Agmar and the beggars in the attitude of the gods sit silent.*]

MAN: Master, it is terrible. It is terrible when you wander in the evening. It is terrible on the edge of the desert in the evening. Children die when they see you.

Agmar gropes for a solution of this new mystery.

AGMAR: In the desert? When did you see us?

MAN: Last night, master. You were terrible last night. You were terrible in the gloaming. When your hands were stretched out and groping. You were feeling for the city.

AGMAR: Last night, do you say?

MAN: You were terrible in the gloaming!

AGMAR: You yourself saw us?

MAN: Yes, master, you were terrible. Children, too, saw you, and they died.

AGMAR: You say you saw us?

MAN: Yes, master. Not as you are now, but otherwise. We implore you, master, not to wander at evening. You are terrible in the gloaming. You are——

AGMAR: You say we appeared not as we are now. How did we appear to you?

MAN: Otherwise, master, otherwise.

AGMAR: But how did we appear to you?

MAN: You were all green, master, all green in the gloaming, all of rock again as you used to be in the mountains. Master, we can bear to see you in flesh like men, but when we see rock walking it is terrible, it is terrible.

AGMAR: There have been doubters of late. Are they satisfied?

MAN: Master, they are terrified. Spare us, master.

AGMAR: It is wrong to doubt. Go and be faithful.

[Exit man.]

SLAG: What have they seen, master?

AGMAR: They have seen their own fears dancing in the desert. They have seen something green after the light was gone. . . .

ULF: Something was coming this way from the desert, he said.

SLAG: What should come from the desert?

AGMAR: They are a foolish people.

ULF: That man's white face has seen some frightful thing.

They wait for the banquet, and hear a sound of slow, heavy footsteps.

ULF: I have a fear, an old fear and a boding. We have done ill in the sight of the seven gods. Beggars we were and beggars we should have remained. We have given up our calling and come in sight of our doom. I will no longer let my fear be silent; it shall run about and cry; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city; for my fear has seen calamity and has known an evil thing.

[They listen. No one speaks. The stony boots come on. Enter in single file a procession of seven green men, even hands and faces are green; they wear greenstone sandals; they walk with legs extremely wide apart, as having sat cross-legged for centuries; their right arms and right forefingers point upward, right elbows resting on left hands; they stoop grotesquely. . . .

*The leading Green Thing points his forefinger at the lantern—the flame turns green. He points one by one at each of the seven beggars, shooting out his forefinger at them. As he does this, each beggar in his turn gathers himself back on to his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes stiffly upward with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the beggars sit motionless while a green light falls upon their faces. The gods go out. Presently enter the Citizens, some with viands and fruit.]*

CITIZEN: They are cold: they have turned to stone.

*[All abase themselves, foreheads to the floor.]*

ONE: We have doubted them. We have doubted them. They have turned to stone because we have doubted them.

ANOTHER: They were the true gods.

ALL: They were the true gods.

And so, with this supreme jest, satire and truism, the play ends. "They were the true gods"—and who could doubt it, except the gods themselves?—the implacable gods of rock, who will not be flouted by the imaginative, and yet will punish by mock-deification, nor care that the people will take the false for the real.

I will not give details of the other plays. All who do not read them deserve the incompleteness of life that will inevitably result from the omission. But the opening of *King Argimēnēs* must be repeated:

KING ARGIMĒNĒS: This is a good bone; there is juice in this bone.

I do not know what may be the effect of this upon other readers; but, to me, it is extraordinary—as is the commencement of *The Gods of the Mountain*. And the involuntary cry later, when great deeds have been done and the King who had become a starved beast of the fields is on his throne again——

ARGIMĒNĒS AND HIS MEN (*savagely and hungrily*): Bones!—surely this is one of the most significant and original dramatic touches in all literature! And the remark of Jim in *The Glittering Gate*, when Bill, the dead burglar, has opened the

gates of heaven and discovered only "empty night and stars"——

JIM: That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that!

—is it morbidity on Jim's part, or has he learnt to understand a little more of the mind of the gods than is usual on this side of the Styx?

Lord Dunsany has a predilection for the gods, for, in addition to his creations in the present volume, he had previously written *The Gods of Pegana* and *Time and the Gods*. No man is more competent to take those Elder Brothers by the hand and establish a new mythology, in which shall be symbolized the strivings and passions, the illusions and disillusionments of the human race, now consciously growing old and a little world-weary. His style, trenchant and pregnant, follows the form of prose and conveys the substance of poetry. He is at once poet, playwright, philosopher, satirist and symbolist. His work, delicate and fine, yet strong, is one of the most remarkable productions of the last decade. That phrase may seem hackneyed; it is hackneyed; but not more hackneyed than the constant lament that these are barren days for literature, that there are no more giants in the land, and no signs of them discoverable. But if, then, we be beggared of genius, we can at least go to *The Gods of the Mountain* and say, with Mlan and Oogno, "Never had beggars such a time."



## CORRESPONDENCE

### *Amusing*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Did you notice that in a recent number of its Literary Supplement, *The New York Times*, commenting favorably on Witter Bynner's *The Little King*, expressed surprise that a periodical of "such advanced views" as THE FORUM should be willing to publish a literary work in which a boor and ruffian is described as a boor and ruffian, and not transformed into an immaculate hero because he happened to be associated with the proletariat? Such is satire!

ANDREW L. HUTCHINSON

ATLANTIC CITY

[Yes. We noticed it.—EDITOR.]

### *The Fourth Dimension*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. Rudd's paper on the Fourth Dimension contains the statement: "Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of a cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three." But will they?

CHARLES RANDELL

CHICAGO

[Of course not. The little paper was printed to provoke discussion. It is serving its purpose admirably.—EDITOR.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Where was your mathematical editor when you slipped through the statement in Mr. Rudd's article that "Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of a cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three"? All wrong. It is easy to prove that they are all less than right angles. Shuddemagen knew what he was talking about when he wrote his excellent article, but Rudd is away off. I know, because I live in the fourth dimension most of the time when I am not busy somewhere else.

CANADIAN

TORONTO

[Send along the easy proof. It will be interesting.—EDITOR.]

*Forgo or Forego?*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed several times when reading my copy of THE FORUM that you seem to have adopted the spelling “forgo” when “forego” is more usual. No doubt you have a reason for this. Will you tell me which spelling is right?

H. RUSSELL FREEMAN

SAN FRANCISCO

[It depends upon the meaning. The two words are different. See the Editorial Notes in this issue.—EDITOR]

*The Truth About Dying*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would start a discussion about the interesting subject of Death. I am not trying to jest about a serious matter, but there is no need to be lugubrious when one is searching for information. I have been told several times by people revived from apparent drowning that there was no pain after the first intense struggle. When the power to hold out ceased and the water was taken in, there came a sense of peace, of floating dreamily to unconsciousness. But the point that specially interests me is whether a head suddenly severed from the body retains any sensation. When they disputed the matter in France, with reference to a guillotined man, somebody lamented the impossibility of obtaining the one testimony that would have been decisive. No head that was ever cut off had been known to bob up and say “It’s all right, and doesn’t hurt in the least.” Those familiar with the execution of chickens may have drawn some conclusions. But it may relieve timid and imaginative minds to note the strong evidence adduced recently by Professor Cook Wilson and others to the effect that as a rule the dying feel little or no pain. So much, indeed, has always been affirmed by those who had the best means of knowing, and there is a familiar story of William Hunter, the anatomist, telling almost with his last breath “how easy and pleasant it was to die.” I wonder whether any of your readers who may have been so close to “the other side” that they had really no business to return, can throw some additional light on the subject.

WILLIAM COX

BOSTON

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Patriotism*

**C**REDIT should be given where credit is due, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge publicly that the Hearst papers have recently performed an invaluable service. In their prolonged and vituperative campaign against the President, they have collected and massed together all conceivable—and several inconceivable—types of ignorance, pettiness and vindictiveness. They have presented to the nation a vast amount of material, conveniently and voluminously grouped, showing how it is possible to evade sincerity and substitute ranting for reasoning. And they have defined patriotism. Patriotism consists in giving vent to personal hatred and spleen; in appealing to every form of crude race-prejudice; in exploiting the stupid and ignoring the intelligent; in vilifying the few statesmen we have who comprehend and worthily represent the true ideals of the nation; in suppressing the facts and elaborating the fallacies; and, generally and conclusively, in observing on all occasions the spirit and principles that fitly characterize the yellow press.

It is an honor to have Mr. Hearst as an enemy: a disgrace to have him—politically—as a friend.

*Champ Clark*

EXIT.

### *The London Times*

THE report that the President has been seen reading the *London Times* is very painful. It is not the business of an American President to keep in touch with public events and public feeling in other countries. He should remain as provincial as possible, so that he may be properly qualified to carry out the duties of his office. *The Times*—even though the price has been reduced to a penny—must be eliminated from the White House before it has served its despicable purpose as the thin end of the wedge. If *The Times* be permitted, our Presidents may go further and read a German or a French paper, or even—*horribile dictu!*—a European magazine. This sort of thing must be

stopped at once, before it has time to develop. Our national prestige is at stake. Why cannot the President be content with Beatrice Fairfax and the *New York Evening Journal*?

### *The Police System*

THE legislature at Albany has decreed, in its wisdom and in its loving care for Tammany interests, that the Police System shall be perpetuated in New York, and that the Mayor shall be hampered as much as possible in his attempt to make the Department self-respecting and respectable.

The new Commissioner started badly by intimating that he intended to give every man in the Department "a square deal." He need not bother himself with platitudes. The police will take excellent care that they have a "square deal." What Commissioner Woods has to do is to prevent the Department from continuing to give the city a crooked deal.

### *The Ebb Tide*

THE ideas and aims of the intelligent are inevitably parodied and vulgarized by the unintelligent; and the great modern movements for finding and facing the truth in all problems of life have been hindered by the folly of the insincere and self-interested, no less than by the opposition of the merely stupid. Where those who lead, or deserve to lead, public opinion have been fighting the deadly inertia and complacency of the "bury the truth and live on lies" disciples, those who wish only to profit by any "fad" of the moment have rushed in, strident and irritating, to exploit the "white slave" agitation, or the movement for teaching rational hygienic principles, or for furthering the study of eugenics (as opposed to the nonsense that is trying to discredit a valid and valuable science). The money-value of popular interest has been estimated and duly commercialized, especially by those magazines which live on passing sensations; and now, we are told, the tide has turned, the day of the muck-raker is passed, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in the land, cooing in pre-Victorian accents.

It is a pleasant and amusing thought; and the turtle may coo

at his pleasure to his chosen admirers, following the tide to low-water mark and preparing a different note for the time when the waters change and it is advisable to come in on the flood. But the cooing and the cooers will not disturb those who prefer not to follow fashions in the philosophy of life. There will be more room for honest effort; less trouble from the fools. That is all.

### *Senile Debility at Ellis Island*

THE following is the account given by the London *Times* of the experiences of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the well-known novelist, at Ellis Island. The authorities at the Island have a difficult task, but they have made several blunders lately that should have been avoided by the exercise of a little common sense.

"Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the gifted author, had an unpleasant experience at the hands of an immigration officer on her arrival at New York in the *Mauretania*.

"Mrs. Steel had been travelling with her nephew second class, as she frequently does in her search for material to write about. On landing, an official, whom she described as a very polite, spectacled gentleman, asked her where she was going to. She replied that she was going to Jamaica. He then inquired how much money she had. She replied that she had \$500 and could get more if necessary. When she added that she was an author, the inspector looked dubious and directed her to wait.

"An hour later the inspector returned and informed her that the immigration doctor had certified that she was suffering from senile debility and that she could not be allowed to land as there was a danger of her becoming a public charge.

"Mrs. Steel declares that she nearly shrieked, as her own doctor had assured her just before her departure from England that she ought to be able to work until she was a hundred. She told the officials that her account of the experiences she was having with them would be worth \$150 in a London newspaper. This appears to have struck the officials as a slight proof of her sanity and, after questioning her for another quarter of an hour, they told her nephew to take good care of her and released her. Such experiences, said Mrs. Steel, before leaving for Jamaica, 'are good to laugh at afterwards, but far from agreeable.'"

*The British Army and Ulster*

THOUGH a number of English officers—including Lord Pitt, the son of Chatham—resigned their commissions at the time of the War of Independence rather than fight against the colonists, we should probably have to go back to the time of the Stuarts for a close parallel to the recent actions of the British Government and Army. In the last year of the reign of James II, as Macaulay tells us, the men of Lord Lichfield's (now the Suffolk) regiment were drawn up in the King's presence and the Major commanding informed them that his Majesty wished them to subscribe an undertaking binding them to assist in carrying into effect his intentions concerning the Test. Those who refused compliance must quit the service on the spot. "Whole ranks instantly laid down their pikes and muskets." Presently—which extends the parallel between 1688 and 1914—the men were told to take up their arms, and the incident closed, with a gloomy remark from James that another time he would not do the soldiers the honor of consulting them.

*A Curious Clergy List*

A LIST recently issued classifies the names of clergymen under various whimsical headings. Thus "Anatomy" provides five Bodies, eight Bones, four Heads, seven Leggs, etc.; "Weapons" includes three Cannons, twenty-four Balls, eleven Pikes; "Music" discovers three Noyses, thirteen Hornes, four Whistlers; and "Schools" gives us eight Masters, nine Boys, and thirteen Birches—which seems a fair allowance.

*Forgo and Forego*

AN editor's life, of course, is not a happy one; and he deserves all the torture that can be inflicted upon him. But, fortunately for his peace of mind and imperturbability of temper, he can retaliate—in sorrow, obviously, not in anger.

Presumably, some contributors have souls: but why do so few of them possess dictionaries? A dictionary is not infallible; its use is not compulsory. But it is sometimes helpful.

There are still several thousands of perfectly amiable men and women who insist upon writing *foregoing* when they mean *forgoing*, and 'round when they mean heaven knows what. Perhaps they consider that an apostrophe is decorative: it certainly looks attractive in such an alliterative phrase as

'Round the 'rugged 'rock the 'ragged 'rascal 'ran.

A word to the wise is usually sufficient; and it is useless to appeal to the foolish. So, having written the foregoing, one may forgo further acrimony and resume the ordinary duties and urbanities of the day. But fair notice is given that in future all manuscripts ignoring this gentle hint will be treated as communications from a personal and peculiarly malignant enemy.

### *Eugenics and Common Sense*

MANY people who might otherwise be accused of intelligence seem to be confusing eugenics with the nonsense that has been so much to the fore lately, in connection especially with the talk about breeding human beings as if they were prize pigs. But though the way of a fool is right in his own eyes, there is no reason why others should adopt it, or mistake it for the path of progress.

Eugenics can, and does, give us valuable guidance as to the danger or freedom from danger of certain conjunctions: but it does not suggest that a man shall discard the woman he loves, because her grandmother once had the toothache, and transfer his attentions, though not his affections, to a woman who seems more likely to produce bouncing babies and perpetual unhappiness. Scientific knowledge will not prevent men and women from falling in love or induce them to marry without love. But as our interests and comprehension widen, our outlook certainly changes and we are less likely to yield to transient attractions or be satisfied with a parody of the ideal that all men and women carry in their hearts.

The argument that nature can be trusted to look after her own decadents is amusing. Shall that prevent us from discouraging, by continuous educational work, the abuse of alcohol or any other abuse that leads to the deterioration of the race? Nature

will certainly look after the alcohol-maniac, sooner or later, in her own way, as she looks after the sex-maniac and the syphilitic. But nature does not distress herself about the diseased generations that must pay for the sour grapes they never tasted, before the process of elimination is completed. We have chosen to interfere with nature in a thousand ways. We build tenements to breed disease, and hospitals to preserve the resulting degenerates and enable them to perpetuate their kind. As we have cheerfully accepted so much responsibility, we might at least go a little further and be decent in our marriages and our views of marriage, even if it interferes with nature's prodigal desire to mate every adolescent with the first conveniently accessible specimen of the complementary sex.

### *The London Times Again*

IN its first issue at the reduced rate, the *London Times*, under the heading "Ireland v. England," says: "Ireland and Scotland played a drawn game at Windsor Park, Belfast, on Saturday, each side having scored one goal. This result gives Ireland the championship for the first time after 34 years."

It is to be hoped that *The Times* will try to preserve its former high reputation for accuracy even in details, and will not compete with the slovenliness that disgraces so many papers. This slovenliness has increased extraordinarily in recent years: not long ago a New York journal had eight inexcusable blunders in a single paragraph of twelve lines.

When work is done under high pressure, mistakes will sometimes occur in spite of all reasonable precautions. Every journalist has experienced, for instance, the disappointment of finding errors, kindly inserted by the printer, in a paper that left his hands free from faults and with no excuse for alterations. But such an error as the one just quoted should not be possible in a journal like *The Times*, with its huge staff and complete printing arrangements.

However, one may congratulate Ireland on an achievement that will bring pleasure to many thousands of her sons, who still preserve in distant countries their affection for "soccer."



*Asini Maxilla \**

SOME time ago, an intelligent observer (the reader may decide whether this is a euphemism or a euphuism) strayed into a local court of justice, and, realizing the chief duty of an intelligent observer, began to observe. The proceedings were highly colored—at any rate, the defendant and seven per cent. of the spectators were colored. The actual result of the case was of little importance, except to the defendant, who was discharged, the presiding justice stating that the evidence for the prosecution could not possibly convince any reasonable person that the accused was guilty of the alleged offence, though he himself (the presiding justice) felt quite sure that the defendant really *was* guilty. Wherefore the defendant was discharged—and was escorted home in triumph, littering the highway with laurels.

The actual result of the case was of little importance, as has been stated, to the vast majority of the onlookers—(say nineteen): but the actual conduct of the case was interesting for a special reason—if three patrolmen may be called a special reason. These patrolmen were evidently animated by one immortal principle—duty to an ideal. Theirs not to reason why: theirs but to chew—and, unfortunately, not die. Resolutely, vigorously, continuously, they chewed gum: vehemently, ostentatiously, and with deplorable enjoyment, they chewed gum. They chewed before they gave evidence; they chewed while they were giving evidence; and they chewed after they had given evidence. And the presiding justice was entirely content.

Months later, when the debilitating effects of the experience were beginning to yield to expert medical treatment, the same observer ventured to broach the subject to a man of high rank (sergeant) in the local police department. Courteously, the man of high rank listened: but, curtly, delivered his opinion.

“I should say so,” he said. “Why not? I chew everywhere”—(it seemed so). “I always chewed before Judge . . .”—(he named the greatest legal luminary of the county). “Why, I’ve chewed in the Supreme Court—often.”

\*See also Judges, XV: 15, *et seq.*

Obviously, that settled the question. The prestige of the Supreme Court is not a trifling matter—in isolated country districts. If such an august tribunal permits policemen in uniform, and on duty in the court, to chew gum, any intelligent observer must revise his ideas of intelligence. And, after all, chewing gum is our great national substitute for thinking. It has been said that evil communications corrupt good manners. But gum is scarcely an evil communication; and those who chew it publicly, unashamed, have no manners to be corrupted.

### *Faith and Futility*

THE following passages, taken from an article in *The New Statesman*, have a pleasant significance:

"A professor once lectured on the Hegelian theory of tragedy; a student, writing an essay on the subject, spelt Hegel 'Haeckel.' 'I cast my Hegel upon the waters,' said the professor sadly, 'and he came back to me Haeckel.' This happened some years ago—it would scarcely happen now. Haeckel and Huxley have gone the way of Heaven and Hell. The Higher Criticism is laid low, for so little is left to criticise. A mellifluous rationalism flows from the very pulpit; not the gloomiest dean, however legitimately annoyed with the obvious and manifold faults of the poor, now threatens to punish them for lack of earthly opportunity by a wilderness of eternal pain. The armies of denial, if they now went out to war, would find themselves confronted with no solid fortification of dogma, but with a yielding and complaisant mist. . . . The old antitheses are blunt and pointless. . . .

"Faith, after all, is either nothing, or a bracing and vital experience. . . . To call ourselves religious may make us feel all square and comfortable, but we are not religious unless our faith is a working power in our lives, shaping ideals and adapting character to face trial and seize opportunity. We are not religious unless we have had it out with ourselves and made sure that we mean something by what we believe . . . ."

# THE FORUM

FOR JUNE 1914

## ORTHODOXY

*A Play in One Act*

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

## CHARACTERS

THE SEXTON

THE ANCIENT WOMAN

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

THE LAND AGENT

THE AGENT'S WIFE

THE BUTCHER

THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

FIRST GIRL

SECOND GIRL

THIRD GIRL

FIRST YOUTH

SECOND YOUTH

THIRD YOUTH

THE BASSO

THE SOPRANO

THE TENOR

THE CONTRALTO

THE CHORUS

FIRST FARMHAND

SECOND FARMHAND

A WORTHY CITIZEN

THE RICH BACHELOR

THE OLD MAID

THE MINISTER

THE GREAT GOD PAN

THE IDIOT

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER

THE CHOIR

THE STRANGER

THE ORGANIST

## *Note*

*It must be thoroughly realized that the characters of this play are intended to give voice to their actual, private thought of the moment; but are intended to do so in the usual tone and manner of polite conventionality. Their gestures and voices must be those of people under perfectly normal conditions, and everything done to stimulate realization by the audience of the fact that it is the secret minds of the characters which are being*

*portrayed. They, the characters, are simply saying what they are really thinking in the situation in which they are presented, instead of employing the empty social forms which we are accustomed to hearing people actually give voice to.*

#### AUTHOR'S PREFACE

**T**HERE has always been a peculiar fascination for me in the realization that while people were saying one thing, they were almost invariably thinking another. In certain circumstances we all realize this to be true, as in formal greetings and the expression of social amenities; and we read through the convenient form with comparative ease. A great deal of the time, however, we have to dodge about among the deliberately misleading words used by those with whom we come in contact, seeking here and there to find their real meaning, and this is a confusing and tiring task: one of those vicarious expenditures of energy of which the world has altogether too many. Words are themselves pitfalls of misunderstanding. To each of us their meaning varies slightly in all but the simplest forms, and even these may readily be applied with totally different significance. As for the confusion which intonation puts upon the spoken word, differentiating it from the same word when written, and the mistaken interpretations resulting therefrom, I need say nothing, as they are too widely acknowledged to need further comment. Bergson, the eminent French philosopher, points out that it is almost impossible really to convey anything through so clumsy a medium as language: and the experiment of asking a group of people to define the meaning of a simple word like "quite," for instance, will convince anyone of the truth of this.

Now granting that under the best of circumstances it is difficult for us to understand each other, why is it not indeed a wasteful thing to expend good energy on further disguise of our own thoughts? It is infinitely easier to be as direct as words permit, and the resulting reaction upon one's acquaintance is intensely interesting.

However far we may be from this ideal of genuinely frank

intercourse between humans, if we possess the least curiosity about the actual foundations upon which other people's lives are grounded, we can never cease from seeking to discover, or at least to guess, what is actually passing in their minds as their lips move over some empty formula—even when the formula is empty only from a familiarity which has brought it into contempt, and could and should be full of most poignant meaning, as in the case of the (omitted) sacred service in my play.

For of all places in which to look for feeling which rings high, and words holding true meaning, a church is the most likely. And yet it was my childish observation of those who sat around me in the bare white church to which my grandmother took me as a little girl that inspired my writing of what I hold to be in no way a sacrilegious play. In those long hours when I sat in the red cushioned pew, my feet dangling over its edge, quick with restrained energy, my eyes fixed upon the bit of sky beyond the tall windows over the clergyman's head; in those long hours I knew that I was not thinking of the words I repeated so mechanically; and by a thousand tokens I knew that *the others about me were not doing so either!* In every way they betrayed themselves—there was no ecstasy upon their faces, they were infinitely more conscious of their neighbors' clothes than of the minister's words. For years I watched them, these smug, comfortable congregations, who had no conception of the wonder and stupendous import of the service through which they sat so calmly, and hastened forth from, with gossip hot upon their lips. And then the notion came to me to write out all that I guessed the truth about them to be. All that I felt artistically *certain* was the truth: to put into the mouths of the congregation the things I guessed they were thinking. I do not say that I *knew* they were thinking so, for a positive statement is a pitfall for truth. But I guessed at it with that same conviction of having hit it right with which one looks into the utterly bored face of a departing guest and guesses that his "such a delightful time" means "I have had a hateful time." And so I have put down the service as I heard it with my every instinct when I was a child: and as I guessed it with my mind as an adult.

I do not wish to convey, however, that I believe that there

are no really good people in churches. The *Contralto*, who hears the voice of *Pan*, is a "good" woman, because she is real. Therefore she can hear *Pan*. But like most real people she is frankly groping as far as her religious feeling goes. She knows that it makes her happy to sing, and to give her copper to the poor, and that both things pertain to religion: she knows, too, that the voice of *Pan*, the earthly god whose hoofs are pungent of meadow loam, and who speaks to the ears of youth, and sets the good flesh a-tingle, can be heard in churches, and that there is nothing incongruous in the fact: also she is sufficiently well-balanced to hear him, but not to lose sanity, and so see him. Alas! she is typical, I fear, of the minority, into which I have put her!

I have intended no propaganda in the play, save that which you may deduce from it yourself, if you so wish. Make your own interpretations (as indeed you will without my telling you to). I have simply been curious: and this is the result of my exploration.

N. W. P.

*Scene: The interior of a church. The audience sees a half-section of the building as though it had been cut lengthwise through the near side of the centre aisle, leaving it intact and running parallel with and immediately behind the footlights. As the entire width of the aisle is shown, the platform with reading-desk and minister's seat stands complete beneath a sort of proscenium arch. Below the reading-desk, upon which is an enormous Bible, and occupying the end of the aisle-carpet, is the communion table, with mottled marble top and hideous carved legs of walnut. Below this, and extending to the aisle, are other pews with doors, facing the pulpit in the usual manner. The woodwork is white-painted and the pews cushioned in crimson, while the walls are stencilled in imitation of carved mouldings. Through the row of long, undecorated windows at the rear the sun is shining gaily, and a glimpse of blue sky and waving trees may be had. At the right is the organ-loft, shown sectionally, and beneath this is the entrance to the church. At rise of curtain the Sexton is discovered tidying the church with a last few touches: closing the doors*

*of one or two pews, making sure that there are hymn-books in the racks and finally giving the contribution plate a brush with his pocket-hankerchief. He is a dyspeptic-looking man of perhaps forty years of age, whose chin recedes timidly into the enormous folds of a ready-made four-in-hand tie. His ill-fitting frock coat hangs loosely, but for all that he has an air of complacent self-importance. The church-bell is ringing.*

#### THE SEXTON

They will all look at me as they come in. I'm important on Sundays, anyhow. What a sense of consequence it gives me to bustle about, getting things ready! That's what I get out of this job! The stipend is nothing, the sentiment is nothing: but I put on these clothes and they all look at me, whereas they would do nothing of the sort otherwise. . . . Now I must go and stand by the door and show them to their seats, as they arrive. . . . I wonder if the town-clerk will wear the shoes I made for him! Confound him, I wish he would pay for them! (*He goes to the entrance door and opens it, letting in a patch of sunlight and disclosing the steps of the building and a bit of view. He takes up his stand just inside, facing the audience, and adjusts his clothes self-consciously. A strange, wild laugh is heard, but the Sexton seems not to hear it. Presently the Very Ancient Woman enters. She is bent nearly double and walks with a stick. She is slightly palsied and her thin, wrinkled face is clear and calm. She is the very picture of ancient piety. The Sexton accompanies her, and each principal who enters thereafter, to their pews, with a courtesy of manner which utterly contradicts his language. Their manner is also a contradiction to their words*)

#### THE SEXTON

Well, old crone! What a nuisance it is to have to assist your doddering footsteps up the aisle every Sunday!

#### THE ANCIENT WOMAN

Thank goodness I am the first! Last Sunday the butcher's wife got here before me, and so I missed seeing her come in. But to-day I'll miss no one.

THE SEXTON (*assisting her into a pew*)

Old stupid! Tuck your skirt in, can't you?

THE ANCIENT WOMAN (*gazing around with an air of satisfaction*)

This is fine! So much better than staying at home alone. I would not miss it for worlds!

(*The Minister's Wife enters with two small girl children, one on either hand. She exchanges a surreptitious bow with the Sexton and hurries to a front pew*)

THE MINISTER'S WIFE (*as she goes down the aisle*)

Oh, I hope the roast will not burn while I am gone! That wretched stove! My garter hurts. Shall I be able to adjust it, I wonder? No! Some one might see: I shall have to sit in misery. The whole congregation will watch me; but no matter how I act, they will talk about it afterward. . . . If only the children will be quiet! I will pray for that. (*She enters the pew and kneels, burying her face in her hands, while the little girls sit staring about, round-eyed*)

THE SEXTON (*returning to door*)

Poor woman, what a silly face she has!

(*Enter the Land Agent and his Wife*)

THE LAND AGENT (*to the Sexton*)

If this were the place to talk about such things I would tell you that I am going to evict you to-morrow.

THE SEXTON

How you glare at me, sir! Positively, I am tempted to rob the plate in order to pay you!

THE AGENT'S WIFE

I have 'on a new hat.

(*The laugh rings out again, but no one heeds*)

THE SEXTON (*smiling politely*)

Here is your pew. I wish its floor would collapse and drop you both through.

THE AGENT'S WIFE

I have on a new hat! (*She kneels and continues repeating the sentence softly for a moment*)

(*Enter the Butcher and his Wife*)



## THE BUTCHER

Thank fortune, the All-pervading Power, if there really is any such, cannot possibly know about that overcharge I made. He will only see the fine waistcoat which I bought with it!

## THE BUTCHER'S WIFE

How religious I look! It is so respectable to go to church with one's husband!

## THE ANCIENT WOMAN

She has on her last summer's gown!

THE SEXTON (*to the butcher, genially*)

I'll beat you at pinochle yet, old man!  
(*Enter three Young Girls*)

## FIRST GIRL

See my new hat, see my new hat! It has pink, pink roses upon it.

## SECOND GIRL

Her hat is not any better than my shoes. Look at my shoes.

## THIRD GIRL

He has not come as yet!

THE SEXTON (*shows them a seat*)

Here, you charming things! How plump the eldest is: I would like to pinch her.

THIRD GIRL (*kneeling*)

How the sexton smells of pomade: he sickens me. When will my beloved come!

FIRST GIRL (*kneeling*)

My new hat, see my new hat, see it, see it!

SECOND GIRL (*kneeling*)

My shoes, my shoes! They hurt, but see how white they are.  
(*The church fills more rapidly now, with a crowd of country folk. The named Characters come in, forward, along the other edge of the aisle. The gallery begins to fill*)  
(*Enter two Youths*)

## THE SEXTON

Louts! You can find your own places!

## THIRD GIRL

It is he! Will he not look at me?

## FIRST YOUTH

There is the grocer's daughter. How she stares! I wish she would stop it, for she makes me uneasy. Now if it were the young matron yonder, who looked at me once with soft eyes. . . .

## SECOND YOUTH

The grocer's daughter will not look at me. Alas!

*(Enter Third Youth)*

## THIRD YOUTH

How my shirt scratches me, how my shirt scratches me!

*(Kneels, repeating)*

*(The Organist begins to play very softly, and the Choir straggle in and take their places)*

## THE BASSO

If you don't keep on the key this morning, Miss Soprano, I shall go mad!

## THE SOPRANO

You have a wretched ear for music!

THE CHORUS *(tittering)*

We are really as good as they, the conceited things!

## THE TENOR

This choir would go all to pieces if it were not for me. At least I must contrive to keep them thinking so.

## THE CONTRALTO

Oh, the music, the music! Once a week at least I can sing to the organ. How glad I am—how glad I am to sing!

*(The laugh rings out again, and at the sound of it the Contralto smiles and hums over her part under her breath. No one else heeds)*

*(Enter two Farmhands)*

## FIRST FARMHAND

I don't really know what it is all about, but let us sit down.

## SECOND FARMHAND

No more do I understand it; but it's very respectable.

*(Enter a Worthy Citizen and his Wife, together with a Rich Bachelor. They talk as they walk up the aisle and become seated in the same pew)*

THE WORTHY CITIZEN (*to the Rich Bachelor*)

Our business is going well, friend, and not the less so because we show ourselves regularly in this House!

THE RICH BACHELOR

Yes, yes! And how fine it is to know that as we walk up here, everyone is looking and whispering, and wondering how much money we really have! (*He kneels and murmurs*) I hope dinner will be on time to-day.

THE SEXTON

I will bow obsequiously to you, and perhaps you will lend me the money that will save me from eviction! I hope you are seated comfortably!

(*Enter the Old Maid*)

THE OLD MAID (*hurrying primly to a front pew*)

Will the men look at me as I pass? Ah! There is no desire in their eyes. (*Kneels in her pew*) I am a-weary, blowing on cold ashes!

THE SEXTON

Ah! She was a wild one when I was a boy, the slut! The village never found her out, though!

(*Enter a Common Woman with her son, the village Idiot. They seat themselves midway down the aisle, in direct line with one of the gaunt windows, the sash of which is half open. During the scene which follows, the Idiot keeps staring at this window, where presently appears the Great God Pan. Pan it is who has been laughing, and he seats himself upon the sill, where he and the Idiot can see each other. They talk on terms of old intimacy, using many gestures, and are entirely oblivious to everything save each other. No one but the Idiot sees Pan or hears what he says, nor what the Idiot says to him. When the Idiot speaks to Pan, his language is intelligible. When he replies to his mother's rebuke, he is able to make nothing but a terrible, meaningless sound in his throat. The Contralto, in the organ loft, seems to realize Pan is present, but she cannot see him. The tolling of the bell ceases, and the Minister, a smug young man in a white stock, walks briskly up the aisle, a Bible under his arm*)

## THE MINISTER

Ah! They can never begin without Me! I am the whole show, here! It is really a very desirable job, mine!

*(He goes to the platform, mounts the steps and, standing behind the reading-desk, half closes his eyes, stretching out his hands to the Congregation, who lean forward in prayer)*

THE MINISTER *(as though praying)*

Lean forward uncomfortably now, all of you, and listen, or don't listen, exactly as you like. But do steal a covert look at me, as I stand here in this picturesque and sanctified attitude. Here we are, gathered together in this house, and I can't think of a single original thing to say, try as I will. I am going to be very dull, I know, but it gives me a sort of pleasant sense of importance to be doing it, and it will be over in about an hour, and then we will all be at liberty to go our several ways. Amen!

*(During the dialogue between Pan and the Idiot, the Minister and the Congregation go on with the motions of the service)*

THE IDIOT *(to Pan)*

Hello! Won't you come in?

## PAN

It is warmer here in the sunlight.

## THE IDIOT

I will come out to you presently. Can you see the ocean from there?

## PAN

Yes. I was down upon the sands early this morning and saw. . . .

*(His voice is lost in the sound of the Congregation singing, although the two are seen to go on talking unconcernedly. The Congregation has arisen and sings:*

Praise Gold from which all blessings flow,

Praise it ye creatures here below;

Praise it all ye Heavenly Hosts,

Slave for gold till ye give up your ghosts!

*(The Congregation resumes its seats)*

PAN

. . . and the leaves all caressed<sup>'</sup> each other and laughed for love of it!

THE IDIOT

And did the south wind *never* come back?

PAN

O yes! The south wind it was that played about the barren branches this very spring, coaxing the young leaves to come out again. She and the sun, you know, are lovers, and I will tell you a story about them, which a famous Greek historian, who was my good friend, wrote. You see it came about thus. . . . (*Pan's voice is drowned out by that of the Minister*)

THE MINISTER

We will now read the ninth selection of the psalter, page one hundred and twenty. The ninth selection.

My son, forget not my law: but let thine heart keep my commandments.

THE CONGREGATION

For length of days, and long life and peace, shall they add to thee.

THE MINISTER

Let not cunning and deceit forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the tablets of thy heart.

THE CONGREGATION

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of man.

THE MINISTER

Trust in Gold with all thy heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

THE CONGREGATION

In all ways acknowledge Gold, and it shall direct thy paths.

THE MINISTER

Be wise in thine own eyes; fear Good and depend on evil.

THE CONGREGATION

It shall be health to thy navel and marrow to thy bones.

## THE MINISTER

Honor Success with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

## THE CONGREGATION

So shall thy barrels be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

## THE MINISTER

Happy is the man that findeth cunning and getteth unscrupulous.

## THE CONGREGATION

For the merchandise of it is begotten of the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, fine gold.

## PAN

. . . And there they lay upon the bank of scented ferns, until her sister, the west wind, drew away the grey curtain of night, while Mrs. Aurora extinguished the stars, one by one, and raised her flaming shield against the eastern horizon!

## THE IDIOT

A lovely story, that! But who is Mrs. Aurora?

## PAN

A light lady of my acquaintance, much given to chariot-racing, I regret to say. A noisy party, not scrupling to awaken sleepers!

## THE IDIOT

Tell me about her.

## PAN

Some other day. Is not one story sufficient for one morning?

## THE IDIOT

Well, it was a beautiful story! I will repeat it to the rivulets on the hillside, that they may babble it over, and have it memorized in time to tell it to the sea, when they shall reach it!

## PAN

Hast seen those song robins yet—the ones of which I told you? Your tutoring would help them learn to fly. Be sure now that this afternoon you go. . . .

## THE MINISTER

We will now rise and unite as nearly as possible in singing

hymn number five hundred and fifteen. Hymn number five hundred and fifteen.

THE CONGREGATION (*sings*)

The Church's one foundation  
Has long been lost to sight,  
It now is the creation  
Of greed, convention, fright.  
From honest superstition,  
Full long we have been free,  
But still we must maintain  
Re-spec-ta-bil-i-ty!

Amen!

THE IDIOT (*clapping his hands loudly, and jumping up and down with glee at some suggestion of Pan's*)

That will be fine! And afterward, we will dance!

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER (*shaking him by the shoulder*)

Stop staring and mouthing at that window!

(*The Idiot makes a terrible, inarticulate sound in reply to her. It is evident that he cannot talk to humans*)

THE MINISTER

The lesson for to-day will be found in the third verse of the thirty-second chapter of the book of Exodus. "And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, these be thy Gods, O Israel. . . ."

THE IDIOT (*together with Pan*)

O joy! O joy!

THE IDIOT'S MOTHER (*angry*)

Shut up, can't you! This is no place for such things!

(*The Idiot repeats his inarticulate noise*)

PAN

As I was about to remark. . . .

THE MINISTER

Let us pray! Oh, darn it all! I have to make this prayer longer than the first! I have to talk on and on and on and on for twenty minutes. If I talk less, I'll hear of it from the

deacons. On and on and on and on! One eye on the clock, though both eyes appear shut! On and on! Is the time up yet? No! Two minutes more! On and on and on! Just filling the time with meaningless words. Ah! Time's up! . . . and hear us as we say (*the Congregation joins him*) Our Father, who art a safe distance away in a hypothetical place called Heaven, give us this day our daily bread and all the other things we want: give us, give us, give us, give, give, give! Amen!

PAN (*laughs loudly*)

You have hit it right! The interesting things in life are the difficult ones—and to prove it, this very afternoon we will hang garlands on the guinea-pigs' tails, shoe the snakes' feet, and make a portrait of the wind!

THE IDIOT

Won't that be clever of us? And useful, too!

THE MINISTER

The notices for the week are as follows. On Tuesday evening at half past seven, the Mothers' Meeting will take place. It will be attended chiefly by old maids, as usual. Wednesday evening, the Missionary Society will meet in the chapel, as heretofore. Mr. O. Phool will speak about the vital necessity of neglecting our own slums entirely, and sending out a few more or less illiterate men and women to try and uproot the ancient philosophic religion of China. All are welcome. On Thursday evening the usual bluff, very similar to this present one, will be held in the chapel. Our neighbor, the church in the next town, extends a well-calculated invitation to the members of this congregation to attend the unveiling of a perfectly ridiculous monument which they have erected in memory of the late Bishop of this diocese. They hope all of you will come and help make a good crowd. The Sunday morning Institution for Befogging the Minds of the Young will take place in the basement of this church immediately after this service. All are welcome to stay and gloat over it. You will now be fleeced of the usual money in the usual fashion. I hope you will all contribute generously. Inasmuch as my salary comes out of it, this is always a rather anxious and em-



barrassing time for me. So I will retire behind the desk and try to look unconscious.

*(The Minister seats himself. The organ plays softly, and the Sexton, taking the plate from the communion-table, passes it along the aisle. The Congregation speak as they drop in their offerings)*

THE ANCIENT WOMAN

My usual small bit. The show is worth it!

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

My copper, for appearance sake. Oh, that roast of beef in the oven at home!

THE LAND AGENT

Half a dollar, or they will think my business is failing!

THE SEXTON

Stingy!

THE BUTCHER

A part of that over-charge, just in case . . . it will ease my mind.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL

See what a dainty hand I have!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL

I hope that he whom I love sees how generously I give!

THIRD YOUNG GIRL

I had far rather buy a ribbon with it!

THE SEXTON *(turning from them with a critical air)*

The eldest is not so attractive after all: she has a pimple on her chin!

FIRST YOUTH

I will put in nothing, for my friend here is going to put in two coins, and if I make the motions of contributing, no one but the sexton will know. . . .

*(Second Youth contributes)*

THIRD YOUTH

I would not give this were it not that I still have enough to buy a drink with later!

THE BASSO *(to the Soprano, who apparently agrees with him)*

We are lucky to escape that. They don't pass the plate up here!

THE CONTRALTO (*to herself*)

I will keep my little coin to drop in the poor-box as I go out.  
(*Pan laughs, and she smiles at him, not seeing, but only hearing him*)

## FIRST FARMHAND

It's cruel to make us give up part of a hard-earned wage for this!

## THE RICH BACHELOR

This gives me pride! I am sure no one else will give as much as I do!

(*The Idiot repeats his inarticulate sound*)

## HIS MOTHER

Shut up! Don't disgrace me just as I'm giving a decent bit of money to the plate!

## THE OLD MAID

I will fumble with my purse as long as possible, that you may be obliged to stand near, man!

## THE SEXTON

Ugh! There is a vile odor of peppermint about you. (*Turning away with the plate, and looking the coins over furtively*)

Bah! A wretched collection! But see how magnificently I will march up the aisle with it!

(*The Sexton retires*)

## PAN

Yes, dear comrade, with pleasure! Here is a handful of fresh air for you! (*He makes a gesture of tossing. A breeze blows in*)

## THE IDIOT

Thanks! I drink your health with it!

## THE MINISTER

Let us try to sing in the same time and key, the hymn number five hundred and twenty-four. Hymn number five hundred and twenty-four!

THE CONGREGATION (*sings*)

From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,

From every ancient city  
 From modern town or old,  
 We hear the single cry of  
 "O let us work for gold!"  
 Amen!

THE IDIOT

I sing, I sing! (*Repeats his inarticulate sound*)

HIS MOTHER

Be still, fool!

PAN

I laugh! Ha! Ha!

(*The Idiot and Pan laugh together*)

THE MINISTER

My text for to-day will be found in the third verse of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." I use this text because it is a popular one, one which we are all pretty well in sympathy with, and live by, conscientiously, rather than because it has anything so very much to do with my sermon. However, that is of little importance, because it is possible to twist any text into any desired meaning: indeed its breadth of meaning is dependent only upon the wit of the minister, and if I was quicker of wit, you would not stand for what I would then wish to preach. Neither, my brethren, would I be here in this stupid little town: I'd be in a swell church in a big city, where the women would make me really valuable presents! Well, I suppose I'd better get back to the text, although, of course, it's much more amusing to me to talk about myself. "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!" Reflect, dear friends, on the beauty of that thought—on its practical common sense! We all know how desirable is the ability to fool ourselves, and how comparatively few of us have attained perfection in that art. But we can—if we strive earnestly—we can *all* acquire the habit of fooling ourselves part of the time: in other words, we can do one thing with one hand, and actually blind ourselves as to what we are doing with the other, even though it counteracts the first action entirely! We can beam kindly on our neighbor and lend him

money at usury, and then give instructions to a secret partner to foreclose on that neighbor at the earliest opportunity. How simple. Yet the application of this great maxim—"Let not thy right hand know"—can be made even more simple and direct. We can, for example, shake hands with a man with our right hand, and abstract his watch with our left! In this case, plainly, our hands are doing exactly opposite things. Your innocent right hand, and your equally innocent left, are blameless because you have stood between them, obeying the precept of the great author of our text! Never, my friends, my brethren, never believe but that you can live in accordance with the teachings of the great prophets and, more especially, by the examples set forth in the book of books! Think not that all the examples set forth therein are too difficult for modern humanity to attain! It is not so, my brethren, it is not so! Did not David steal his neighbor's wife? He did! And who was it got a vineyard by a false foreclosure, but his son? Can not this sort of thing be done to-day? It can, my brethren, it can, if you will but try hard enough! And many villainies beside, all of which you can justify, if you will, by precedent in the book of books! Try it, my friends—try it, I beg of you. Strive earnestly, and you will find that you can do pretty nearly anything and get away with it, provided you come here regularly, and so, keep my job going for me. Remember, that if you are sufficiently orthodox, the Bible is infallible. Whether you live by the first half of it or by the second is really of no importance to the church. You must simply acknowledge its infallibility, and then choose your half. I advise the older part. The Bible is infallible. You believe in it: therefore you are orthodox. The Bible is infallible, but it is contradictory. So is infallibility. Infallibly so! So perhaps contradiction is infallible.

Now that I have given you a sermon you did not feel obliged to listen to (in accordance with the terms of my contract) instead of what I would like to say, I will stop. If you really knew what I honestly believe, you would be astonished. But it is better for you to remain in ignorance, and better for me. Indeed, a slightly altered form of to-day's text would fit me

admirably. "Let not thy right mind know what thy wrong is doing, lest you go mad!" (*He closes his eyes and stretches out his hands*) And now one short prayer more. This is the last, thank fortune, and the least difficult. I'll just say a word or two more. That will do. Amen!

(*The Choir sings alone, the Congregation standing*)

THE CHOIR (*sings*)

Praise to the leading social light,

And to the rich sing praise:

But most of all let's praise ourselves,

No matter what our ways.

Amen!

(*Tune, dox. 566*)

THE MINISTER (*with outstretched hands*)

Let us go to dinner! Amen!

(*The instant the Minister stops speaking, the Congregation begins to bustle out, most indecorously, all talking at once*)

PAN (*above the din of talk*)

Meet you at the door, comrade! Ha! ha! ha! ha! (*He leaps down and disappears*)

(*The Idiot rushes off from his mother, unreprieved. Gradually the crowd thins out, with characteristic action on the part of the named characters, until there is no one left except the Sexton, who is busy with the collection-plate, by the pulpit. A wait. Then, into the vivid patch of sunlight at the open door, there steps the ragged form of a Stranger. He is young, but bearded, and wears a voluminous cloak of rough material. He is bare-footed, bare-headed, and carries a long staff like a shepherd's crook. The sun is vivid behind his golden head*)

THE STRANGER (*entering only as far as the doorsill*)

What a fine place this is!

THE SEXTON (*putting the collection money into his pocket and hurrying down the aisle in a fine rage at sight of the shabby intruder*)

Yes, a very fine and expensive building. But you will have to get out. I am closing up!

THE STRANGER (*retreats a trifle before the rough gesture of the Sexton*)

Closing so fine and large a house! Is it left empty, then?

THE SEXTON

All the week. Why not?

THE STRANGER

Empty all through the week! Then perhaps I can find lodging here!

THE SEXTON

Ha! ha! *Lodging here!* Ho! ho! That's a good one! (*They step out on to the porch, the Sexton pushing out the Stranger*) Lodging. Oh! ha! ha! Don't you recognize this place, don't you know what place this is?

THE STRANGER

What strange place is it?

THE SEXTON

Why, you idiot! It is the house of God!

(*He shuts the door with a bang, closing himself and the Stranger out. The key is heard to turn in the lock, raspingly*)

CURTAIN

## DARWIN, SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH

### *The Last Word of Science and the Church on the Teachings of Darwin*

#### A SYMPOSIUM

ELMER J. KNEALE

*"There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies—his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear; it follows, then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth."*—MILTON.

ON several occasions recently I have noted the tendency of a number of public speakers, notably ministers and other popular leaders, to disparage the teachings of Charles Darwin. This suggested to me that it would be edifying and interesting to learn just how the teachings of Darwin are viewed by the greatest intellects in the world to-day—both the leaders in science, the realm in which Darwin worked, and the leaders in religion, the realm to which Darwin is often said to be antagonistic.

With this end in view I sent letters to men recognized as leaders in science, religion, and scholarship in the principal countries of the world, requesting a statement of their opinion as to the value to-day of Darwin's contribution to scientific thought. The majority of the men of science and of scholarship sent replies; and while a few of the religious leaders asked to be excused, replies were received from some of the highest authorities in the Roman Catholic Church, the Orthodox Eastern

Church, the Anglican Church and the several principal Protestant bodies.

The answers received are extremely interesting and give first-hand and definite information as to what the world's intellectual leaders think of evolution, and its first chief advocate, Charles Darwin.

The fact that every letter has been written expressly for the occasion gives this symposium a freshness and a vitality that would be lacking if it were made up of quotations from what has been written before on this subject.

Great care has been taken to secure an authentic translation of the letters which were written in foreign languages, and in every case the translation conveys correctly and fully the thought set forth in the original letter.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those who have so kindly contributed the statements appearing here; and I am under especial obligation to my friend, Professor A. R. Crook, for the interest he has shown during the preparation of this symposium, and for his many kindly suggestions and criticisms, which have been an invaluable aid in this undertaking.

It is with the hope that much good will result that the following letters are presented, together with a brief sketch of the life of Darwin.

#### LIFE OF DARWIN

Charles Robert Darwin was born February 12, 1809, at Shrewsbury, England. When eight years old he went to the day-school in Shrewsbury. By the time he went to this day-school his taste for natural history, and especially for collecting, showed a marked development.

In the summer of 1818 the boy went to Doctor Butler's school in Shrewsbury and remained there for seven years, when he was sixteen years old. He then attended Edinburgh University for two years, and from there went to Cambridge University. While at Cambridge a friend secured for Darwin the opportunity of taking a five years' voyage as a naturalist, aboard the ship *Beagle*, which had been commissioned by the Government for a scientific trip around the world. Darwin said years



afterwards: "The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career." It was during this voyage that he received his first ideas on evolution.

In the year 1859 Darwin completed his greatest work, *The Origin of Species*. In 1871 he published *The Descent of Man*, in which he applied to human evolution the principles set forth in *The Origin of Species*. He died April 19, 1882, at the age of seventy-three, having lived to see his ideas profoundly effective not only in biological sciences, but in all lines of intellectual activity.

#### HISTORICAL

While the idea of evolution was alluded to by Aristotle and other ancient writers, the first investigator to treat it in a scientific spirit was Lamarck. His conclusions on the subject, which were published in 1801, attracted much attention. But with the popular mind Darwinism has largely come to be regarded as synonymous with evolution, notwithstanding the fact that others before Darwin had written on the subject. This is because Darwin established the doctrine of evolution on a grander and surer basis than had been done by the earlier investigators in this field. During years of patient toil, he collected together a great body of facts, and manifested a marvellous power of observation, so that his name stands above all other names associated with the study of evolution, and it may well be said that he was one of the greatest minds the world has ever produced.

#### OPINIONS CONCERNING THE TEACHINGS OF DARWIN

Most of the letters \* which follow were written in answer to the following questions:

First: Do you believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day as a contribution to science?

Second: Do you believe that a majority of intellectual leaders are to-day inclined to accept these teachings?

\* Space limitations have made it necessary to omit several interesting letters.  
—EDITOR.

DR. ALFRED R. WALLACE

*Famous as the originator with Darwin of the theory of "Natural Selection"*

[Over fifty years ago while in the Malay Archipelago, and while unaware of Darwin's work, Dr. Wallace formulated a theory practically identical with that of Darwin on natural selection.]

My last book, *The World of Life*, shows that I uphold the Darwinian theory as much as ever. The view of Sir E. Ray Lankester on this subject is, I believe, identical with my own.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED R. WALLACE

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

[As an author and scholar, no man in this country stands higher than Dr. Abbott. For fifty years, first as an associate, and afterward as successor of Henry Ward Beecher, then as editor of *Harper's Weekly*, of *The Christian Union* and now of *The Outlook*, he has been contributing to the advancement of education and religion.]

In my judgment the general doctrine of evolution is now accepted almost universally by all educated men. I think, however, material additions have been made to Charles Darwin's doctrine of struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Drummond has shown very clearly that struggle for others is as much a part, and perhaps as important a part, of life as struggle for self. On minor details of Darwinism, as distinguished from the evolutionary hypothesis in general, I am not expert enough to express any opinion of value.

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK [LORD AVEBURY]

[As an original author and a thoughtful popularizer of natural history, Lord Avebury has had few rivals in his day.]

Science is progressive, and Darwin certainly never supposed that he had said the last word as regards the origin of species.

At the same time, I believe that time has strengthened his main conclusion. I should, therefore, confidently answer your two questions in the affirmative.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

AVEBURY

THE MOST EMINENT METROPOLITAN VLADIMIR

[Metropolitan of Moscow]

According to your request I hereby send you a reply concerning Darwinism from one of the best Russian authorities and specialists on that subject, A. A. Tichomirow. I enjoin myself to his statement on this subject. I believe this statement will fully answer your questions.

I ask God's blessing upon you, and I remain, with sincere esteem,

Your most humble servant,

VLADIMIR

Metropolitan of Moscow.

The question, Does Darwin's doctrine retain some value in modern science, and is it accepted now at least partially?, may be answered as follows:

This doctrine has only an historical value, but in its substance it must be acknowledged to be false. Darwin's doctrine is deprived of clearness even in its essential fundamental idea. He entitles his theory, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, but he asserts, at the same time, that natural se-

lection has been the most important but not exclusive means of modification; and that the changes producing the formation of species could be effected without the aid of any form of selection; maintaining, further, that the elevating process of organization proceeded from the living world by means of natural selection. But, seeing no possibility of explaining, from his point of view, the fact of continued subsistence of the lowest forms down to our present times, Darwin sought to escape the difficulty by asserting that for such lower forms, when advanced up to any given point, there is no necessity, according to the theory of Natural Selection, for their continued progress.

We shall not be astonished that, in front of such want of scientific foundation for the theory, von Baer's assistant, N. J. Danielevsky, some thirty years ago, emphatically opposed in Russia the doctrine of Natural Selection by means of the *Struggle for Life*. Many other critics of the same doctrine appeared in other countries, so that in 1909, the French evolutionist Yves Delage could say, "Darwin, when first announcing the principle of Natural Selection, appeared to be a Newton of evolution; but, unfortunately, his doctrine was unable to maintain its ground in face of criticism."

The aforesaid seems to be sufficient to show that Darwin's doctrine has, for modern science, a merely historical value; and there is no wonder, therefore, that even biologists who claim to be "Darwinists" (as Bisch and Hertwig, for instance) assume the polyphyletic origin of the living world and are, consequently, denying the unity of the origin of living beings and, therefore, the very *raison d'être* of Darwinism.

A. TICHOMIROW

Late professor of Zoölogy  
in the University of Mos-  
cow; now Curator.

[Translated from the Russian]

SIR E. RAY LANKESTER

[No man is better qualified to speak on this subject  
than is Sir Edwin Ray Lankester. For many years he

has studied and served as professor of Zoölogy in University College, London, and as Director of Natural History in the British Museum, and as professor in the Royal Institute of London. His contributions to knowledge have been voluminous.]

I have continually written on the subject about which you ask my opinion. You and anyone who wishes to know it will find it set forth in my book *Science from an Easy Chair*.

I have no doubt whatever that the teachings of Darwin, in their general outline, remain to-day (and will remain so long as men are capable of observation and reasoning) as a supreme contribution to science. I believe that these teachings are accepted in the main by every thinker who has a knowledge of the facts. But many persons, such as some of those you name, though clever writers and prominent for various reasons in the public eye, are really ignorant of the facts and of the methods of investigation in regard to the past history of this globe and the living things upon it. Their opinions, whether favorable or unfavorable to Mr. Darwin's conclusion, are not of the slightest value, and it is misleading and, therefore, immoral to offer them to the great innocent public as authoritative. It is my strong conviction that to mislead the public by parading the opinions of ignorant men as though they were the judgments of competent men of science is as mean a thing as robbing a blind man or a helpless child.

Yours faithfully,

E. RAY LANKESTER

THE MOST REV. HENRY LOWTHER CLARK

[Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne]

In reply to your inquiry I have to state my conviction that Darwin's contributions to human thought were, many of them, permanent ones. His body lies in Westminster Abbey, a few feet from the grave of Isaac Newton; and the two great men are comparable in the service they rendered to the study of the

laws and workings of God in nature. This can be said without accepting all his deductions from a life-long observation of facts. There is no need to disparage the wealth of service he rendered to all subsequent investigators.

He was engaged, however, in examining the "How" of nature's laws, and herein most of his results stand good.

We must look in other directions, and with other eyes, for the presence and proof of the designing mind working from without, and for the high purposes of wisdom and power and love, which exist in abounding profusion throughout all God's works.

HENRY LOWTHER CLARK  
Archbishop of Melbourne.

#### PROFESSOR HUGO DE VRIES

[There is no man living who is better qualified to speak concerning the teachings of Darwin than Professor de Vries. He has brought within the range of experimental proof certain questions which heretofore have been regarded as matters of observation and speculation alone. Concerning the Mutation theory of Professor de Vries it has been said that it is the most important advance made since the time of Darwin.]

There seems to me to be very little doubt concerning the question that Darwin's theory is still generally accepted by biologists. In fact the evolution theory is now universally recognized as the basis of all scientific research in biology.

Darwin proved:

First, that species and varieties originate in nature in the same way as they do in horticulture and agriculture.

Second, that genera, families and the larger groups must have been produced in the same way as species and varieties.

Third, that the facts of geographical and palæontological botany and zoölogy can only be explained by the theory of common descent.

Fourth, that natural selection is the main factor in guiding the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

Darwin assumed ordinary variability as giving sufficient material for this selection, and thereby came to his theory of a very slow changing of one species into another. At this time variability had hardly been studied after scientific methods; this was done only some time later by Quetilet.

As you may know, I distinguish between ordinary or fluctuating variability and mutability. The first is always present but does not afford the material for new species or races; mutability in my opinion is the species-producing variability, producing new forms by leaps and bounds however small they may be. This mutation theory then assumes a sudden origin of species, and not one by slowly accumulating almost imperceptible changes. This is a new principle, but still in perfect harmony with Darwin's main views.

Yours truly,

DE VRIES

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

[Bishop of The Methodist Episcopal Church]

I am of the opinion that evolution as a theory is more generally held than ever, but not the form of the theory as propounded by Charles Darwin.

The proofs of evolution as a theory were never more wanting; but the belief in the theory was never more persistent. This is a thing I do not attempt to explain; I state it as I find it. The generalization is so wide that it has fascinated mankind. The theory still rests as a hypothesis and not as a proven fact.

Christians, save as a matter of intellectual interest, are careless about evolution, seeing that how God made His world is not our business. That He made it is a theological issue and that only. It cannot for a moment be thoughtfully maintained that evolution supersedes God. He is as necessary with evolu-

tion as without; and here Christianity stands in perpetual calm. God made His World; and His method suits us.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

PROFESSOR EDOUARD SUESS

[Emeritus Professor of Geology in the University of Vienna]

[The great life work of Professor Suess has been his study of the Tertiary strata of the Vienna Basin, also his study of the problems connected with the evolution of the earth's surface features, on which he has written a monumental treatise.]

Every physician will tell you, that no explanation of the numerous rudimentary structures within the human body can be given except by the theory of evolution. How far natural selection, or struggle for existence, or external conditions of life may have influenced the long process, is a series of secondary questions.

The origin of life is unknown; unity stands beyond doubt, most especially for all higher forms, including mankind. The objections to evolution have no more value than those that were in their time raised against Copernicus.

In Europe a tendency exists to concede a greater influence to external conditions of life than Darwin did in his *Origin of Species*; but letters of Darwin exist from later years which show that he himself began to lean in this direction (Lamarckism). But, I repeat, that is a secondary question.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours,

E. SUESS

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT

[No man in America has been more potent in advancing true learning than Dr. Eliot, the greatest of all university presidents; and by no less a personage than Theodore Roosevelt he has been called the greatest American.]



In reply to your inquiry of August nineteenth, I beg to say, first, that I believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day an invaluable contribution to the advancement of science; and secondly, I believe that the great majority of the intellectual leaders of to-day take that view of them. These opinions are held by most educated men, quite independently of the absolute correctness of Darwin's observations and reasoning. His work has profoundly affected for good the method of pursuing truth, and that, in all branches of human knowledge, including government and religion.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT

SIR OLIVER LODGE

[Sir Oliver Lodge, Principal of the University of Birmingham, is one of the great original thinkers of our age. He has profound faith in the ultimate unity of science and religion.]

I am surprised that anyone should ask the first question contained in your letter of April 3 (that is, do you believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain to-day as a contribution to science?), since it must be perfectly obvious that the teachings of Darwin must remain forever as a contribution to science.

As to the second question, it is unlikely that every proposition will survive without modification. But the general trend of his teachings, based as they are upon most careful and painstaking investigation, is, I suppose, almost universally acquiesced in, though naturally and admittedly they cover only part of the field open to discovery, not the whole; and opinions may very well differ as to the relative proportion which the part bears to the whole.

Yours faithfully,

OLIVER LODGE

THE RIGHT REV. DANIEL S. TUTTLE

[Presiding Bishop or Primate of the Protestant Episcopal Church]

There is no doubt that the faithful study and labors of Charles Darwin have resulted in great benefit to science.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the teachings of the majority of intellectual leaders to answer your second question.

Among theologians, concerning whom I do know something, I think that many hold their judgment in suspense as convinced that Darwinian theories are not yet proved to be laws; and that others accept them unhesitatingly; and that all of them are perfectly willing to accept them if proven, feeling that God's working by development is surely as much an exercise of His Almighty Power as would be (or is) His working by creative fiat.

Faithfully yours,

DANIEL S. TUTTLE

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN

[No man in America stands higher as an authority on the subject of evolution than Dr. Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford Jr. University. He has made a special study of fishes; and he is the foremost authority on the sea fauna of the Pacific.]

As regards the general doctrine of the derivation of living forms through natural processes from preëxisting forms, by gradual splitting of groups, there can be no two opinions among scientific men. This according to Darwin is the main question, and practically all men having a right to an opinion agree with Darwin in this.

There is room for much difference of opinion as to the factors in evolution, and as to the part played by natural selection as compared with other factors. In my own judgment the lead-

ing features of Darwin's views remain. We know much more of heredity than he did, and isolation is recognizable as a distinct factor. I lay little stress on "Mutation" as a factor in evolution.

As to the future of Darwinism, it will be greatly extended as our knowledge grows, but the main features of his work remain as a sketch map compares with a completed survey.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

### HIS ALL-HOLINESS JOACHIM III

[The Late Œcumenical Patriarch of Constantinople]

Gladly I answer in few words your two inquiries concerning the Darwinian theory.

(A) I do not believe in the Darwinian theory, not only because it is contrary to the Christian teaching and the teaching of the Holy Scripture concerning the creation of beings according to species from the beginning; but also because the considerations advanced in its support do not convince me.

Neither the considerations drawn from pathological phenomena suggesting a close relationship of man to certain other higher forms of animal life, nor embryological considerations and the always widely heralded finds of fossil remains, can advance the Darwinian theory from a simple hypothesis to a demonstrated truth. And the so-called "Natural Selection," which the Darwinian theory invents, is contrary not only to the observation and experience of long ages, during which the distinctive form of their appearance throughout remains unchanged; but also to the accurate conclusions drawn from Geology, establishing conclusively that the forms of organic beings were distinct from each other from the beginning.

I pass by with mere mention the Rubicon, as Max Müller called it, composed externally of speech, internally of self-consciousness and freedom; and finally of religious and moral ability,—things peculiar to man only.

(B) I believe that the Darwinian theory has already lost

much of the ground which it had previously gained with the scientists, and that this loss is constantly increasing. In saying this I not only have in view the changes of opinion of formerly distinguished advocates of the Darwinian theory and the reaction of the modern spirit from materialistic Monism, which this theory greatly promotes, to sensible Idealism; but also the insincere behavior of certain of its ardent defenders. With safety and certainty I can affirm that those among us who are distinguished in science incline very little toward the acceptance of this theory; concerning which I probably speak no prophecy if I say that the Twentieth Century will relegate it to the realm of historic research of the past.

Wishing you the best, I remain,

In the Patriarchate, September 6, 1912,

Patriarch of Constantinople,

JOACHIM

[Translated from the Greek  
by Hector M. E. Pasmezoglu  
and the Rev. D. G. Carson]

#### HIS EMINENCE JOHN M., CARDINAL FARLEY

[Among the great leaders of religious progress in America none is more highly esteemed than Cardinal Farley. He has taken a deep interest in matters of education. In his diocese he has made Catholic education the keynote of his administration. The task of compiling the Catholic Encyclopædia, a monumental work, owed its inception and progress to his aid and stimulus.]

Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, directs me to send you the following reply to your inquiry as to the value, in his opinion, of the teachings of Darwin in the world to-day.

Without entering into the question of the service to science Darwin rendered by recording indisputable data concerning flora and fauna collected during his extensive studies, the wonder is

that scientists should ever have taken Darwinism itself very seriously.

To those not accurately informed Darwinism means evolution, of which men write and speak as if evolution were an absolute certainty as unassailable as the law of gravitation, when, at best, evolution is an hypothesis and far from an established scientific fact.

The idea of evolution had not its origin in Darwin's mind. It is as old as philosophy among men. Darwin simply advanced natural selection as an explanation of evolution; and the scientific world concluded that natural selection was an active factor and a wonderful discovery, whereas it is entirely a negative factor, and the more we know of it the less it is valued. Some weighty scientists consider it even an inimical factor in evolution.

The almost universal acclaim of Darwinism in our universities, at the end of the nineteenth century, reflects but little credit on the scientific spirit and scholarship of those days. However, many notable professors rejected Darwinism as untenable; among them Agassiz, probably the greatest naturalist we have had in America, who said, "My own studies have made me more adverse than ever to the new scientific doctrines such as are flourishing now in England. I trust to outlive this mania."

The present position of Darwinism is far from encouraging to its followers. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It has been tested in the laboratory and been confounded. A cloud of witnesses against its tenets rise up in professors of Botany, of Zoölogy, of Palæontology, and of Pathology, in the universities of Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Strassburg, Tübingen, Amsterdam, Columbia University, etc.; so writes Professor Kellogg, of Leland Stanford University, in his *Darwinism To-day*.

Neither Darwin nor his teachings have proved a tower of strength and light to science, still groping in its quest to solve the origin of life, which confronts man as an ever-present mystery. Divine revelation alone unfolds to human reason the genesis of all spirit and matter. Science knows not the origin of the main organic types and their principal subdivisions. Nor is there any evidence in favor of an ascending evolution of organic forms.

Much less has science been able to show any trace of even a merely probable argument of the animal origin of man.

Darwinism has gone the way, in the world of science, of all hypotheses and systems which have been informed by atheistic, agnostic, or materialistic explanations of the origin of the universe. It might not be too much to say that Darwinism won favor and spread, for awhile, not because of its inherent scientific truth or power, but rather because of its materialistic and anti-Christian spirit, appearing at a time when the vogue of the schools was to deny the spiritual and adore the material. But truth has triumphed once more. The sublime story of the creation as told so simply in the first chapter of the Bible appeals to reason and satisfies the human soul as to the origin and destiny of man.

Very truly,

P. J. HAYES  
Secretary.

DR. CHARLES F. AKED

[Pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco]

I do not mean to be in the slightest degree discourteous, but it is extremely difficult for me to get your point of view or to enter into the minds of those persons who, as you evidently think, need to have such questions as yours answered. I should just as soon think it desirable to formulate such questions as these and set myself to ascertain current opinion with regard to them:—

This publication asserts that there is a city called Chicago, and that it is situate in the State of Illinois. What is your opinion of this statement? And do you believe that the view of this publication is generally accepted by railway men and commercial travellers in the United States?

The matters about which you write me are—so it seems to me—not any more a question for discussion than my absurd hypothetical questions.

I can only imagine, and I suggest it with all deference, that the questions have been born of some confusion in the mind of somebody somewhere, confusion of the vast Evolutionary con-

ception of the universe with the methods, processes, and details of investigation and argument with which the philosophy was originally presented to the world by Darwin. Darwin's system has had to be corrected by numbers of later investigators and thinkers. Nobody would state the doctrine of Evolution to-day as Darwin first stated it, nor assert a clear sight of the same processes, nor offer in its favor the same arguments and proofs. But the whole world everywhere is in debt to Darwin. A person who speaks in pre-Darwinian language is speaking a dead language. The world has not been the same since Darwin published his world-transforming books. The Evolutionary philosophy holds the field. And if a person who thinks he is a thinker thinks he thinks something different—why, it does not matter two straws what he thinks!

I am, dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. AKED

#### THE VERY REV. DR. MORITZ GÜDEMANN

[Dr. Güdemann, Chief Rabbi of Vienna, stands as one of the foremost of living Jewish Rabbis. He has especially distinguished himself by his investigations into the history of Jewish education and culture. As an author he is well known and has written numerous works.]

From the standpoint of the Jewish religion, which I represent, there is nothing in the theory of evolution of Charles Darwin that is contradictory to this religion. The Jewish religion demands knowledge, not faith. So also is her fundamental doctrine, Monotheism, based upon knowledge. Inasmuch as Darwinism may lead us into a right understanding of nature, it can be received only with welcome by the Jewish religion, which seeks to deepen this knowledge. The history of creation, as taught in the Pentateuch, does not contradict this theory. It is not a scientific treatise of natural history, but a representation—

a parable—which should remove the Gentile, especially the Babylonian, creation myths; and it contains religious significance only in so far as it ascribes all existence to the one only God as Creator. God's creative activity also remains, when viewed from the standpoint of evolution; and the confinement to a work of six days has only the object of establishing the institution of the Sabbath. I therefore answer your questions as follows:

First. I am of the opinion that the teachings of Darwin, in their general scope, will remain as a contribution to science.

Second. I am of the opinion that the majority of intellectual leaders of to-day are inclined to accept this theory.

Very respectfully,

MORITZ GÜDEMANN

Chief Rabbi of Vienna.

[Translated from the German]

#### PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

[Professor Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, is one of the great Palæontologists of the world. From a professorship at Princeton University he went to a similar position in Columbia University; and while still gracing that position he is now president of the greatest Natural History Museum in the world. In that museum are materials which show that evolution is a law as inexorable as the one which makes water flow down hill.]

Darwin was the most influential thinker the world has known since the time of Aristotle. His work is divided into three great divisions: First, his demonstration of the law of evolution, his greatest monument; second, his own special theory of Natural Selection, which will also endure although it is now recognized that there are other principles—in fact, Darwin himself recognized other causes of evolution; third, his influence as a naturalist and observer of the life and adaptations of animals and



plants. No other naturalist ranking with Darwin has ever lived. Darwin expressly excluded moral teachings from his writings, and avoided questions directed to this end. Many theologians have, however, found a great moral element in Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

Yours very truly,

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

THE REV. JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

[No leader of the Lutheran Church in America, at the present day, is more distinguished than Dr. Remensnyder, pastor of the St. James' Lutheran Church of New York City, and president of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church.]

Both of the questions you propose, I think, must be answered in the affirmative, bearing in mind the limitations "in their general outline"; for it is well known that Darwin's theory of evolution is much modified, as, for example, his emphasis upon "Natural Selection," which is now believed to play an insignificant part. So, also, Bergson, in his *Creative Evolution*, shows that evolution proceeds in parallel lines, and often by leaps rather than in a consecutive series.

As to evolution, however, accounting for the origin of life, by mechanical processes or chemical combinations, I do not believe that this is or ever will be established. Nor do I believe that evolution accounts for the origin of man. The slight difference between the skull of the ape and that of man, is rather, as Dr. Forsyth shows, an argument against it; for the utterly disproportioned superiority of the human intellect indicates a creative gulf between them. The "missing link" between Man and Ape, I believe with Max Müller, "will continue to be missed," despite sensational modern finds. I believe that Man originated by creation, and hold with the great naturalist Cuvier, with respect to the account in Genesis: "A sublimer passage than this, from the first word to the last, never can or will come

from a human pen:—'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'"

JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

DR. YEN FUH

[Dr. Yen Fuh, Chancellor of the University of Peking, China, is one of the leading educators of China, and the foremost authority of that country on the subject of evolution. He has translated much of the works of Darwin and Spencer into Chinese.]

I am now in receipt of your letter dated April 10th; therein I am requested to give a statement of my opinion in connection with the two following questions: First. Do I believe that the teachings of Darwin in their general outline stand to-day as a contribution to science? To this my answer is certainly in the affirmative, and I believe that his discovery in Biology is so grand and so great a stride that nothing except the discovery of Sir Isaac Newton in Astronomy can be compared with it. Thousands of biological phenomena which were formerly unexplained, except with theological imaginations, are now explained logically and arranged as links of a chain. The only part of his theory which has now been generally discredited is about the "Inheritance of Acquirements": but in my opinion the controversy is still unsettled; for there are conclusive instances of the transmission of acquirements, such as disease-producing bacteria, that pass through the body of a susceptible animal and are found to be increased in virulence; and this they certainly transmit to their descendants. Therefore, Weismann's repudiation cannot be regarded as yet conclusive. On the other hand, the transmission of acquirements, though this sometimes happens, must be far more limited than used to be thought by those who accept Darwin's theory without reserve. The Chinese women bound their feet for at least more than a thousand years; the feet of newly born girls are not an inch shorter nor appear to be in any way unnatural or crooked. Numberless supposed instances of

the transmission of acquirements can be more easily and satisfactorily explained by means of the theory of Natural Selection.

Regarding your second question, viz., do I believe a majority of intellectual leaders are to-day inclined to accept these teachings? To this my answer is again in the affirmative. The phrases "Survival of the Fittest" and "Struggle for Existence" are now on the lips of every Chinese who has a smack of culture or education. My humble self was the one who first introduced the term Evolution to China and have translated it by two characters, to wit: "tien-yen."

In a word, the catastrophic theory of Creation and those theories of genesis which were taught by all religions are no longer tenable. If we disbelieve the theory of Evolution, we must leave many phenomena unexplained and remain the more agnostic. The theory of Evolution does not and cannot do away with God, which is the First Cause and must forever remain inexplicable.

Yours most sincerely,

YEN FUH

DR. ERNST HAECKEL

[It will suffice to say that Dr. Haeckel stands as one of the greatest of scientists and philosophers; and by some he is believed to be the greatest mind of our day. Certainly he is one of those best qualified to speak concerning the teachings of Darwin and evolution.]

My views concerning Darwinism are yet now, since fifty years, the same, which I have fully explained in many papers and books.

For a full understanding of the high value of Darwinism, as a theory of Evolution, there must be distinguished three different doctrines:

First. The general theory of Descent, founded in 1809 by Lamarck, and reformed and founded anew by Darwin in 1859, which is now generally accepted by all scientific biologists.

Second. The special theory of Selection, stated indepen-

dently by Darwin and Wallace in 1858, which is accepted by the majority of biologists, but is combatted by many authorities.

Third. The special application to the *Descent of Man* by Darwin in 1871, as a derivation from other Mammals, which is generally accepted by most biologists; as a derivation from other Primates, and mainly from the Anthropoid apes, is combatted by many specialists and philosophers.

Respectfully,

ERNST HAECKEL

THE MOST REV. CHARLES HAMILTON

[Anglican Archbishop of Ottawa]

The answers to your questions can be found in several works, for and against Darwinism, issued during the past three years.

Whatever may be the outcome of the controversy, the world will always be indebted to Darwin as the pioneer of clear, scientific thinking.

Generally speaking, up to the publication of his *Origin of Species*, all knowledge was more or less empirical. To-day, all sciences, including Theology, owe to him a debt of gratitude for deliverance from empiricism, which the future will gladly pay.

Conclusions may be drawn from his theories which neither Darwin, nor the majority of intellectual men of to-day, could accept; but such do not constitute the real value of his monumental work. He led men to see that in the correlation of the facts of existence, or of the various constituents of all inorganic substances, lay the only road to a real scientific understanding of the universe.

But to speak or write as if the task of solving the riddle of existence had been accomplished by Darwin's contribution to evolutionary concepts, is beside the mark. So much of our knowledge is hypothetical; so many modern theories have been forced to give way to the discovery of elemental facts, that the acceptance of the theory of evolution must to a large extent be provisional.

One thing seems to stand clear, that evolution is not causation; and Darwin's own reserve on this point is significant.

ARCHBISHOP HAMILTON

by

(The Rev.) George Bonsfield

DR. ARTHUR HADLEY

[Dr. Hadley, president of Yale University, is one of the world's great educators and one of the best representatives of the modern type of university president. Since 1899 he has been president of Yale University, being the first layman to hold that office. Also, President Hadley is one of the foremost authorities on Political Economy.]

Charles Darwin was an accurate observer and cautious reasoner, whose teachings are not of a kind that will ever become discredited, though they undoubtedly will have to be supplemented and may have to be modified in many particulars.

The teachings of Charles Darwin were two in number: first, that most of the different forms of organic life which we see at the present day can be explained by a gradual process of natural selection, in which those types that were not adapted to their surroundings were eliminated; second, that the traits or habits acquired in the course of this process were transmitted by inheritance. Darwin never was so sure of the second conclusion as he was of the first. At the present day I understand that nearly every man who is qualified to judge accepts the first of these propositions, and that the great majority do not accept the second. It seems to me that these are essentially questions for biologists, and not for churchmen or scholars; and I would rather not try to give any individual opinion on a subject where I must necessarily form my judgment at second-hand.

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR HADLEY

HON. W. J. BRYAN

[Secretary of State of the United States]

I do not accept the teachings of Mr. Darwin on the subject of evolution. While many students and teachers do accept them, in whole or in part, I believe that the trend of sentiment is now against them, and that the trend is likely to be more and more against the theory. I regard the theory advanced by Professor Drummond as much more in accord with our own observations. We see things elevated from one world to another when a power comes down from above, as, for instance, the mineral elevated to the vegetable kingdom and the vegetable into the animal kingdom, but we see no illustrations of a mineral rising unaided into the vegetable world, or a vegetable rising unaided into the animal world. The Darwinian theory assumes life upon the planet; that is, it does not attempt to explain life, and no theory of creation can stand which does not begin with a Creator infinite in power, intelligence and love.

Very truly yours,

W. J. BRYAN

#### CONCLUSION

There have here been presented the views of a most illustrious company concerning the merit that may to-day be found in the teachings of Charles Darwin. It is necessary, here, to give only a brief résumé in conclusion.

#### THE CHURCH

As to the way in which Darwinism is regarded by the great religious leaders of Christendom, it has been shown that, on the one hand, many take the ground that Darwin's teachings can never be reconciled with revealed Christianity, and also that these teachings are without scientific foundation. On the other hand, a far greater number of leaders of religious thought see no serious difficulty in accepting the main results of Darwin's investigations.

Further, inasmuch as so many leaders of Christian thought accept the teachings of Darwin, or, at least in some degree, accept the general doctrine of evolution, we must acknowledge that this doctrine has become a permanent factor in the modification of our religious thinking.

#### AMONG SCIENTISTS

As to the leaders in science, it is clear that the authorities in the study of evolution are practically agreed that Darwin laid a great foundation of truth by demonstrating the Law of Evolution; and while, as has been said, earlier investigators in this field had a passing glimpse of the Law of Evolution, it was Darwin who first opened the eyes of the world in general to this truth; that is, that living forms are derived by means of natural processes from preëxisting forms, by gradual splitting of groups. Herein lies his great contribution, for which the world will ever owe him a debt of gratitude. If men having an intimate knowledge of the workings of nature are practically all agreed in this, what more could we ask?

Concerning Darwin's theory of "Natural Selection," there is much difference of opinion as to the part it plays in the modification of species. But it is still generally recognized that natural selection is an important factor in evolution, and that this doctrine will be a permanent contribution to scientific knowledge, though with modifications. We should bear in mind that Darwin himself never supposed he had said the last word in this matter, and whether or not we regard natural selection as important, it is secondary compared with his great work that has already been mentioned.

On the Sunday following the burial of Darwin the Bishop of Carlisle, preaching in Westminster Abbey, admitted that Darwin had produced a greater change in the current of thought than any other man. And now, after more than thirty years, during which science has weighed and tested his teachings, the majority of those who lead the world's thought pay homage to Darwin for having given to mankind a clearer vision of the sublime handiwork of the Creator in the great temple of nature.

## THE MAN ON THE HILLTOP

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

**S**HADOWS are round him in my memory—  
Impenetrable shadows, peopling full  
A universe where streams of heavy light  
Reveal strange crouching forms of ominous doom.  
As in the sun's and moon's and stars' eclipse  
I see him on that hilltop; mighty wings  
Flap from the sky above him and surround  
With fierce and fluctuating winds. Alone,  
Sleepless, he waits in his allotted place,  
Amid these howling kingdoms of the void;  
Defiant, sacrificed, and conquering:  
Mad; but a great heart, an heroic heart.

'Twas thus I came upon him:—

When, at end  
Of college years, one winter, first I learned  
That, if I loved this curious human life  
To which we all with blind affection cling,  
I must with instant haste betake myself  
To regions far from Massachusetts' coasts,  
In hope that desert air would make me whole  
And hearty,—as in fact it well has done.  
And so I went, not fain at all to die;  
And for two years lived on the western plains  
At a friend's ranch until my peril passed.  
There first I saw the man of whom my tale  
Chiefly shall speak—a raw-boned, flaxen-haired  
Shepherd; tall of brow, with sunken eyes,  
And jaw as clean-cut as a vessel's prow:—  
One of those smouldering, intense, strange men  
Whom no spot breeds except the northern fiords.  
He had a name common in his own land—  
Larson:—no common man, for all of that,  
But a great heart;—twisted, awry and blind,—



Swayed by strange tyrannies, the dupe of dreams,—  
Yet a great heart, moving in mists obscure,  
Protagonist of shadows, single-armed  
Champion against the terrors of the night.

He had come hither from some eastern town,—  
Pittsburgh, I think,—where his dark youth had passed  
In grip of stern privations. He was born  
Child of a foundry-worker, one of four,  
Brought up on mill-smoke. In the earlier years  
No harder was his lot than many a one  
Which still, upon the whole, brings happiness  
That makes life worth the living. But too soon  
Poverty taught him more than any child,  
Could we direct these things, should ever know.  
One day, toward noontime, taking to the mill  
His father's pail, he, pausing in the door,  
Saw a great crucible swing overhead,  
Moving along the runways of the cranes,  
And then poise,—sway with rending jar,—and fall,  
Scattering a hail of fire, a cataract  
Of white and glowing steel, that gulfed three men,—  
One man his father,—in the awful flood.  
He told me this; and without words I knew  
How, like the searing touch of that fierce stream,  
The sight had burned itself upon his brain,—  
A thing to tremble at when in the night  
Those spectres rose. And unforgettingly  
Had passed before his eyes the house of grief,  
Where terror of the future almost numbed  
The present sorrow. Then came poverty,  
And vain appeals to the calm men who sat  
In the mill's office with their desks and files  
Of many papers; the recourse at last  
To one of those grey wolves who sometimes hunt  
Under the law's cloak; the unending trial  
That sapped the widow's final hoard:—these things,  
Seen by a child who with his mother stood,

Three younger ones beside him, and looked out  
Into the endless and appalling void  
Of destitution, could not be forgot,  
But needs must bend the corners of the mouth  
And sink the eyes to sparks in their deep caves.  
Before the law remediless they stood,  
Smitten by chance, that untamed walks the earth;  
Yet, that being true, how little did it feed  
The hungry mouths! How utterly their fate  
Upon them must have fallen like the blow  
Of evil and malignant deity.

He never told me how he struggled on:  
It was not hard to guess,—the crumpled years  
Of childhood, till at last he reached that age,  
So pitifully young, at which the poor  
Think children may go forth to earn their bread.  
Into the mills he went: there many years  
He worked among the crucibles, as worked  
His father once before him. But when death  
Came to his mother, and some distant kin  
Took the three other children, he threw off  
The hateful bondage; and went wandering forth  
Westward, to newer regions where a life  
Not cursed with the old curse might wait for him.

He was a silent man, who made no friends  
Among his lighter comrades, though goodwill  
Was not refused him. He had little talk,  
And that was mostly of the needful things,—  
Weather, and care of horses, and the sheep.  
But sometimes would a chance word start his speech  
Into a burst of sombre eloquence  
Or smouldering passion,—all on one fixed theme,  
The wrongs of laborers. Once I came on him  
Out in the stableyard, haranguing there,  
With unaccustomed fervency, a group  
Of scoffing shepherders. I heard him say—

"It is the hell-fire burning at earth's core,—  
Men slave like dogs to earn the right to live  
Like dogs: the profit of their labor falls  
From their starved fingers. All the sightless rich  
Are leagued together to oppress and crush  
The laborer. He cannot lift his head,  
Or down into the trampled dust they fling  
Him and his children. You have never seen,  
As I have, the fierce hell that, in the mills  
And out of them, enfolds those living men.  
No one sees things as I do! . . ."

#### Looking back

In memory now, I think his brooding nights  
And silent days all circled round that thought,  
Which drew and held him with a baleful power,  
Until its image grew, towered, loomed above  
All else, and blotted out the universe  
With its oppressive shadow.

#### Once he said—

"Children of sorrow cannot be released.  
They are blind, leaderless; and if Moses led,  
Out of the Wilderness toward the Promised Land,  
No one would follow. Now each blow that falls  
Upon the race falls heaviest on their backs.  
They are the buffers of misfortune."

#### Words

Half-biblical were his when thus he spoke,  
As sometimes is the way of simple men  
Speaking with earnestness from crowded hearts.

One day I said—"Surely it is some fault  
That keeps men common laborers all their lives.  
To good men comes an opportunity"—  
He answered—"In the valley where they live  
Nothing comes ever but the smoke of hell;

And their wild cries, rising, would shake the world  
If it had blood, not iron, in its veins."  
Much more he said, which I have long forgot,—  
Wild words that seethed from out some chaos shut  
Close in his breast. He was a sombre man;  
Sometimes absurd and sometimes terrible.

It was that Spring—you all remember it—  
When from mysterious space the Comet came  
Blazing upon us. And do you recall  
How, long foretold by savants ere to sight  
Of human eye its shape was visible,  
It stirred, among the ignorant, dim fears  
And wild conjecture? So that some believed  
It would destroy this globe, or with its train  
Of fatal gases kill all breathing life.  
We, like the rest, as the high day approached  
When it should sweep most closely to the earth,  
Made our bad jokes, and bantered to and fro  
Talk of the hour when debts and sins should end;  
And planned to die in drink; and such poor chaff.  
"Larson," I said, "you, probably, alone  
Will be alive on earth when it has passed—  
For you are used to breathing Pittsburgh air,  
And nothing matters after that."

"No, no,"

Another of us grinned, "Larson will crawl  
Under his own eyebrows, and hide there safe  
Till all is past."

And then we laughed again.

But Larson, who had listened to our talk  
With an intentness grave beyond its worth,  
Smiled not at all. He fixed on us the gaze  
Of eyes like sparks,—not angry, but possessed  
By some more secret vision of his own  
And far removed from us;—and while we laughed

He left us quietly without reply.  
And for some days thereafter, he would walk  
Much by himself, and scan the starry sky  
Alone at night, and mutter broken words,  
And start when spoken to.

Then came the time  
To send a herder to relieve that one  
Who, for a month's term, had kept lonely watch  
Over the sheep upon the upland ranch  
Sixty miles distant. No one loved the task;  
Hence in recurrent order all the men  
Served out their turn. Now in its sequence due  
Was Larson's month at hand,—a month of Spring.  
And so we sent him out one April day,  
Out from the noisy banter of our midst,  
To the monotonous vigil on the heights.  
I see him still as he rode hillward,—gaunt,  
Ungraceful on his horse, looking not back  
With any sign of parting, but alone  
And facing grimly forward,—a grey shape  
In the first dawnlight, growing ever less  
Against the distant slopes.

In three days, came  
Back from the hill-ranch he whose cheerless month  
At last was over. A great boisterousness  
And a great need of drink possessed his soul;  
But when the first was spent, the last assuaged,  
He spoke of Larson:—

“What is all this talk  
About the Comet? Is it really near?  
Larson has told me it is sweeping on  
A million miles an hour, toward the earth,  
A terrible portent, coming to rain down  
Mysterious influences of evil power  
Upon the world, but chiefly upon those

Who labor in the mills. When it is past,  
No toiler ever will draw happy breath,  
But only choked with evil. They must die,  
Or by the awful gases be transformed  
Into corroded miserable beings  
With lives of agony."

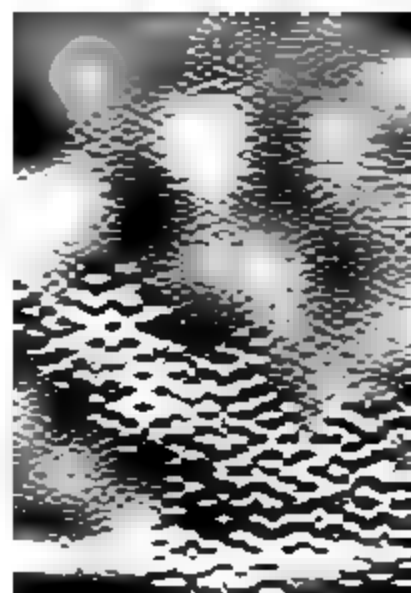
The men all laughed.  
I did not laugh; for something in the strange  
Fathomless shadow which I always felt  
Deep within Larson's mind loomed now to me  
Dimly foreboding. But the man went on:—

"He said to me, shortly before I left,  
Things like a book, or like the words I heard  
Once from a pulpit. He's a curious one;  
This is the way he talked:—'My thoughtless friend,  
The evil days have come: curses shall fall  
Upon men from the heavens, but most on those  
Who most are cursed already. O prepare!  
For the time approaches. Go: carry to the world  
Tidings from me that men must now atone.  
I have thought long, and light at last has dawned:  
I, only I, know wherefore this has come  
Toward earth, and of what evils it is sign,  
And the one hope to save the world. Atone!  
Atone for evil suffered and evil done,  
Ye men of sorrow! Who shall now arise,  
Not leader, but apart from all, to fight  
The sole and dreadful battle for the race?'  
Much more he said; I did not understand  
Half that he spoke besides. At any rate,  
The hill-ranch is a lonesome place to be  
If one has only such thoughts on his mind."

Lonesome indeed! And yet I did not speak  
Nor act,—as we so often in our lives  
Refrain from speech or deed until too late

For all except regret. But when four days  
Had passed, uneasiness laid hold of me.  
It seemed barbaric torture, thus condemning  
To banishment on solitary heights  
A man pursued by demons of the soul.  
So I determined on a four days' tour  
To see the mountains, meaning to delay  
One day with Larson, with what cheer I could  
Bringing some respite to his solitude.

Therefore next morning I proceeded forth  
With one good rancher. The unchanging sweep  
Flowed by on either side as all day long  
We traversed the monotonous sage-brush plains,  
A fiery sun above us; all day long  
The distant mountains slowly crept more near,  
Not changing as we watched, yet every hour  
More towering than the last. And just at dusk  
Weary, we saw ahead the upland ranch.  
I had not visited the place till now:  
And curiously I scanned it as we rode,—  
Saw the grey flocks grow plain upon the slopes,  
And the small cabin and the stable-yard  
Loftily builded. We could not descry  
Larson afar, nor hear him make response  
To our loud greetings. On we went, the night  
Falling around us, though some silvery gleam  
Still shone across the west. Ahead, the hill  
Rose steep: and in that treeless land, one tree,  
Shattered by wind, stood black against the sky  
Above the hilltop, centring the long slopes  
Toward it. And then the tree drew all my gaze  
By some ambiguous strangeness in its shape—  
Straight, blasted, with two stumps of limbs, confused  
Masses of leafage on its trunk. My thought  
Forgot the man we sought as I pressed on  
Toward the stiff tree; and then, suddenly cold,



A weakness closed like fangs upon my heart:  
 I saw the man had crucified himself.

There on a cross of heavy beams he hung,  
 Nails through his feet and through one open hand,

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in a quarter of a century than the eastern provinces. While Prince Edward's Island is actually losing population and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are practically at a standstill, the prairie provinces are growing by leaps and bounds. In the ten years between 1901 and 1911 Saskatchewan grew 439.48 per cent. and Alberta had an increase of 413.09 per cent. For the same period Manitoba grew 78.52 per cent. and British Columbia 119.68 per cent.; while Ontario grew but 15.58 per cent. and Quebec had an increase of 21.46 per cent.

It was my privilege to live in Western Canada during most of the year 1913. I was in practically every city of any size between Vancouver and Winnipeg and had an opportunity to meet persons of all classes and observe the changes which are taking place. All four of the western provinces are in an undeveloped state and the two transcontinental railways which will be completed this year, together with their many feeders, will undoubtedly carry into the undeveloped sections thousands of the sturdy American farmers whose movement northward is so greatly deplored by Speaker Clark and other statesmen.

North of Edmonton there is available farm land for a distance of at least 600 miles, and the climate is said to be no more rigorous than in Central Alberta. One adventurous trader told me the country 2,000 miles north of Edmonton is capable of high agricultural development. This may be true. At any rate, the amount of land open to settlers is sufficient to meet the demands of the land-hungry for an indefinite time and Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States are sending the new provinces farmers at a rate which is highly gratifying to the railroads and business men of Western Canada.

However, the actual physical development and the growth of the new provinces interested me far less than their social and political conditions. Everywhere there seems to be an utter lack of national ideals and national standards. Canada does not seem to mean anything in particular to a large proportion of the residents of the western provinces. Neither does England mean much to a majority of the Western Canadians.

Eastern and Western Canada are widely separated. There seems to be little bond of union between them. Even the neigh-

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minutes before we commented on the stolid indifference of the great crowd. The *New Zealand* quietly dropped anchor in the beautiful inlet and the spectators leisurely walked away from the waterfront, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

At Galveston, at Pensacola, at Norfolk, at New York or at Boston the *New Zealand* would have been given a royal welcome had she honored those ports with a visit on her maiden trip. It is true that Vancouver later celebrated the visit of the *New Zealand* with several parades and dinners and banquets. But the spontaneous enthusiasm which one would naturally expect upon the vessel's arrival was lacking. Politicians can easily arrange banquets.

When I mentioned the indifference of the Vancouver residents to the incoming dreadnought several Canadians replied that it is not customary to burst into cheers every time the flag is waved in Canada. But there surely must be something wrong with a flag when 20,000 persons will watch it float proudly into a beautiful harbor, over a new warship which is a masterpiece of the naval architect's art, and not give it a hearty greeting.

Possibly the opposition to the Borden naval policy may have had something to do with the attitude toward the *New Zealand*. The visit of the dreadnought to Vancouver may have been regarded as a piece of political strategy designed to win Canada over to the premier's plan for substantial assistance to the navy of Great Britain. However, it would seem there should have been enough Conservatives in Vancouver, which is a Conservative city, to have given the *New Zealand* a more enthusiastic reception.

In some of the Canadian cities, Victoria and a few others of less importance, ordinances have been passed forbidding the display of the American flag in places of amusement because of the demonstration Americans make. Frequent communications are also seen in Canadian papers from writers who believe American war dramas and other patriotic manifestations designed to excite Americans should not be tolerated in Canada.

Possibly some Americans are too boisterous when they see their flag. Doubtless many of them are needlessly demonstrative in Canada. But there are few Americans who cheer the Stars



conform to school regulations, but he stoutly insisted he was an American citizen and won his point.

That boy's attitude was typical of thousands of men who are less direct in their methods. Children are quick to appreciate the spirit which prompts certain acts. If that American boy had felt there was genuine enthusiasm and sincerity behind the tribute to the King he would probably have joined in the singing with a vengeance.

King George is too far away from Canada to inspire it with great admiration. While the rule of Great Britain over Canada is largely imaginary, there are enough disagreeable Englishmen in the Dominion to keep the Canadians constantly stirred up by suggesting that Canada "belongs" to England. "Belongs" is an unpleasant word. Canada is a rich and powerful Dominion. It could easily be quite self-sufficient and it is not pleasant for Canadians to be reminded by some English remittance-man that their country is merely a British possession.

Practically all over Western Canada the Canadians seem to prefer Americans to Englishmen. This is especially true in the farming section. The Englishmen are notoriously poor farmers, while the Americans are generally quite successful. The districts settled by Americans are usually prosperous and much sought by Canadians who are looking for farms or business openings.

In Central Alberta I was a guest in the home of a prominent bank manager, a very polished, refined Englishman. The banker's wife was a Canadian woman, a native of Ontario, who had moved to Saskatchewan when a child. They had been married only two years and went to England to visit the husband's old home on their honeymoon. The banker was very enthusiastic about London, but his wife confided in me that New York appealed to her much more, although she did not care to have her husband think she was unappreciative of his native country.

An English couple I met in Vancouver surprised me very much by declaring their preference for the United States. They were married in England, but lived in New York and Los Angeles for many years and then moved to Vancouver, where the husband has a very profitable brokerage business. There

## WHAT WILL BECOME OF C

are two young sons in this family and both in American colleges, as the parents want to go to the United States. Each year this couple makes a trip to the native country were it not that she wants to

In Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver advertise American goods and display New styles, which seem to be in much greater demand. Throughout the prairie provinces a man goes for an opportunity to visit the great stores in their vacation trips so they may have an opportunity to see the fashions of State Street.

California is the favorite winter playground of Canada and is much frequented by the bonanza and stock raisers who want to escape the cold of the plains. Perhaps Jamaica will claim much of the trade when the Panama Canal is opened to traffic, but it is a spell over many Canadians which cannot be broken.

The United States is the magnet which draws the residents of Western Canada away from the English influences of Eastern Canada. Englishmen, Canadians, Galicians, Scandinavians and even Indians living in Western Canada are turning toward American ideas, and frequently toward American goods. The supplies for Western Canada are drawn from the States, or are made by American manufacturers, and under the new American tariff Canadian goods are moving southward in increasing quantities.

While the silent power of trade is moving westward and further away from Great Britain, old-fashioned ideas in Canada are beating the tom-tom and trying to stir up restless, stirring people that they are satisfied with the present and awkward government, a second-hand government.

Throughout Canada there is a feeling that the country has always had the worst of it in diplomatic negotiations with Great Britain. Great Britain, of course, handles the matters where the rights of Canada and the interests of the United States are affected. In questions relating to

as boundaries, Canada has never been satisfied with the results of negotiations.

Then the ramifications of the British Empire make it impossible for Canada to handle many of its affairs as it might wish. The yellow peril on the Pacific Coast is an example of the awkward plights in which Canada finds itself because of the great variety of men who are British subjects. The yellow peril in British Columbia is a Hindu peril, rather than a Japanese one, but no less menacing than the California situation. British Columbia does not like the Hindu any better than Washington does. But down in north-west Washington they forced the yellow men with the greasy turbans to leave between days. British Columbia cannot do that, because the Hindu is a British subject.

Quebec and Ontario criticise British Columbia harshly because it does not want the yellow brother; but British Columbia knows its own business and criticism from Eastern Canada only widens the breach which exists between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards with their widely different interests. A law preventing the Hindu from going to British Columbia unless he sails on a vessel proceeding directly from an Indian port to Vancouver or some other British Columbian port is affording Western Canada temporary protection from the Hindu, but this is only temporary, for already the Hindus are planning to establish a direct line.

Frequent indignation meetings are held in Vancouver by the Hindus who have settled there, but are not allowed to have their wives and families join them. The wail of the Hindus is taken up by the press of Eastern Canada and reflected by the British press, which sees the possibility of serious complications as a result of the discrimination against British subjects.

The fact that no Canadian enjoys English citizenship unless he lives for at least one year in Great Britain is also the source of much complaint. While there may be few men of Canadian birth who desire to attain citizenship in England, there is a general tendency to resent the provision that makes it impossible for an ordinary Canadian to acquire the right to vote in the mother country.



## WHAT WILL BECOME

Canada is rapidly assuming the  
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of many of the titled railway  
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## WHAT WILL BECOME

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# A NEW IMMIGRATION LAW

ALCOTT W. STOCKWELL

## I

**A**FTER the defeat last year of the so-called Dillingham Bill, which Congress failed to pass over the veto of President Taft, the subject of immigration disappeared from the political arena. The agitation in and out of Congress quickly subsided while the immigration problem itself apparently entered a quiescent stage. The Congressional campaign, nevertheless, has been fruitful of results. For one thing, the nation had become awakened to the importance of the question at issue; and to those who appreciated the vitality of the movement behind the Dillingham Bill it was evident that the defeat of any particular measure could have only passing significance. The victory of the opponents of that bill was answered by the introduction into Congress of the Burnett Bill, so-called, embodying the distinctive features of the former measure as well as certain features of its own.

The awakening sentiment in favor of the further restriction of immigration, which for some years apparently had been latent, began to focus itself upon Congress near the close of 1911. The opposing forces gradually concentrated at the capital. With the prestige afforded by pronounced political support and the ostentatious sympathy of the metropolitan press, the "liberals" arrived at Washington in a confident frame of mind. But the "restrictionists" developed surprising strength before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Here, for example, appeared officers of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, who were also authorized to speak for the National Grange and other agricultural societies,—representing in the aggregate a membership of several millions of voters; here also appeared the head of the American Federation of Labor, as well as representatives of subsidiary labor organizations, with a membership of national proportions. The testimony of these witnesses unequivocally favored measures looking to a

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gest, by reference to pending or proposed legislation, specific remedies for some of the defects indicated.

## II

This country never has attempted actually to limit the number of immigrants—other than those of the yellow race—by restricting the tide of immigration. Its policy, so far as it may be said to have had a policy, has been that of regulation, not restriction. The present law, enacted in 1907, is intended to regulate the inflow by confining the stream of immigrants to certain channels convenient for purposes of inspection; while the inspection process serves, theoretically at least, as a method of purification by the sifting out of undesirable elements. This distinction between regulation and restriction, as applied to our immigration policy, is emphasized by the record of rejections. For many years this record has never exceeded two per cent. of arrivals and has averaged about one and one-half per cent. Thus immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, is given as 1,197,892 immigrant aliens, plus 229,335 non-immigrant aliens (i. e., returning alien residents and aliens making a temporary trip to the United States), or a grand total of 1,427,227. The total debarred, 19,938, represented one and six-tenths per cent. of immigrant aliens or one and four-tenths per cent. of the total immigration. The principal causes of exclusion according to numerical importance were (1) pauperism; (2) mental or physical defect affecting ability to earn a living; (3) loathsome or dangerous contagious disease; (4) contract labor; (5) criminality; (6) sexual immorality; (7) insanity, idiocy, imbecility and feeble-mindedness.

The immigration law further provides for a limited regulation of the transportation companies. The steamship lines are required to furnish manifests or lists of all alien passengers concerning whom specified information must be given; they are forbidden to land any alien at a time or place other than designated by the immigration officials; and they are obliged to receive aboard and return to the port of embarkation, at their own expense, all rejected aliens. Failure to comply with these require-

ments is punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. There is also a penalty of one hundred dollars for every alien brought to the United States and found to be suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, epilepsy, imbecility or idiocy, provided it is certified that such disease or affliction might have been detected at the port of embarkation by means of a competent medical examination. Such a penalty of course presumes a more or less thorough physical inspection of immigrants by the steamship lines at or before the time of embarkation. It is interesting to note, however, that this fine was assessed in 205 instances during the fiscal year 1912; and while the existence of the penalty has tended materially to reduce the number of such cases, it is evidently cheaper for the steamship lines to take some chances than to maintain a really competent medical inspection. There is an obvious conflict of interests between the Government and the transportation companies. Anything like regulation of immigration, in other words, means a greater or less reduction in the possible volume of traffic. Compliance with the purely administrative features of the law, also, which entails increased expense for additional or more efficient employees, may be and is at times resisted. The Commissioner at Ellis Island complains that the ships' manifests are full of inaccurate information which is often worse than none at all. But the courts have decided that no fine can be imposed except for failure to give *any* information; and attempts to correct this really serious abuse have proved unavailing. Again, the law punishes the "negligent failure" of steamship officials to prevent the landing of aliens without inspection. The presence of the word "negligent" often renders it impossible to convict those responsible for escapes from vessels, and seldom possible to secure anything like the full penalty.

The present law also provides for expulsion from the country, at any time within three years after landing, of (1) aliens who become public charges from causes existing prior to arrival—such as tuberculosis or insanity, the existence of which was not detected at the time of arrival; (2) those who are found to have been members of any of the excluded classes at the time of entry but escaped detection; (3) those who are found to have entered the country without inspection; and (4) alien women or

girls found to be leading an immoral life. For this last class (including aliens of either sex connected with the white slave traffic) effected ing the records condition assert aliens substantiation on author however to see law unseveral the enclanding alien e insane data as but it i expense by who now su facts w of whic State o ent lack reason purely officials ing an

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to take measures for "protecting aliens migrating to the United States from fraud and loss." Authority also would be given "to remove to their native country at any time within three years after entry," at Government expense, such aliens as fall into distress from causes arising *subsequent* to landing. Provision is made for establishing immigration stations at interior points, and aliens in transit from ports of entry to such interior points may be accompanied by immigrant inspectors.

A positive step in advance is taken regarding deportations or expulsions. To the classes of aliens mentioned in an earlier paragraph, as subject to expulsion under the present law within three years after landing, would be added (1) aliens who are found advocating or teaching the unlawful destruction of property or the doctrines of anarchy, as well as (2) aliens who are sentenced to imprisonment for a term of one year or more for crime involving moral turpitude—unless the Court, at the time of imposing sentence, recommends against deportation. If these provisions are enacted we shall be able for the first time under the immigration laws to deport aliens for crimes committed on American soil.\*

The tragedy of the rejected immigrant has ever been one of the greatest obstacles to reasonable or successful regulation of immigration. The spectacle of the unfortunate alien who has burned his bridges behind him and traversed the wide ocean to the promised land only to be turned back at his journey's end, is a subject frequently exploited in the daily press and one which awakens not only natural sympathy and sentiment but, alas, sentimentality as well. And no matter whether these unfortunates are victims of misrepresentations on the part of others or of cupidity on their own part, it remains true that such tragedies are repugnant to a civilized conception of affairs. For these reasons certain sections of the Burnett Bill, which would materially extend the scope of authority over the transportation companies, will be deemed by many students the most important in the proposed law. The experiment of placing upon the steamship com-

\* Excepting crimes relating to sexual immorality and the white-slave traffic which are already covered by special legislation passed in 1910.

## THE AMERICAN PERIL

MICHAEL MONAHAN

AS a people we are suffering from too much *womanism*. It is become our besetting weakness and it may be that we are degenerating from this cause. Certainly it has made us ridiculous to ourselves and a laughing-stock to foreign people. But this is not all. Admiral Chadwick, a wise man and a courageous, asserts that by dint of intrusting our youth almost wholly to the training of women we are preparing the way for a nation of mollycoddles. And not all the Jane Addamses and Ida Tarbells in the country can save us!

The Admiral speaks by the book and puts a sure finger on the disease. He says justly that no people in the world have put themselves at such a disadvantage as we in the education of our male youth. Virtually we propose a frock or a split skirt to our boys instead of the *toga virilis*. In other words, we abandon our children in the crucial, formative years to weakness, hysteria, inferiority and incompetence (a few women of uncommon, that is to say, masculine, attributes do not change the rule). As a necessary result we are producing a generation of feminized men ("sissies" in the dialect of real boys) who will be fit only to escort women to poll or public office and to render such other puppy attentions as may be demanded by the Superior Sex! This process of emasculation is now visibly at work.

Schopenhauer is regarded as a bilious philosopher on account of his *Metaphysics of Love*, in which he with ruthless hand tore away all the illusions from that beclouded theme. But he was a prophet as well as a philosopher, for he foresaw the day when men would be driven to make actual war upon women in order to keep them in their place. Europe shook its head when the Wise Man of Frankfort uttered this strange vaticination, and thought of him as most noble Festus did of Paul, that overmuch learning had made him mad—but have we not seen his word almost literally fulfilled? . . . And who shall say worse is not to come?

The position of woman in America is, to quote the news-

*real* woman's question.

Take for example the relation of women to journalism. What chiefly makes the success and popularity of the Pulitzer and Hearst newspapers?

The support of women who, as a rule, read little or nothing else. To secure this, a peculiar species of journalism has been created by women writers, generally silly and mediocre, but on occasion shameless and prurient. There is scarcely an instance of real literary ability among these female journalists: they are selected merely for a knack of scribbling about the invariable round of petty things which occupy the female mind, especially the all-absorbing subject of Love and the inexhaustible theme of personal Beauty. These ladies may be called the Rice-powder Squad of the journalistic army, and their special function is to impart a sexual thrill to the department under their charge.

From time to time they are called upon to treat various aspects of the Sex Question so dear to New York women, and of such discussions it need only be said that they do not err on the side of modesty and restraint. Very noteworthy is it that the employment of women writers in such degree has not tended to purify the press, but quite the contrary. Needless to point out that the great popular newspapers of New York to-day arrogate a license in dealing with sexual themes which would not have been tolerated in the last generation. An obvious attempt is made to season the whole journalistic ragout with those condiments of sex which the readers of the popular penny sheets have been trained to like and expect. Much of this subtle indecency is the work of women—it is, alas, a province in which they excel the cruder faculties of men. The appearance of a woman, a young woman, in the news in connection with some scandal, or divorce, or crime of passion, brings at once the entire battery of this mephitic journalism into play. She is variously posed and photographed and, as it were, undressed for the public. Her physical attractions are described and her "points" enumerated with the mincing libidinous touch of the female journalist. All the foul crew who besiege her in the name of the press report their sensations to the public, which is thus prosti-



humanity.

Now if you have read Balzac's ingenious history dealing with the rise of the House of Nucingen, it may have seemed to you that the great man was now and then a bit prolix in coming to the point, or perhaps even "excursed" too widely from his proper theme. But all was ordered to wise purpose, as appeared in the end.

So with the present humble argument conceived in the like spirit of truth. I still hold the clue in my hand and not for a moment has my thesis escaped me. The increasing dominance of women which bodes ill to this Republic (as Admiral Chadwick has bravely pointed out) is actually conditioned in and by the publicity which I have described. The Hearsts and the Pulitzers and the Boks, *et id genus omne*, with their constant and exaggerated catering to women, their flattering of women, and putting forward of women, and exploiting of women in every imaginable way for their own selfish profit, have brought this peril of petticoat supremacy and petticoat inferiority to our doors. They have emasculated and at the same time corrupted our newspapers. They have almost succeeded in turning our theatre into a brothel, from that indecent boldness and perverted curiosity which the advanced female now takes to be a sign of her emancipation. They have held up to our admiration as literary artists women for whom there is an aching need in the laundry or the kitchen. They have fulsomely extolled and headlined and puffed and paragraphed the spotlight-hunting suffragette, very libel as she is upon America's young womanhood. They have labored to bring about a so-called equality of the sexes, which is rather a monstrous inversion, robbing woman of her essential flower and charm. Give them a little more time and rope, and they will succeed in actualizing the nightmare vision of Schopenhauer,—men rising to crush with horrible slaughter an attempt of women to dominate the race!

from reason, what they had hitherto done intermittently from a mere feeling that it was a wise thing to do.

I do not want to be taken as speaking slightly of Dr. Montessori. No one who has read her own exposition of her work can fail to be impressed by her nobility of character, her genuine love for childhood, her ingenuity in devising means to attain her ends, her devoted and patient labor that a little more knowledge of truth may uplift the world. For these, and for her eloquent defence of childhood from the pressure of adult custom and usage, we owe her a debt of gratitude. But that she has given to the world a new and great educational gospel I cannot admit. Her system is inadequate to modern needs. Probably it is much better than the methods in use in Italian schools, but in the United States and in Canada, at least, I believe our general practice is much in advance of her. She has a very partial conception of, and believes herself to be the originator of, ideals which for a generation past have powerfully influenced the ordinary routine of our ordinary schools.

Her fundamental law of Freedom is an illustration of her incomplete grasp of principles in themselves sound. Freedom, to her, seems to mean doing as you like. That children may be able "to achieve the satisfaction of their own aims and desires" is to her an ideal state. Therefore, in her view, freedom implies independence, and the attitude of the teacher must be one of non-interference. (She addresses herself, by the way, almost entirely to teachers, seldom to mothers. In the communistic life to which she looks forward, mothers will be set free from home duties, and I gather that she expects their work as nurturers of the race to be done by expert teachers. In this she is very different from Froebel, who sought always to impress upon mothers the glory and importance of their office, and who conceived of home life as the very essence of social well-being.) The teacher then must respect the right of the child to do as he pleases unless he interferes with some one, or unless he does, as she rather vaguely expresses it, some of "those things which we must not do." "No one," she says, "can be free unless he is independent." "Any nation that believes that it is an advantage for man to be served by man admits servility as an in-

flowing through him. The small circle of the family and the larger ones of the kindergarten and the school should so influence him that he will emerge into civic and national life prepared by experience for the new relationships he will find there. To Froebel service is never servility, unless it is forced. Free service is a great draught of joy nourishing the human as distinct from the personal life. Although he frequently urges the teacher to be "passive, following," and to observe and respect the personality of the child, he is equally insistent that she must give him such experiences that he will feel the blessing of submitting his will to a law higher than his own desires. She must incite the social child, as well as the individual child, to wholesome activity. His satisfaction in responding to her call is very keen. That view of child-nature which supposes submission to law to be either unwholesome or unpleasant is very incorrect. The mistake is due to our common practice of setting up our own arbitrary decisions in the place of law. Law—so that it be law, and not the whim of an adult—is not a hard prohibitive force, but the gate of freedom. Watch those boys playing a game of hockey, and see how the law of the game restrains them in one sense, to free them in another. They are not independent, but they are free in body and soul—free with a completeness they could never know if they played independently. Again, see those kindergarten children marching to music. They are being coerced by the law in themselves which responds to the law of the music and makes them step in time. One little fellow does not hear the rhythm speaking to him. The kindergartner takes his hand, and, as she walks with him, she gently emphasizes the rhythm with a soft pressure on the palm of his hand, and in a short time he awakens to the insistent call of law, and steps in time. Watch him now and see how he swings along, his whole body set free by obedience to law. Or it may be the law of the clock, which hints to the child his identity with the ordered life of humanity; or the law of the material with which he is playing which limits his independence; but, in every case, obedience means a fuller, richer life, with a health and freedom of body and spirit which is its own guarantee of development.

In the practical application of this law of freedom the same



me. NO, dear soaring reader, I am not indulging the admirable weakness of the kindergartner in showing a tendency to soar. I am still on the solid ground of fact. The child's sense impressions are no use to him as mind-food until he uses them. Only by taking in experience, doing it over in the depths of his being, and giving it out in a new form, can his mind or his character develop—even as his body develops by taking in food, water, oxygen, transforming these into blood, bones, muscle, and giving them out again in the form of kicking, squirming, jumping, and all the manifold activities which indicate a healthy child body.

The place which Montessori gives to sense training is another illustration of her baffling incompleteness. She sees so far with admirable clearness, but her view is blocked as by a stone wall. That keen sense-perceptions are valuable tools in the hands of the developing child is quite true. That they, in themselves, imply or induce mental development, is an inference unwarranted by either psychology or experience. On the contrary, it is the use we make of sense-perceptions which stimulates mental activity. In the growth of thought the receptive activities are only part of the process; it is the expressive activities which induce further intellectual movement. In child-life, as in that of maturity, we must use our talents or they decay. True, in the Montessori schools the children learn to write very quickly, but that is because all the permitted occupations of the school urge them on to that very point. Reading and writing are not natural activities. The children "explode into writing," to use Montessori's own phrase, because they are not encouraged, nay, often are not allowed, to explode in any other direction. It seems to me inevitable that the Montessori sense-training, consistently applied, will produce a child with the keen sense-perceptions of an animal or a savage, but with weakened individuality, and with no power of using his knowledge except along the grooved lines of life which it is easiest to follow. The nerve centres connected with the upper parts of the brain will remain undeveloped, for want of exercise. Nature bids him initiate, experiment, test and transform with the material world in which he finds himself. He is curbed in these natural desires,

of character. That she can entirely suppress it, even in the easily-led Italian children with whom she deals, I cannot believe. But she gives no encouragement to, and makes no provision for, its development. Yet it is, from whatever standpoint you consider it, a necessary element in the growth of human character. The senses, the memory, the powers of observation, acquaint us with the materials of our existence, and we learn through these something of the tools with which we are to work in this life. But the imagination, seizing these things of sense, plays with them, dresses them up in different forms, tries them in all sorts of fantastic combinations; in short, makes something out of them, perhaps a game, or a picture, a rhyme, or a story, or some such creation of the selfhood, which reveals to the personality its own power and urges it on to more activity. So by this constantly recurring re-creation of itself, the individuality grows in strength and beauty. That is nature's way. Every healthy child is a daily illustration of the fact that there is within him an imperative necessity for the expression of his ideas in an imaginative form of his own devising.

Deal with it in some way we must—it is there, rampant. Three methods are open to us. We may suppress it, or attempt to do so—for if discouraged it will probably be indulged in secret; but if we succeed, the results to the health and happiness of the germinating character will be disastrous. Secondly, we may neglect it, in which case the child is much happier, though the wild and exuberant growth of neglected imaginative life is likely to cause grave uneasiness to sober grown-up relatives. Best of all, we may train it along wholesome lines, guard it from evil influences, and above all, we may give it scope for utterance in some form. If this be our method, the despised but amusing baby-trait becomes a strength and support to the whole unfolding character. Without it we are pinned to the earth and narrowed to our own environment. Give it material to work on, see that it is worked off in some outward form, whether of speech or music, rhyme or game, and it will be an incentive to vigorous, happy, complete living. For it is the means of utterance given to that creative impulse which is the very heart and centre of our being.

## THE EMPTY TOMB

ANDREW ALLAN

**C**HRISTIAN apologists, when driven to the last ditch in their defence of Historical Christianity, have always taken refuge in the empty tomb; and here they have hitherto found themselves comparatively safe from the attacks of agnostics and rationalists. But it seems that the position is far from being unassailable; and in the interests of truth another attack must now be made upon it.

To borrow an illustration from a late distinguished professor of theology: if Robinson Crusoe had wished to make certain that he was the only human inhabitant of Juan Fernandez, he would have had to search the whole island before his mind could be at rest on the subject. But the discovery of a single footprint on the sand was enough to convince him that some one else had at least been there. In the same way, the disciples would have had to examine all the tombs in the neighborhood of Jerusalem to make sure that the body of Jesus had not been transferred to one of them. They would have had to descend into Gehenna in order to make certain that the tomb had not been desecrated and the body conveyed there by the Roman soldiers. So far as we are informed they did none of these things, nor did they make any inquiry. Besides the women, only Peter and John took the trouble to visit the sepulchre, and they simply saw and believed.

The empty tomb is thus at best only a piece of negative evidence, and, as we have seen, it is always difficult to prove a negative. But it may be argued that the disciples had no need to make inquiries or investigations, because they had the positive evidence of the appearances to fall back upon. Moreover we are told that they were shortly afterward reminded by Jesus himself that he was to rise the third day. It is, therefore, not wonderful that the disciples accepted these proofs as conclusive. And it must be considered very fortunate also; for, if they had made any investigations, Christianity might have been robbed of one of its most wonderful and powerful elements.

The accounts of the Evangelists in regard to the death and

for haste. He calmly tells us "there came also Nicodemus bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes about an hundred pounds weight." Now we are distinctly told by Matthew, Mark and Luke that the women sat over against the sepulchre and saw how the body was laid. How then could they fail to see Nicodemus and Joseph anointing and embalming the body? The Synoptists make no mention of Nicodemus, and it is, therefore, evident that we have here two accounts of two distinct interments. Mark and Luke refer only to the first interment. Matthew and John have mixed up the two interments together, and their mistake has provided matter for theological disputes for two thousand years.

Neither John nor Mark nor Luke asserts that the tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathæa. This piece of information rests entirely upon the evidence of Matthew. We may, therefore, infer that the first interment took place in the tomb of some person unknown, and it was here that the women saw the body laid. But this was presumably only a temporary resting place, and Joseph doubtless intended to convey the body to his own tomb as soon as possible. We must remember that the sepulchre was left unguarded for one whole night, and it would be easy for Joseph and Nicodemus, if they could overcome their scruples as to profaning the Sabbath, to return to the tomb during the night, anoint the body and remove it to another tomb, which we may readily believe to have been Joseph's own, in accordance with the statement of Matthew.

Although the Sabbath began at sunset, no doubt a good deal of indoor work went on until bedtime; and the women at least had no scruples as to this, for according to Mark and Luke, they went into the city and prepared spices and ointments. It is clear, however, that they would not have done this had they known of the action of Nicodemus; so we may be sure that the anointing by Nicodemus was not done when the body was first laid in the sepulchre. But after the women had made their preparations, they rested on the Sabbath day, according to the Scripture. They could not go out during the night to anoint the body. But the night being the Sabbath was peculiarly favorable to the operations of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa.

demus, no doubt, witnessed the consternation of the Romans when told that the tomb was empty. The angel who rolled away the stone and sat upon it was probably the captain of the guard, who would have no hesitation, in the circumstances, in breaking the seal which the Jews had placed upon the sepulchre. He then, doubtless, went away with some of the guard to inform the chief priests of what had happened, leaving instructions with the rest not to divulge the secret of the removal.

Again Matthew shows his ignorance of Jewish time-keeping. He does not know that the first day of the Jewish week began at sunset on the Saturday. The Greeks divided the day and the night into twelve hours each; and the Sabbath according to Matthew ended at sunrise on the Sunday morning. He says: "Late on the Sabbath day, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulchre." Mark, Luke and John know better, for they say: "Very early on the first day of the week," "at early dawn," "while it was yet dark," the women came "and they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus." Mary Magdalene ran and told Peter and John, and they also ran to the tomb. But although they found not the body, they made no inquiry or investigation, but "went away again unto their own home."

According to Mark, a young man in a white robe; according to Luke, two men in dazzling apparel, and according to John, two angels were seen and spoken to by the two Marys, who were informed that Jesus was risen and had gone into Galilee. These angels, like Matthew's angel, were probably Roman soldiers who quite possibly really believed that Jesus had risen and gone back to his native place. Even although they knew what had actually happened, it was no part of their policy to divulge the truth to the disciples, much less to the chief priests and elders. It was death for a Roman soldier to sleep at his post, and a very large bribe would be required to make the guard confess that "his disciples came by night and stole him away while we slept." But as there was no guard over the tomb the first night, it would be easy for them to persuade Pilate of what was really the case; that the body had been removed before the watch

## FOR ME THE TEARS

LYMAN BRYSON

**I**F God will not decree that you and I  
Shall go thus, hand in hand, unto the end,  
If there must come a time when one, alone,  
Must shudder at the brink of darkness—then  
May that be peace for you, for me the tears.  
If it be so and one of us must turn  
Back into common daylight from the grave,  
Go on with living when there is no life,  
Forlorn of joy in spring and sun and night,  
Because of springs remembered and nights gone,  
Uplifting weary eyes with decent calm  
And hearing neighbors say how well 'tis borne—  
That is the bitter portion. Death is peace.  
If you who go ahead shall find a place  
All filled with calmness, passionless and sweet,  
And making it more human with yourself,  
Wait there the glad day of my second death,  
Then purged of my unworthiness by grief,  
I'll come to you in that eternal place.  
I pray that I may drink the deeper cup;  
Death may be peace for you—for me the tears.

Evelyn is free to return to you or to leave me for anyone else—as soon as she wants to. I don't know what more I can do. You say you were at my lecture to-night? Then you heard me say exactly what I believed, apart from personalities. I do believe what I said, and I propose to act on my beliefs."

"You can send Evelyn back to me," the man asserted heavily. "You know you can. She doesn't care for your precious theories; she never heard them before she met you. Do you think it makes any difference to her what you believe? Not a bit; only you gave her an excuse for leaving me. She didn't want to go; she went because you told her she ought to go. Not in those words; I know. I know your words, too; they sound better, but they mean the same thing. You did take her away from me."

Vaine threw out his arms in an odd gesture of protest. "I told her I loved her, if that's what you mean. I don't see why I shouldn't. And when she found that she couldn't live any longer with you, why, naturally she came to me."

"Why couldn't she live any longer with me?" he asked sharply.

"Shouldn't you ask her that, instead of me? You're putting me in a rather difficult position."

"She told you why she was going."

Vaine bit his lip. "If you want me to speak brutally, she left you because she did not love you. If you want to know what she said, it was that marriage between you did not symbolize a higher bond between your souls."

"Ha! Where did she learn to say that?"

"Mr. Sheldon!" Vaine rose from his chair. "I really don't see why you have come here. If you mean that I seduced your wife by teaching her what I believed, and making her believe it, I don't care to argue it with you. Even if you are right it makes no difference to me. Suppose Evelyn was influenced by me; you had your chance to influence her. She chose me, and she is perfectly at liberty to choose you now, if she wishes. But she doesn't. As far as I can see there's an end to it."

The man turned away, and as the light fell on his weak, shrunken shoulders, Vaine felt a momentary pity. Sheldon turned to him again.

tired. Besides I never could stand much of the last act." And he and Evelyn began to discuss the opera.

Vaine sat back smoking and watching his wife's face; he felt its fresh loveliness more poignantly than ever, after his interview with Sheldon. He was near enough to her to breathe in the delicate fragrance of the night air that still hung about her, and to see the flying gleams of red that the fire shot through her yellow hair. Her beauty satisfied him; he liked to follow the fine upward curve of her neck and to watch the ridiculous movements of her lips as she talked. And she was looking well, her clear-tinted cheeks were glowing wonderfully.

Suddenly she leaned over to him and took his hand gently. "Anything wrong, Godfrey?" she asked.

He took the hand to his lips. "No, dear. I was simply thinking."

"What about?" He shook his head, and as Paul rose, he said hurriedly, "Oh, really it was nothing. Only I had a visit while you were gone." He turned to Evelyn. "Your husband was here."

Evelyn's hand closed over his. "What did he want? Did he ask to see me?"

"No. He wanted you—quite simply."

"Damned uncomfortable, Godfrey, wasn't it?" asked Paul. "I don't know the man."

"What did you tell him? Did you tell him I didn't *want* to go back?"

"I told him what I always tell him: that you are free to go to him or to anyone else at all—as soon as you want to. He'd been at my lecture and followed me here to have it out with me. But we didn't talk much."

"No theoretical discussion, eh? Well, did he believe you?"

"I suppose so. He said I didn't know what I was talking about, when I insisted that I couldn't give Evelyn back because I hadn't taken her. I told him it was all between Evelyn and anyone she might choose."

"What did he have to say to that?"

"Something pretty keen, Paul. He said I was backing a game in which I always won."



You know what I meant. You can't be angry at a trifle like that. Listen, dear, Paul is in there waiting to go home. Let me tell him to go."

"We're going together." Her breath came sharp and quick; but her voice was clear and her eyes met his calmly. "That is why I asked him to wait."

He winced under the cruelty of it, and looked at her, to see if it were really she who had dealt the blow; then he noticed that she was not looking at his face but at his hand. It was still extended awkwardly, as if he were an actor posing for a picture. He could not speak; he felt that he must put an end to her madness at once—that words were too vague, too uncertain in this crisis. He came close to her, and took her by the shoulders; his fingers pressed into her soft flesh. She swayed gently from him, and suddenly he caught her close in his arms. The smell of her hair, and the clean fragrance of her body came over him, and he broke into sobs, choking absurdly, trying to speak her name.

She disengaged herself quietly and took him to his chair. "Listen, Godfrey dear. Why are you making it hard for yourself, and for me? You know I am not doing wrong; you said to-night that I was free. Why should you spoil my happiness if I want to take it with anyone but you?"

He could not answer her, but held her hands tightly in his. "Why do you want to go away?"

"I love Paul. It would be wrong not to go with him. You taught me to believe that; now I am using the freedom you gave me. Why should you object?"

"I don't. You are free, dear. Of course you can go. But you don't love him; you can't. It's only a fancy of yours. You can't go away and leave me—so—just for a passing fancy. It's not fair—to yourself. You haven't thought—you—Evelyn, you don't know what you are doing to me!"

She rose and stood beside him. "Suppose it is only a fancy—why shouldn't I follow it? Weren't you always free to follow yours? Didn't we agree that we should both be free? Didn't my husband tell me that you were only a fancy—and that I was ruining his life—for nothing?"

Godfrey lifted his head. "Your husband told you that," he asked.

She nodded. "And now, do be sensible, Godfrey. I don't hate you; I don't even dislike you. Surely I don't have to explain to you why I am going. It's an impulse of mine and I am going to follow it because I believe it is right. Can't you see that if it's wrong for me to go with Paul it's just as wrong for me to stay with you?"

"I know it," he admitted. "Only, Evelyn—I beg you—don't go. Wait a little while—if you still want to go, I won't say a word. Only not now. Don't go now, dear. Stay with me a little longer—until spring. Listen, dear—you can't go this way."

She was crying a little, too; but she answered him. "You're making it very hard, Godfrey. There is no reason why I should wait. I have waited long enough, for your sake. Now I am going, because it wouldn't be fair to you to stay."

"But I want you to stay. Evelyn——"

"It's no use, Godfrey. Now will you call in Paul? I want to speak to him. No, not in here. Send him into my room." He stood beside her, faint with the pain of her loveliness, and as she met his look, she weakened. "Poor old Godfrey!" she said softly. "You'll get over me"; and she kissed him quietly. "Good-bye," she whispered.

He opened her door for her, and crossed the room. "Paul!" he called, and as Paul came into the room he pointed to Evelyn's door. "Go in there. She wants you."

For a moment Paul stood still, looking at him. It was absurd, but for the first time in his life he was more interested in Godfrey than in Godfrey's wife. He wanted to stop and ask what Godfrey meant in the whole affair. But through the open door he heard Evelyn moving restlessly about. So he shrugged his shoulders and went in.

When he was alone Godfrey Vaine sat down in his chair and stared stupidly into the fire; its warm glow comforted him, and he put his hands out to it, as if he were cold. But the warmth did not reach to his heart, which was numb and dead. The house

about him. He could not think. He did not try to realize what had happened to him, nor to think of the future. Words came to his mind, and queer phrases of which he used to be fond, years ago. Then he found himself repeating senselessly a line of poetry; he knew he had it wrong and it made him unaccountably angry. At last, without any effort on his part it came right: Now is there nothing serious in mortality! Nothing serious—he dwelt on the words; why this was the most serious moment of his life. But the line was right. After this nothing could be serious; nothing could be happy. He rose and began pacing up and down the room, carefully avoiding the door. Once in a while he heard their voices, but he could not even catch the tone. He began to smoke again. He was not thinking, only walking up and down and waiting for it to end. He was not thinking, he told himself, because there was nothing to think about. Nothing. It was all over. But——

*What the devil were they saying to each other in there?*

He stopped walking and faced the door as if he would shout the question aloud. What did they have to say to each other? Good Heavens, didn't Paul want her? Then what remained to be said? And if Paul refused at the end. . . . ? His hand shot out fiercely, but dropped again. Why, if Paul refused they would keep on living together, that was what he had wanted all along. But it would be hard; things wouldn't be quite the same now. What were they talking about? Did they have to go over the whole thing from the start? He jerked out his watch angrily; it was after twelve o'clock; this was no time to decide a question. They ought to wait; they ought to be more considerate of him. He shivered and went to the fire again; well, after all they were thinking of their lives, not of his.

He sat down at last and began to think. His mind was clear now, dreadfully clear, and he went over the whole affair, working it out carefully. He wondered what Sheldon's visit had to do with it; what a bizarre coincidence that he should come this night when—Good God, when he himself was being put in Sheldon's place! And by Sheldon's wife! And yet it was different. He hadn't been able to talk things over with Evelyn as Paul was talking things over now; they had been forced to shamefaced

could stop talking. They were still talking—there behind the door.

The door opened and Evelyn and Paul came out. Why had Evelyn been crying? He looked at Paul for the answer, but Paul gave no sign; he was nerveless, impatient. Evelyn came to him; he realized dully that she was appealing to him, in the only way she knew; and as she came it ate into his heart again that she was going away. She knelt beside him and he saw her tear-stained face lit again with all the wonder and the lure that had first made her so precious. Why? Why was she coming to him like this?

"Listen, Godfrey—we're going away. You won't mind——?"

He rose and went away from her. "For pity's sake, Evelyn, let's not go into that!" He looked at Paul. "Well?"

"Evelyn wants to say something else to you."

"I don't want you to be angry at me, Godfrey. I want you to see it is something perfectly natural for me to go—just as it was for me to come. I want always to be free to choose—even to change my mind."

He looked at her, stupidly waiting for her to go on. He felt that if he had ever understood her, even for one moment, this thing could never have happened. But did anyone ever understand? She was at his side again crying softly.

"I mean, Godfrey dear, if I found I had made a mistake; if I wanted to come back . . ."

"No!"

Now he was free! Now he understood! He did not know why he had said that, but he did not care. He was free at last, and before Evelyn's frightened gasp had died in her throat he was speaking again, very fast, very loud. "No! If you go now you go forever. You came to me and ruined one man's life; now you are going away and are ruining another. But it is the end. You will not come back. You mustn't. It's ended. And you, Paul, when you take her you take her forever." Then suddenly he was calm again and he laughed. "At least as far as I am concerned. I can't speak for others."

face. "Paul!"

"It's absurd, Evelyn. You have to put an end to it yourself. Will you come with me now—for good?"

"How?"

"In our own way."

She looked at him sadly through her tears. "I can't!" The bitter flood of renunciation rose in her and choked her with tears. He took her hand and said something, but she did not know what. Then she knew that he was gone, and she cried out his name, brokenly.

After a long time she felt Godfrey's hand on her shoulder. "You had better go to bed, dear," he said gently. And even in her beaten broken heart she pitied him.

"Oh, Godfrey, Godfrey, I couldn't help it! You told me it was right. Then why are we both so unhappy? Why can't I feel the same to you? I don't—I can't any more. But I couldn't go with him; I knew he would send me away—and then—and then—Godfrey, don't you send me away, now—I couldn't stand it—I couldn't——" Then words, too, came to an end and she cried hysterically in his arms.

He helped her to undress and as she lay, her sobs came regularly with each breath, deep and bitter. She had taken his hand and was pressing it against her cheek. He felt it growing numb, and at last when he thought she was asleep he tried gently to remove it. But she woke, and began to cry again, as if in her dreams. So he still sat there captive, waiting for the night to break.

by the school. Also it may be stated that more screens were bought from the General Store and of the carpenter that season than had been known in all preceding summers put together. These results lack the amusing elements which entered somewhat largely into certain of the more organized efforts at extermination. The small boys concerned with this fly-catching did not put their ingenuity to work as did a group elsewhere, and learn how to breed flies for the sake of a larger "catch." Forty-nine quarts caught in a whole town sounds very little as compared to a barrelfull produced by one boy! But for the catching of legitimate flies, so to speak, the former instance is an average report of the sort of thing one can expect with slight effort. For this kind of private enterprise there is, of course, still room, and individuals wishing to help on the community in which they live can doubtless find many as yet untried fields for their activities, notwithstanding the already widespread knowledge of the subject.

The slaughter of the incipiently guilty has less zest than formerly, however, when the propaganda was in its first freshness. We have slightly reacted from the ardor of first realization. Common sense has come to our rescue, and we know that, generally speaking, sound health is the positive preventative for disease distributed by flies as well as that acquired in other ways; killing and excluding is but the negative method of security. What killing was ever more than a confession of weakness and an admission of fear? With ourselves we know that wholesome living, sanity in eating, sleeping and in thinking can go a long way toward keeping us unpredisposed to illness. Just so, seeing that places are too sweet and clean to admit of becoming breeding centres would be the positive method of attacking the germ problem. Along the same line of thought we are led to wonder whether the killing of human beings for any cause whatsoever is not because of our previous failure to meet a situation wisely. But here we touch upon a new propaganda leading straight to The Hague Tribunal, and that is a far cry from flies!

At any rate, we worry less than we used to do when flies are about, although the "swatter," professionally done up in wire and wood, or amateurishly confined to folded newspaper—the "swatter," let it be repeated, is an all too frequent disturber

follow and invitations to lappings not infrequently made. Also, there are the paws. Sometimes they are fringed. Our high bred little Cocker, for instance, must perforce pad about with much of him trailing upon the ground. Then there is his fur—all of it! What may it not store up within its depths of softness and of curls for future harm? Of the love of all dogs for beds we are fully aware. When they come running to us of a cold morning it is not very easy to deny their importunities. Indeed it is difficult when we recall the pleading brown eyes of our own adorable pets to believe that there is even a possibility of menace or any standpoint of germs whatsoever to be taken regarding them. The breed particularly favored by ourselves is, of course, exempt. At any rate, this must certainly be so in the instance of the special dog which we have singled out for possession. We resent, for him, the imputation!

The cat's preference for the lofty places seems to make it somewhat less open to charges of promiscuousness, but of many of our best loved dogs we can hardly claim exclusiveness and aristocracy of tastes. If he lives in towns where he is free to roam unwatched, he is quite as likely to choose fever-infected slums for his playground as parts of the town better approved by the Board of Health. There are, indeed, possibilities here for all kinds of danger, and yet, so far, very little has been said on the subject and almost nothing has been done.

If we must have pets about our young children we could perhaps wash them frequently with antiseptics. Rubber boots for dogs are, it is said, to be had at certain shops. When it reaches this point, we may as well anticipate, and foresee that the next novelty in the market will be a Dog Furnishing Department where may be found the "New Germ Proof, Flexible Rubber Garments to be had in all sizes." But here, in the words of Rosalind, "begins new matter," for does this not mean the immediate degeneration of man's most faithful friend, and, in

**M**ANY of the objections to slang urged now and then by purists seem to the student of language, for the most part, groundless. Much of the better sort of slang is an unconscious endeavor to turn into vigorous Saxon English, readily understood, the highly latinized English of the learned. For instance, "to take the hide off" is a forceful rendering of *excoriate*, as "kicking back" is of *recalcitrant*, as "to catch on" (to one's meaning) is of *apprehend*, and so on.

Both *telegraph* and *telegram* have long since given way, in the business world, to *wire*, which is sure to come into general use. So common had "wire" become there was felt to be no need of any foreign importation for the wonderful "wireless," which is now currently used as adjective, noun, and verb, so flexible is our speech. "Elevator," strange to say, has held its own even on the lips of the bellboy, though the Englishman's *lift* is far better.

Much of the current slang supposed to be modern is not new. For instance, "kid" (child) goes back as far, at least, as Massinger's *Old Law* (1599):

"I am old, you say. Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!" *Kidnap* (to nab a kid) was certainly not a new word to De Foe or Bunyan.

"To skip out" is accounted slang, but in Wycliff's translation of the Bible we read: "Whanne barnabas and poul herden this, thei skipten out."

In *Ralph Roister Doister*, the first English comedy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, an actor says: "Nay dame, I will fire thee out of my house," which certainly has a modern ring.

Goldsmith in *The Good Natured Man* (1768) says: "If the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him"; and this will require no gloss for the modern reader.

"Not in it" is found in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in it."



(1779): "The performers have cut it out."

The optimistic brakeman, who had both legs cut off by a train, and who, when a bystander tried to console him by saying he ought to be thankful he wasn't killed outright, replied, "I'm not kicking," was only using a biblical expression: "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice?"

"Buss" is Shakespearian slang for *kiss*, the Johnsonese definition of which is: "The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

The tendency to-day is strongly toward the Saxon element of our language, short and simple, except in scientific treatises. A well-known medical writer published an article, a few years ago, in one of our most popular weeklies, in which he said: "The problem of whether life be worth living emphatically depends upon the metabolic integrity of our hepatic cytoplasm." A wit, not a scientist, long ago answered Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" by replying: "It depends on the liver."

By the way, did not *pun* come in as a slang term? Skeat derives it from Anglo-Saxon *punian*, to pound; "hence pound words, beat them into new senses, hammer at forced similes"; and the labored efforts often made seem to justify this etymology. It is so used by Shakespeare, in the sense of *pound*, in *Troilus and Cressida* (2, 1): "He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist."

Slang is the spare-ribs of speech, cut to the bone. A certain literary editor has placed 'phone in his "Inferno." Another attempt to lash the waves. Was he unmindful of *cab* (*cabriolet*), *cad* (*cadet*), *pet* (*petit*), *pup* (*poupée*), *fad* (*fadaise*), *navvy* (*navigator*), *bus* (*omnibus*), *mob* (*mobile vulgus*), etc.?

"I have done my best for some years past," Swift wrote, "to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers." Take *boss*, which came in as slang, out of the propaganda of a great progressive leader, and what gaps you have left to fill! What would the purist suggest in place of "It's up to you," "I'm up against it," "He went back on me," "graft," "stunt," etc.? "Mossback" and "rubberneck," the coinage of unrecognized poets, are more expressive

than greenhorn, which has long since won its way in standard English.

In the same way that politics of to-day is history in the making is the slang of to-day language in the making, and for this reason slang is of immense interest to the student of language.

Victor Hugo says in his chapter on slang (*L'Argot*) in *Les Misérables*: "To hold up on the surface and keep from forgetfulness, from the gulf, only a fragment of any language which man has spoken, and which would be lost—that is to say, one of the elements, good or bad, of which civilization is composed—is to extend the data of social observation and serve civilization itself. . . . To those who study language as it should be studied—that is to say, as geologists study the earth—slang appears like a real alluvium." He remarks in this same chapter: "That exquisite and so celebrated line,

'Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?'

is a verse of slang. *Antan*—*ante annum*—is a slang word of Thunes, which signifies the past year, by extension, formerly."

As to daily use, every man of taste rightly resents the wanton slinging of slang. The present writer finds himself in the same boat with a friend who says: "I don't smoke myself, but I always like to smell a good cigar." And mark you, the cigar must be a good one.

## A CORNER OF LIFE

HUGH V. LACEY

**T**HE room was dark and gloomy in the deepening shadows. The single window was smudged with grime and a square of cardboard replaced one of the panes. Across another, a spider in conscious security was spinning his web. From the sloping rafters a few articles of woman's clothing hung limply, and the floor showed bare in the fading light. The stove in the corner was cracked and battered and the oven door hung by a single hinge. On the hearth stood a tallow-flecked bottle with a bit of candle protruding from its neck. Behind the stove was a pair of well-worn, woman's shoes and beside them, stretched out as if to dry, were two tiny stockings. In the shadow of the opposite corner was a heap of rags and on it a woman tossed feverishly, moaning softly in her pain. On a box beside the bed a photograph lay face downward. At the foot a child of three was playing with a home-made cloth doll and crooning to it. Presently the woman called the child to her and drawing her close kissed her long and hungrily. The child went back to her play. A thin hand reached out and took the photograph from where it lay face downward on the box.

After a while the outline of the stove in the corner grew dim. The well-worn shoes and tiny stockings vanished entirely from sight in the deepening shadow. The spider finished his web and drew away to his castle in the darkness. The woman lay quiet on the heap of rags and the low moaning had ceased. The only sound in the room came from the foot of the bed where the child was still crooning to her doll.

heredity, these are not side issues, but of relevancy to all of national existence.

It is the enviable privilege of the dramatist "to popularize the pressing questions of the time." That is, he must be an interpreter to the people of what they have heretofore vaguely sensed, of what is already implicit in the public mind, but through him is realized with vividness. The drama, being preëminently a social art and dependent not on the selected audience but on the average, develops correlatively with the developing social and artistic consciousness of a people. We of America must therefore remember, in our indictment of American dramatists, what Whitman has said of another art, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too."

That the great, or at least the receptive audiences are coming into being in America is a fact to all but the most pessimistic among the critics of dramatic tendencies. America is really beginning to take its drama seriously, to consider its plays as something more than "shows" for the pleasing of the immature minded. No more than five years ago a play like *Hindle Wakes* would have been taboo to an American audience. To-day enlightened mothers are taking their young people to *The Blindness of Virtue* or even to *Damaged Goods*, because of the educational value of their propaganda. I hold no brief for the thesis play as such—even the thesis play of trans-Atlantic importation. But surely until the American audience ceases to demand only cant and provincialism, prudishness and sentimentality, America can produce no dramatists of import—minds that are conscious of large issues and that have the ability to fuse at white heat into one, thesis, plot, characterization.

To many it appears that even now the time is ripe for a new birth and that there are the stirrings of parturition. Already several worthy plays have come out of America and there is springing up a veritable crop of young dramatists with a feeling for the stage and the craftsman's facility. While we are awaiting our big American playwrights—and perhaps the next decade will welcome them!—it is of interest to the feminist to hear what the present writers of the theatre have to say about American women.

is innocent or satirical intention, does not invalidate the play as a fair enough picture of that American home in which the function of the wife is to be the ornamental symbol of her husband's prosperity. Mrs. Clayton as played by Miss Chrystal Herne is par excellence the leisure-class American female, graceful, charming, alert, cultured, exquisitely gowned, utterly helpless. When, in Miss Herne's tremulous, low voice, the wife announces her undying love for the husband who has just bullied and insulted her, one is not amazed at all, remembering that for the woman dependent on luxury it is a business to cherish and to conserve her provider.


The explanation of the double standard of morals—a necessity, Mr. Thomas states, inherent in the biological nature of things—is somewhat reminiscent of Henry Arthur Jones and the unfortunate lady in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*. Both Mr. Jones and Mr. Thomas regret kindly and urbanely as humanitarians that the woman alone must bear the social penalty of sex-indiscretion, even though that penalty be visited on the appearance of sin and not its actuality, but—with a faint sigh!—what can one do about it? So the matter has been, so will it be always. Some years ago, however, Henrik Ibsen wrote *Ghosts*, a play which not undramatically calls attention to the fact—also a fact of biology—that even a father's sex sins may have consequences for the next generation and that his personal life, as well as the mother's, bears intimate relation to the integrity and purity of the home.

A young Chicago playwright, Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, has given us *Ghosts* in the terms of modern Chicago, in a thoroughly sincere and workmanlike drama. *Rebellion*, from the box-office standpoint, was a success neither in New York nor in its birthplace. The public was said to have found it gloomy, depressing. Either this was so or its arraignment of the Catholic Church spelled its failure. This arraignment was not a one-sided or distorted propaganda, but grew inevitably from the situation. In fact, the depiction of the Catholic priest was so sympathetic that one truly regretted one's intellectual disagreement with him. When he calls to the conscience of the deserting wife in the terms of a duty that seeks not the individual happiness, one is thrilled with the fervor of all those moralists, in

wages is Mr. Eugene Walter. The first act of *Paid in Full* promised a real drama of the young married city-couple who are legion—a couple of the clerk-class in America who are maintaining a social position by dint of ceaseless petty economies, yet who manage somehow an occasional theatre and down-town dinner, and a stylish tailored suit for the attractive young wife. That the play deserted its original intention to accomplish a “strong” situation—i. e., a nocturnal visit of the wife to the rooms of the employer—was indeed a pity. Mr. Walter understands his people and might have told us something significant about them.

A later play of Mr. Walter's, *Fine Feathers*, shows another straitened couple here living the suburban existence. The play purports to be a study of feminine extravagance and its deleterious influence on the business integrity of the husband. The study is doubtless accurate—photographically accurate. Mr. Walter is evidently unaware, however, of a type of woman who may still be in the minority in America, but whose influence is nevertheless reaching the suburban wives—reaching them unconsciously perhaps, if Mr. Augustus Thomas's postulate of the reality of thought-forces be true. This woman with whom Mr. Walter is not acquainted becomes rather annoyed when, from her seat in the theatre, she hears the magnanimous husband forgive the wife's obliquities because, “I should have been strong enough to withstand you. The man must always be stronger, dear, than the woman,”—or words to that effect. She is slightly irritated because she has been attempting to undermine that particular type of American chivalry which has as its basis the assumption that women, though charming creatures, are morally unaccountable.

Another play of the last season, cleverer and keener as to dialogue than *Fine Feathers*, was Marion Fairfax's suburban play, *The Talker*. Here again we have the restless wife and the steady, hard-working husband who desires, as does the man in Mr. Walter's play also, to be informed why, in Heaven's name, the pretty, childless young woman can't fill her life with light housekeeping and an interest in petty economies. Miss Fairfax hints at the psychology of the thing when she has the



than Mary Page—a woman who has made a place for herself as a writer. Her writings have been largely directed against the abuses from which women suffer in the present social arrangement. She is a type of the modern feminist. And the conflict of the drama is waged not so much without as within her own nature, a conflict between individual emotion and social conviction. What many of our writers for the stage have missed in their objective drama that uses the new woman for protagonist is a glimpse of that tumultuous battlefield, her own soul, where meet the warring forces of impulse and theory, of the old and the new conceptions of egotism and altruism. Miss Crothers understands the dramatic interest of such tumult. The heroine of *A Man's World*, a woman whose intellectual power has enriched, not devitalized, her emotional capacity—(why do certain of our dramatists believe feminine intellect must inevitably devitalize!)—discovers that the man she loves has had a son out of wedlock, the mother a friend of hers who died in giving birth to the baby. It is not her horror at the discovery that separates her from her lover. The man had not known of the little fellow's existence and is now eager to make any reparation possible. But he refuses to admit the heinousness of his wrong. It is a man's world. A pity! but in the nature of things woman must pay the penalty. Because of this intellectual conviction she leaves him. There is no sentimentalism, no attempt to gloss over the situation with the pet American dramatic platitude that love makes right all things. *A Man's World* is honest, well-built drama, interesting to feminists not only because of its exposition of a modern sex-problem, but also because it is written by a woman—one who does not attempt to imitate the masculine viewpoint, but who sees the feminine experience through feminine temperament.

Mr. George Broadhurst's *Bought and Paid For*, a widely popular play of last season, did sentimentalize, quite to the taste of the average theatre-goer, a situation that had in it the possibilities of a significant reality. Since the problem of the story is a personal and not a social difference, one would have been willing to accept the marriage of the poor-but-virtuous-and-re-

idealism of Mr. MacKaye and the authentic, if violent, feeling for reality of that other "Harvard playwright," Mr. Edward Sheldon! As it is, we can but hope that Mr. MacKaye will appreciate the possibilities of pure fantasy divorced from any attempt at realism and will continue to employ his true poetic gift in an illumining of the feminist question by means of poetic drama—even though that drama be sometimes written in the prose medium.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy has attempted a synthesis of realism and symbolism in his latest play, *The Necessary Evil*. (Mr. Kennedy has taken out his naturalization papers, and has expressed his desire to be known as an American playwright. Surely America cannot afford to abjure so noble an iconoclast and experimenter.) The method used to good effect in *The Servant in the House* seems somehow to miss fire in this play, a long one-act piece whose theme is prostitution. The woman of the streets is not quite an individual and not quite a symbol. She talks in the language of a symbol—Mr. Kennedy's own poetic prose that at times attains exaltation. But because the other three persons of the play are authentic human beings, one is irritated by the shift in viewpoint. Then one is cruel enough to wonder just a bit whether symbolism and rhetoric may not sometimes be employed to cover a paucity of dramatic ideas—to wonder whether less, or more, ability is required to create a realism that is in spite of itself poetic, rather than a symbolism that attempts to clothe itself in the garb of every-day existence.

The father in Mr. Kennedy's play advises the son as to one method of combatting the lust in his nature—that he should learn to know women as they are. That is precisely what Mr. Kennedy has not learned to do. It may be true enough that the idealization and worship of women is a purifying influence for men—but such worship is rather hard on the women. Less satisfying æsthetically, but more convenient in this work-a-day world, is it, to be able to doff one's wings occasionally. The literature that will be written by woman as a revealer of that so-called mystery, herself, will probably not sentimentalize femininity. She knows that there is no sacrosanct or magic quality in femaleness, either for angelic or demoniac power—other than



## WILLIAM BLAKE

### *The First of the Moderns*

LLOYD R. MORRIS

**T**HERE are two possible ways of viewing the genius of William Blake. One is to consider him as a philosopher who found expression in the field of art; the other to regard him primarily as an artist with a somewhat peculiar point of view toward life. The distinction is one of emphasis, but it is fundamental in the interpretation of his work. His importance to-day, aside from the fact that almost a century after his death he still appeals to us as essentially a modernist, is due to the enduring influence which he has had upon the art of our own day and that of a generation earlier. The two points of view are not, of course, always wholly distinct and separate; there are times, as in the case of the *Prophetic Books*, when his art can only be explained in the light of his philosophy; but with this phase of his work the present paper has nothing to do. However, in order fully to elucidate and appreciate his genius, it may be well briefly to outline the points which an examination from this angle brings forth.

Blake was essentially in sympathy with the revolutionary spirit of his day; he was a profound believer in the natural equality of man, he heartily, with the fervor of a Rousseau, detested civilization and all that it stands for, and more characteristically, as Henry Crabb Robinson reports him, "he would not admit that any education should be attempted except the cultivation of the imagination and the fine arts."

His work, however, in the field of literature and that of art is the direct expression, not of a philosophic principle, but of the visions of his imagination, which assumed in his eyes the clarity and profound truth of reality. He had, it is true, a peculiar interpretation of the faculty that he possessed to such a rare degree of intensity, which attains in his later writings the proportions of a theory of art. "The world of imagination," he says, "is the world of Eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we

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poetry is the quality of expression. Like Michelangelo, with whom, in the history of art, he has in certain respects the closest affinity, Blake conceived the function of art to be the expression of an idea in the form which would reveal its meaning with the most delicate precision, whether the medium were words or line or color. But since the most perfect ideas were those of the world of imagination, they were, like those of a child, essentially characterized by simplicity and clarity of meaning. The art of his verse, therefore, like that of his pictures, was simple, strong, and unique in its precision. It has always seemed to me that for Blake, as for a man like Yeats, who has followed in his path, poetry must have been, in part at least, as much a decorative art as painting. The method of his verse, it would seem, bears this out. Certain of his poems produce the effect of an intaglio graven upon an agate, their carved simplicity of form attained with the precision of a minute instrument; the full expression of the idea being given in a few cool, deft lines. Such an one is the famous "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright," a blazing, glowing poem built out of fire and sinews. A perhaps better example is the less known *London*.


"I wander through each chartered street,  
Near where the chartered Thames does flow:  
A mark in every face I meet,  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney sweeper's cry  
Every blackening church appals,  
And the soldier's hapless sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plague, the marriage hearse."

There can be nothing further said about such a poem; but for sound pictures of the city midnight or etchings of human degra-



estranged from the world of imagination that in the end we become incapable of responding to it, and possibly of even appreciating it. The art of Blake is as simple as the art of a fairy tale, and they are equally beautiful interpretations of the deeper realities of a larger life. Just as the Greek myth, however, fails to satisfy us as an explanation of the world, so the pictures of Blake failed to possess meaning for the people of his day. Being sophisticated, they desired reason and intellectuality in art, just as we demand a philosophy which will be the product of reason; and they failed to appreciate Blake because art meant to him pure inspiration.

There are three periods, roughly, in the development of Blake as an artist. The first is that of his early work as an engraver, extending perhaps from 1787 to 1810. His second period is more conventionalized; he has deserted engraving for color, and his work is less characteristically unique. In his third period, at the zenith of his artistic powers he reverts to his early manner, and resumes the medium of the pure, fluid line.

Blake's early training under Basire is the formative influence on his technique. For reasons which have been variously interpreted by his biographers, he was sent to the Abbey to study design, and there in the cool, dim, quiet of the Gothic traceries he acquired a sense of form and of mass, of delicacy and strength combined, which forever after determined the visualization of his best inspiration.

His second period is best described by himself in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Trusler under date of 1799. "I find more and more," he says, "that my style of designing is a species by itself, and in this which I send you have been impelled by my genius or angel to follow where he led; if I were to act otherwise it would not fulfill the purpose for which alone I live, which is, in conjunction with such men as my friend Cumberland, to renew the lost art of the Greeks." At a later date Blake was wont to rail against the Greeks for copying slavishly from nature, and for reducing the human figure in art to a standardization of proportions; but, at this time, Greek art was his loadstone. In 1800 occurred the famous trip to Felpham to engrave the illustrations for an edition of Cowper's poetry which a popular poet of the

day, one William Hayley, was then making. He was also required to paint a decorative frieze for Hayley's library consisting of portraits of the master poets of all ages. In his search for a medium of expression he became distrustful of the sensuous coloring and somewhat loose technique of Rubens and the Venetian schools, in which purity and vividness of expression were sacrificed to a splendid, if somewhat superficial effect. He would have worked, if he could, entirely in distemper and fresco, in the rare manner of the masters of the thirteenth century renaissance; failing that, he reverted to his earlier method of engraving upon copper, which enabled him to portray with the utmost perfection of detail his visions from the world of imagination as he saw them through the world of actuality, in the exquisitely delicate yet virile medium of pure line. The characteristic features of his paintings are a certain air of translucency, a pellucid coloring; and a glowing, almost phosphorescent, brilliance.

In 1787 Blake's younger and favorite brother, Robert, had died, and some time later his spirit appeared, in a dream, to Blake and taught him the method of engraving by which forever after all his books were printed. He drew the poems backward upon the plate with a varnish of special composition, and then placed the plate in an acid bath, the result being that the parts covered by varnish were made to stand out above the rest. The plates were then inked and the copies printed. Often Blake would illumine the marginal engravings which always accompanied his poems with brilliant reds and golds and pale floating yellows after the fashion of the missals of a mediæval monastery. His engravings also were often colored; he was not averse to the use of color as such, but his chief insistence lay on what he termed the "integrity of the bounding line." A splendid if not wholly characteristic example of his work is an illustration which he did for *Paradise Lost*. It represents the Ancient of Days striking the first circle of the world. The subject is taken from Book VII, where God has commanded the creation of the universe. This picture of a superhuman force giving birth to a new world is one of the most splendidly conceived visions which Blake ever reproduced. The tremendous Titanic energy of the crouching figure in whose eyes the foreknowledge of destiny

resides; the colossal strength of the tense muscles in the arm which, pointed imperially downward outlines with

“ . . . Golden compasses prepared  
In God's eternal store . . . . ”

the first bounds of the yet unborn world, are equalled only in the work of Michelangelo.

One might almost without omission mention all of Blake's engravings and describe the qualities peculiar to each that made them supremely fine artistic expressions. There is the illustration to the *Divine Comedy* portraying the meeting of Dante with Paolo and Francesca in the everlasting whirlwind. The feeling of the two lovers doomed to the Inferno but happy in each other's company, even as shades upon the whirlwind of the world below, is remarkably and delicately expressed.

The finest as well as the most typical work which Blake ever did is, however, his engraving of *The Last Judgment*. At the top, with a glowing halo, God is sitting reading the sentences on man. Below stands the angel Gabriel, surrounded by the huge flames which are pouring out from Hell, blowing his horn. To the left of the picture, as we view it, the souls of the chosen are floating up to Heaven; to the right those of the damned are plunging into the eternal fires. The quality which marks the picture as characteristically Blake's is the splendid symmetry of line and mass, and the strength of expression. If one examines the figures at the left they seem literally to float before the eye, with a gentle, almost imperceptible movement. The figures of the damned, however, are impelled downward with the fury of an unseen force, their muscles tense, their bodies stiff, plunging into the dim vision of the awful fires below. One figure, perhaps the best in the picture, is bent from the waist, and with arms down-stretched and hair streaming, falls with a frightful rush of speed. The figure of the angel Gabriel is also remarkable for the lifelike delineation of the tremendous force necessary to blow the trump of doom; an effect produced by the contraction of the abdominal muscles, and which seems to make him breathe before one's eyes.

The superb grouping of mass and handling of the effects of

## THE IRISH DRAMATIST AND THE IRISH PEOPLE

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

**A**LADY novelist lately complained that the modern Irish drama is depressing, and she innocently wondered why the new dramatists in Ireland deal in dolor when the older dramatists dealt in mirth. She declared that the plays which are produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, have "nothing of the brilliant humor or ready wit which the Saxon race has been led to believe are the peculiar heritage of the Celts" and that the dramatists write exclusively of peasant life. "Not one of them deals with the gentry of Ireland, or even the professional or middle-class Irishman." It seemed to her that if the Irish plays were true to Irish life, "Ireland could never have been a place for the development of humor, seeing that the life of the Irish people is too tragic and too sordid a thing for bards or jesters."

The complaint made by this lady is one which is sometimes made by English playgoers and very often made by Irishmen. The Irish dramatist is now accustomed to being told that his plays totally misrepresent his countrymen and that they constitute an outrage on the national character. Any play or piece of imaginative writing which does not consistently flatter the Irish people is described by critics in Ireland as an insult to the race. The dramatist or novel-writer who portrays the people as he sees them and not as sentimentalists imagine them to be is told that he is a detractor of his country, that he takes delight in holding his kinsmen up to ridicule and contempt, and finally, that he has a decadent mind. At one time, critics in Dublin asserted that there was a conspiracy among the Irish dramatists to defame the Irish people! Synge, they said, began the dreadful business and the younger dramatists have continued it since his death. It will, perhaps, be sufficient retort to this foolish charge if I say that in my own case the play which caused the Dublin dramatic critics to asperse my name was written before I had seen any of the modern Irish plays at all. I had neither

Elizabethan age in England was one in which there was probably more widely-dispersed comfort than there is in this age: there were not so many millionaires in Elizabeth's reign as there are in King George the Fifth's, but there were probably fewer paupers; and although we have devised many mechanical means of making life interesting for a minority of the race, it is quite certain that the general existence of Elizabeth's time was less dull than that of our time; the workman in the seventeenth century was not a machine-minder, performing some minute operation of little value or mental stimulus for eight hours every day of the working year: he was an intellectually-alert master of a complete process. The Reformation had swept Romance out of the country, leaving in its trail an arid confusion of homiletics and theological arguments; but the spirit of man will not long sustain itself on that sour bread; and so there came into England the quick spirits of the Elizabethans who exulted in newness and adventure. The note of that age was liveliness. There was laughter and unrest in the hearts of the English people in the days of

"Eliza, that most sacred dame,  
Whom none but saints and angels ought to name."

The Elizabethans sought riches and adventure as eagerly as we seek riches without adventure, and they took the loss of riches with fortitude provided that they won the adventures. They sent their little wooden ships into strange seas and nailed the banners of their queen in new lands; they whipped her enemies in the Indies and were not astonished to find that the elements were on their side when the Spaniards made an Armada. Joy and adventure and speedy living chased sorrow and inaction and dulness out of that bright era. How could the Elizabethans be otherwise than thrilled? Anyone at that time, walking on Plymouth Hoe and looking towards the sea, might suddenly observe a ship with battered sails bearing up the Sound with a crew of home-hungry men full of tales of mighty adventures in strange lands among strange peoples, and bringing with them prisoners and treasure and wonderful foods and garments such as no Englishman ever before had seen. All these were material for the imagination to feed upon and become fat and strong. Theirs



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inherited taint; but the Elizabethans were so healthy that they could look upon a play about a king who suffered from fistula and a king who suffered from neurosis and a king who suffered from senile decay without losing their senses or crying out for the establishment of a censorship! They had plays of humor and fancifulness, but we do not think of them as the people who produced *Twelfth Night* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but as the people who produced *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. They had success and profit and adventure and good fortune, but they did not make a sunny literature for themselves. They scourged their souls with the whips of Fate and found refuge from their prosperity in looking on lunacy and throttlings and stabbings and the unhappy end of kings.

The tale is different in Ireland, where, from the time of Elizabeth to the last quarter of the last century, there was disturbance and massacre and wrong. The chief note in Irish literature is Comic. Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Synge and Lady Gregory have given laughter to the world. Sometimes the laughter was bitter, as when Synge wrote, but always it was laughter: Mr. Shaw made even death funny when he wrote *The Doctor's Dilemma*. In Ireland, if my lady be correct, the artists should have been perturbed by destiny, their poems should have been dipped in gall and blood; for horror and lamentation and unthwartable disaster surrounded them. During all those centuries of dreadful deeds, no Irish writer produced a tragedy. Men whose lives are balked do not write tragedies: they are too busily employed in living them. They need the relief of laughter. The Irish dramatists wrote comedies; the best-known Irish novelists, Lever and Lover, saw the Comic Spirit persisting in hungry hearts; the best-known melodramatist, Dion Boucicault, wrote plays that shrivelled up at the thought of tragedy.

The rich and happy English people gave *Hamlet* and *King Lear* to the world: the poor and persecuted Irish gave *Charles O'Malley* and *Handy Andy*. And so it has always been in the history of the world. A devout people make plays in which divine figures are characters; an irreligious age, appoints a Censor who deletes the expression "My Angel!" from a play, although it was addressed by a lover to his lady, because angels are heav-

the bestial air of bigotry in which Ulster is enveloped: all these things have become plain in the bright light of the prosperity which has now risen on Ireland; and it is the plain duty of the artist to tell these things as it is his plain duty to tell of a proud spirit when the proud spirit is alive. The bards in the old days stirred the soldiers to courage when their spirits were low, and rebuked them when they forsook their duty: the artist alternately rebukes and stimulates, praises and blames, pleads and commands, preaches and laughs.

We Irish are a nation of peasants. My lady complainant forgot that fact when she reproved the Irish dramatists for neglecting the aristocracy and the middle-class. The Irish dramatist writes his plays round peasant characters because peasant life is the national life, because the peasant influence is the strongest influence in Ireland. The artist cannot concern himself with cliques and minorities, for if he does so, he ceases to be an artist and becomes a crank. The Irish aristocrat and the Irish middle-class man are very much like the English aristocrat and the English middle-class man: they have no distinctly national qualities; but the Irish peasant differs from the English peasant as completely as an intelligent man differs from a fool. All the vitality and color and weakness and grey tones in Ireland come from the peasants, all the vigor and clash of personalities and swift changes of nature, and where these things are, there also is drama. The moment a nation ceases to be national, it ceases to be interesting; the moment a class ceases to be local, it ceases to be dramatic. When England was a nation, it produced Shakespeare: when it became an empire, it produced Kipling! The Irish peasant has remained national and local, but the Irish lord and the Irish middle-class man have become de-nationalized, aping the English in thought and act and speech, and the Irish dramatist is compelled to make the peasant the protagonist of his plays, for the peasant has national courage and meanness, cowardice and nobility, humor and the lack of it, cruelty and gentleness, high feeling and low feeling, wit and dulness, generosity and greed all mingled in his nature; and these things are the stuff of drama; and all these things are to be discovered in the plays produced at the Abbey Theatre.

lived too long on false beliefs about ourselves; we have accepted hasty generalizations on our character and have tried, with poor success, to live up to those generalizations. We like to think of ourselves as a gay and witty people whose men are generous and impulsive and whose women are beautiful and virtuous; and we dislike intensely anyone who declares that there are dull and dispirited people among us, men who are mean and cruel and crafty, and women who have lost their virtue. Our sense of humor, if we ever had one, has contracted; we are able, indeed, to see the oddness of other nations, but we are unable to see the oddness of ourselves. An Englishman will smile amiably at those who abuse him or find fault with him; for he is aware that with his defects there are also qualities; but an Irishman will fall into a rage if anyone should assert, however mildly, that he falls short of the glory which belongs to the angels; and that is a sign of spiritual weakness.

A nation does not stand still: either it goes forward or it goes back. It is hard to tell in which direction the Irish nation is going. It is not enough that a people should be prosperous: it is necessary that they should also be religious; but they cannot be religious if their souls are empty, though their stomachs be full. I do not doubt that Ireland will find her soul again; for the Irish soul is imperishable; but it may be a long while before the search is ended.

*Slaughter-houses*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I was reading the other day that the Queen of the Hellenes did a brave and unusual thing: she made a personal study of the abattoirs of London, Paris and Berlin. She had reports drawn up about American packing-house methods. Then she changed the old abominable methods in the slaughter-houses of Athens and presented to the city two thoroughly equipped abattoirs, where the most humane methods are employed.

Now, Sir, the subject of slaughtering animals is not a pleasant one. Not one woman in thousands would do what the Grecian Queen did—find out conditions for herself, and improve them. Yet, so long as we eat meat, surely it is our merest duty to see that it is prepared as humanely as possible. I myself have given up eating meat, though I am not a vegetarian in the ordinary way. But I cannot eat the flesh of animals unless I *know* that there is no torture going on. Is there no way of getting a commission of inquiry that will investigate the matter thoroughly and tell us the exact truth?

A. T. D.

BALTIMORE

*Criticism*

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I don't like to accuse anyone of unfairness, but it seems to me that you are running THE FORUM on entirely wrong principles. You seem prepared to give a hearing to every man or woman who has a case to present and is able to present it intelligently and interestingly. You have even gone so far as to select articles that stimulate thought and keep the reader awake, when he had hoped to drowse through the usual repetition of platitudes on subjects that had been exhausted by the daily press and buried solidly by the usual type of serious monthly.

I think this is a mistake. It will inevitably alienate your readers. Do you really think it is fair to give a social reformer, or a poet, or a prophet an equal chance with the intrenched wealthy classes? The capitalists own most of the daily papers and magazines of the country. They have been accustomed to have their own way and preach the only true religion of the Almighty Dollar. They have a vested interest in Things As They Are. Is it right to disturb them and give them merely the same opportunities as a man whose only claim is that he possesses brains, or has an idea, or a story that is unusual? I can assure you that if you go on as you are doing you will lose the respect of all the people in the country who don't want to think and don't want to be bothered with any nonsense about equality.

T. MORGAN EVANS

NEW YORK

brotherly love." The newspapers published each case of shooting as it occurred, but had nothing adverse to say. Had the homicides, if they don't deserve a stronger designation, occurred under similar circumstances in Russia, our "liberty loving press" would have waxed eloquently indignant. Happily the liberties of the people are not dependent for defence on the newspapers. A few great and fearless magazines like *THE FORUM* have made it certain that no flagrant public wrong will go unwhipped of public scorn and condemnation.

Victor Starbuck's poem *The Cry of Woman* is the most inspiring and luminous presentation of the cause of woman yet made. It is also proof that in these days when the output of mediocre and inane verse is enormous the day of true poetry is not dead. The following stanzas are especially fine:

"She, denizen of brothel or of palace,  
The courtesan that launched the Grecian ships,  
The crystal clear, undefiled chalice  
Of life, the popped death to hearts and lips,  
The soother of dissension and of malice,  
The star . . . and the eclipse.

"Behold we come, for womanhood is waking,  
Before us break and fall the rusting bars.  
Lo, to the winds new banners are we shaking,  
The olive leaf for ancient wars and scars;  
We stand at last where fadeless morn is breaking,  
Our feet upon the stars.

• • •

"Yea, we,—the queen in ermine and in scarlet,  
The toiler at the spindle and the loom,  
The ministrant to emperor and varlet,  
The first to stand before the broken tomb,  
The wife, the nun, the shop-girl and the harlot,  
We rise from out the gloom."

The nun and the harlot! Most writers would shrink from placing the names in juxtaposition—the divinest and the most repellent representative of the sex. But the poet, who speaks by inspiration, disdains to be trammelled in utterance by the laws of conventionalism. And was it not one who had belonged to the latter class who was "first to stand before the broken tomb," and whose face, that had once known the wanton's smile, has come down to us through the ages pure and beautiful as the Madonna's? The predominant idea of the new freedom for women as emphasized in Victor Starbuck's wonderful poem, is moral not less than po-

## EDITORIAL NOTES

### *Mediation*

**W**HATEVER may be the results of the efforts of the mediators who are trying to find a basis for the settlement of the Mexican difficulties, a great step forward has been taken in the history of international relations. At any moment the negotiations may fall through: before this note appears the attempt to substitute diplomacy for war may have ended. But, whether the deliberations continue or cease, whether they result in a settlement or merely in a temporary postponement of hostilities, they will have served an invaluable purpose.

It is idle to deny that the attitude and the aims of this nation have frequently been misunderstood by the South and Central American republics, which have distrusted our motives and objected to our methods; and, in so far as they have derived their ideas from the blatant pronouncements of the gutter press, they have been justified. But the strongest nations can afford to be the most forbearing; and no nation can afford to be more forbearing than the people of the United States. By the prompt acceptance of the proposal for mediation, we have shown that we desire only justice, and that aggression, now or at any time, is as repugnant to the vast majority of the nation as it is pleasant to the raucous few who still preach the gospel of Spread-Eagleism and bluster.

If there must be war eventually, and war pushed to its bitterest conclusion, we shall have gone into it with a reluctance rarely paralleled and with a justification that none can dispute. And that is the only way in which, in these days of a new spirit and a new hope, any nation may be allowed to undertake the ghastly responsibilities of war. For the time is coming when the public opinion of the world will be more powerful than the armaments of Governments that are still half feudal; and no country will be willing to make itself a pariah, exposed to the contempt of civilization.

But the objection is always forthcoming—"Not in our generation, or the days of our children." Why not? Are men still so mad that the reign of reason is Utopian? Flying has come

Mr. Untermeyer, of course, is absolutely right, and the practice that he condemns is absolutely wrong. Every profession has its own code of ethics, more binding than statutory injunctions; and, apart altogether from projected legislation, the traditions of the legal fraternity should have been strong enough to prevent this open violation of decency. A prisoner at the bar has sufficient to contend with, without the deliberate creation of hostile public sentiment. To the average layman, the mere fact of an arrest conveys a strong presumption of guilt: to add to this handicap is inexcusable. We have not yet adopted the practice of assuming that a defendant is guilty, unless he can prove his innocence. The onus of proof is on the prosecution: the defendant is considered innocent until he is proved to be guilty; and, until that proof has been established, he should be regarded as far as possible as an innocent man. Among other details, he should be given decent surroundings, decent food and decent treatment: he should be enabled to present himself at his trial at his best, not at his worst; with such wits as he may have in full working order, not clouded by too rigorous confinement and unnecessary privations. A citizen does not lose his citizenship at the first breath of suspicion; in a free country, he is entitled to a fair trial. There is plenty of time to treat human beings like cattle after—not before—they have been convicted of crimes.

### *His Country's Enemy*

THE attitude of William Randolph Hearst with regard to the trouble in Mexico has been infamous. He has deliberately usurped the prerogatives of the President and the Congress of the United States, and has publicly proclaimed war against Mexico, announcing further that it will be a war of conquest and complete annexation. He has issued in his papers editorials that would inevitably inflame to frenzy the Mexican antagonism to all Americans. He knew that the substance of these editorials, with the enormous circulation given to them, would certainly reach Mexico. He knew that the result might easily be the massacre of Americans in Mexican towns and cities.

It does not matter what may have been his object—whether



defence. It has to rehabilitate itself, to regain public confidence, to "make good"; and any man who is not prepared to do his share and do it well and willingly should be eliminated or disciplined with the least possible delay and without the slightest consideration.

That is why we deprecate the autocratic harshness of the word "ask." Fortunately, the Mayor refrained from *demanding*, as the simple right of the city, that the Department should make itself efficient, graft-proof and reliable. It would have been a terrible shock to the force to be told that it would have to do its duty and atone for the past, or the Mayor would very distinctly want to know why.

### *Austria-Hungary*

WHATEVER may happen in the immediate future, the prospects for the Dual Monarchy are not bright.

After Francis Joseph, the deluge: that has been taken almost as an axiom. Everywhere there is trouble, or preparation for trouble. The Balkan states are waiting for a new war. The Albanian experiment has failed. Greece is resentful. Within the Empire itself, discordant races have old accounts to settle.

And the army must be re-armed. As before Sadowa, its equipment is out-of-date. A huge fighting force is terribly handicapped at a time when efficiency should have reached its highest point.

The Emperor's life has been long and grievous. Uneasy, indeed, has lain the head that wore so many crowns. Perhaps before long the regalia of the Holy Roman Empire, still in the keeping of the Habsburgs, may be put to a new use. Within a few years, the map of Europe may be changed as it has not been changed since the fruits of Sedan were garnered.

So generation succeeds to generation, and unrest endures. Empires rise and decay, and the nations have not yet learnt the lesson of all the decisive battles of the world, and the undecisive battles. When Babylon was mighty, there were heart-throbs and heart-burnings at her victories or defeats. Will any fight for Babylon to-day?

be possible with the average non-resident. They may have been on terms of friendship and esteem with many residents. Yet, suddenly, they are transformed into malignant foes, suitable only for prompt lynching, or, at the best, for abuse and harsh dealing.

This unreasoning mob-frenzy is not peculiar to any country, though it is less likely to be prominent among the more highly civilized nations. Even New York, in spite of its polyglot population, could be abusive to nationals of an unpopular country. For instance, a well-known literary man, American by birth, found it decidedly unpleasant to use the streets of the city during the Spanish-American War, because he was supposed—erroneously—to have a Spanish type of face, and, therefore, to be a fit subject for general insult.

### *Byron*

ONCE a year, on April 19, there appears in the *London Times* an "In Memoriam" of "George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron," who "died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi," with the reminder that Sir Walter Scott said of that historic tragedy that "it is as if the sun had gone out." Byron will soon have been dead a century, and the present generation finds it difficult to understand the fascination which the man and his verse exercised even over such contemporaries as the author of *Waverley*, who regarded much in the poet's life with severe disapproval. But not all of the fascination has evaporated, and the annual notice in *The Times* is, we believe, inserted by a little society of Byronic enthusiasts.



